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MYRON T. HERRICK

MYRON T. HERRICK

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE FROM FEBRUARY, 1912, TO DECEMBER, 1914, AND FROM APRIL, 1921, TO HIS DEATH ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1929. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

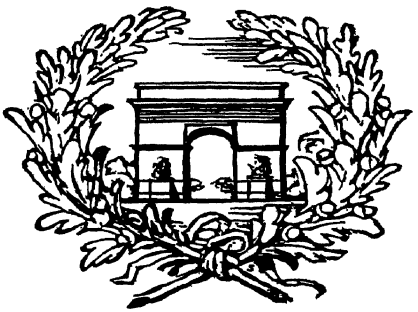
MYRON T. HERRICK

FRIEND OF FRANCE

An Autobiographical Biography

BY

COL. T. BENTLEY MOTT



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FOREWORD

DURING all my service with Mr. Herrick at the American embassy at Paris it was his custom to carry me with him on many of the trips which he undertook for business or pleasure. Whenever possible he traveled by automobile. His love of motoring was intense and besides, after the war, he received unending pleasure from rolling through the immaculate fields of France and observing how time and husbandry are healing the ghastly wounds left by the terrible conflict. The ambassador was a wonderful story-teller, and, like Lincoln, he constantly answered a question or presented an argument by narrating some incident that he remembered happening to old Sam Shoemaker when he took his cow to market, or to Andy Bingham when the preacher asked him to hand around the collection plate. These droll occurrences were almost always drawn from his own experience; he had an indifferent memory for other people's stories.

I more than once suggested that he write his memoirs, but the idea never appealed to him; moreover, he disliked writing as much as he enjoyed talking. But once he answered this suggestion in a way which I think explains his true attitude.

"A while after I came back here as ambassador," he said, "somebody got up a scheme to put a statue of me on the spot where that German bomb fell in 1914 which just missed killing me. They came around to see me about it, and after I had listened a little while I asked them this question (they were Frenchmen, of course): 'Suppose that in 1919 you hadn't given the street over there its present name—Avenue

du Président-Wilson—are you perfectly sure you would want to call it that now?'

"I saw this was a poser, so I added: 'I think you had better let that statue wait until I get through here and see how you feel about it then. I expect to stay on quite a while yet, and something may very well happen between now and my departure to make you want to change your mind.'"

The incidents in Mr. Herrick's life which follow were mostly related to me during these motor trips. When he came back to Paris in January, 1929, he was still suffering from the effects of grippe and the doctors had him remain in bed as late in the morning as possible. I used to go to his room, sit with him, work and talk. I profited by these opportunities to get him to go over with me certain incidents in his life which he had related to me before, so that I could get the facts accurately. Many of these, when he first told them to me, had seemed like veritable chapters of romance—the romance of love and marriage, the romance of business, the romance of politics. Indeed this thread of romance runs through the whole of Mr. Herrick's life, from the winter day in Ohio when he thrashed the bully at his school to that April morning when his body was carried in state through the streets of Paris.

He was made of the same stuff as all the great pioneers of every age. He was a pioneer in diplomacy as well as in everything else, and one of the traits which gives him a place apart among the world's ambassadors was his willingness to take a chance and his unwillingness to be always bound by the conventions. His rugged common sense instantly seized upon the essential point of any problem, and without hesitation, without apparent meditation, he saw the thing to be done and with disarming simplicity he did it. There were no complications in his make-up. He could separate the wheat from the chaff or hit the bull's eye of a discussion more surely than any man I ever knew.

Just after war was declared in 1914, he was going over with his staff certain complicated questions that had to be decided immediately. One of his secretaries said: "Mr. Ambassador, I don't believe you can do this thing without consulting the State Department," and he stated the facts and recited the precedents.

"The only trouble about that," answered the ambassador, "is that what you tell me I mustn't do I have already done."

That was his way. Where the interests of his country were involved he showed all the old-time caution he had necessarily practised when president of the Society for Savings in Cleveland; but in matters where only his own interests were at stake, once convinced he was right, he strode forward with a simple confidence that nearly always attained its mark.

He was very fond of explaining what a hard time a rich man's son has in trying to accomplish something real in life: everything is made too easy for him, he would say, even including his education. It may well be that without the vicissitudes of his early manhood, without the discipline of his struggle for a livelihood, the natural sweetness of Mr. Herrick's nature, his love for mankind, his intense dislike of hurting any human being, might have diverted him from the rocky path of high accomplishment. He would always have been loved and lovable; but without the rough spur of adversity, he might have been halted in his climb to those heights from which the rays of his exquisite kindliness have reached to so vast a company of his fellow beings.

T. B. M.

October 11, 1929.

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MYRON T. HERRICK

I

GETTING AN EDUCATION

MYRON T. HERRICK was born in Huntington, Lorain County, Ohio, October 9, 1854, in a house, part of which his grandfather, Timothy, had built with his own hands, on land which was allotted to him by the government at the close of the War of 1812. For Timothy had been a soldier, had fought at Sacketts Harbor and was taken prisoner there. It is well within the truth to say that many of the salient traits in his character were foreshadowed in the lives of his father and mother. Timothy R. Herrick was a man of unusual ability. He was a good farmer and acquired what for those days was considered a comfortable fortune. He was a speaker of more than ordinary force and clearness and was fond of discussing moot questions in gatherings of friends and neighbors. Like his son, the father possessed the saving grace of humor that successfully carried him over many a hard place. He served for some time as mayor of the village of Wellington. The ambassador's mother, Mary Hulburt Herrick, belonged to that remarkable class of women of quiet dignity and force who, through their sons, have had such a tremendous influence for good in the country.

The boyhood of the future ambassador did not differ essentially from that of the average farmer's son. The open-air life of those early days undoubtedly did much to give him a constitution capable of standing up under the strenuous activities of later years. He began his education in the district school of Huntington. When he was twelve years old his

father moved from Huntington to a farm two miles east of Wellington, and the boy took up his studies in the schools of that village, remaining there long enough to complete the greater portion of the high school course but not to graduate. The opportunities of the high school fell short of satisfying his desire for scholastic training and he early determined to go to college.

This ambition, he relates, was firmly cemented in his mind after he had witnessed, one year, the commencement exercises at Oberlin. His father, however, belonged to that class of successful men who, to a large extent self-educated, are inclined to think that experience is a better teacher than a college professor, and who believe that success comes sooner and more surely by hard work in field or office than in the classroom. When, therefore, his son told him that he had made up his mind to have a college education, the father attempted to dissuade him by offering him a substantial share in the farm. But the boy's purpose was not to be shaken; and rather than risk the fulfillment of his dreams, he set out to work his way independently through college.

He never swerved from the determination to become a lawyer, but the road ahead of him was long and winding. Before he could study law he must go to college, and to do this he must earn enough money to defray his expenses. Teaching school was a favorite resource of the day for those having such a purpose in view, and at Brighton, a few miles west of Wellington, he found a vacancy open to any young man possessed of courage to fill it. As Mr. Herrick described the situation: "It was the immortal story of the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster' all over again. Evans was the big boy and bully of the school, and he proposed to have his fun with any teacher who tried to interfere with his privileges. He had put the last one out of business and that had caused the vacancy. Evans was not long in showing me what I also had to expect.

"An early snowstorm brought on the final act, but there

had been plenty of intimations of what was coming. Recess was nearly over when Evans loitered up to me with a grin and said: 'I think I'll have to wash your face to-day.' You know what that used to mean, and probably does still, in school-boy parlance. I replied: 'I guess that can wait.' 'Oh, no,' said Evans, 'I am going to do it right now.'

"I realized there was no escape and that the moment I had been secretly dreading had come. I was not at all cool; a terrific rage seized me and probably gave me more strength than usual, for before he could grab me I struck Evans under the eye such a blow that he went over sideways and hit his head on the doorstep. I caught him by the feet, dragged him across to the gutter full of slush, and rolled him in it. It was a great piece of luck for me and I had no more trouble of that kind. But don't think it is an easy job to teach school with fifty-eight boys and girls, especially if you are under twenty yourself.

"Two of the girls, very nice ones and the oldest in the school, came near upsetting my reputation for learning. They wanted to take algebra, which was not in the course, and they asked me to teach them after hours. I didn't know much about algebra but I was ashamed to refuse and I hoped by studying hard I could keep ahead of them and not show my limitations. But the girls were too good for me and I soon saw that my plan was of no avail. So I told them one day: 'Look here, you know as much about algebra as I do and I can't teach it to you, but I'll tell you what I'll do. Let's work together. I'll help you and you help me. Maybe we can get something out of it that way.' The scheme worked all right and the influence of those two girls was a great help to me in running the school.

"Then trouble came up over my teaching certificate. I didn't have any and the law required one before I could draw my salary. I waited a few months until I felt I was getting along all right and then I went to see the school supervisor. He was Mr. Metcalfe, the father I believe of General Wilder

Metcalfe of Kansas. He struck me as a very pompous gentleman and he was certainly a stickler for the regulations. I was telling him I didn't have any certificate and that I needed my salary, when he interrupted me by saying: 'You mustn't talk to me about these things. This matter has to be taken up regularly by the school board. When you pass your examination you will get your certificate. I mustn't listen to you any further.'

"I lost my temper a bit, I suppose, for I told him flatly that I couldn't pass the examination and he probably knew it. However, I knew I had earned my salary, and I wanted it. I wound up by saying: 'I've been teaching that school all winter, certificate or no certificate, while the other man you had couldn't do it. I can teach it, I've been teaching it, and I'm going to teach it. If you want to know whether I am all right or not, go and ask the people in Brighton.'"

In the long run Herrick managed to get a temporary certificate for six months which was construed to commence from its date, and through this maneuver his two winters of school-teaching were finally paid for.

Mr. Herrick relates a strange thing which happened one day in that schoolhouse: "The door suddenly opened and a wild-looking old fellow came in. Without saying a word he walked to the blackboard and wrote these words: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' He then walked out as silently as he had come in. I, as well as my pupils, was rather taken aback, and my first impulse was to erase what he had written, but instead of doing this I told everybody in the school to copy what the visitor had written on the blackboard, remarking to them, 'If you do what he says you will probably succeed in life and you may even become famous.' I especially impressed this idea upon a boy called Dick, whose surname I forget. He was a dull boy and was somewhat the butt of his fellows. A few days afterward Dick disappeared. This created a nine-days wonder, for no one knew where he had gone. Finally he was forgotten.

"Some thirty years later, when I was governor of Ohio, a visiting card was brought to me in my office. The name on it didn't suggest anything to my mind. Then the owner of the card came in. He was a fine-looking, well-dressed, bronzed man. He opened the conversation by saying, 'You don't know me, do you?' I answered that I didn't but that his face vaguely recalled something which I could not quite remember. Then, on the instant I recognized him and exclaimed, 'Why, hello, Dick! Where did you go to when you disappeared?'

"'I want to show you something,' he said by way of answer, and he took from his wallet a soiled bit of paper. On it was written, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

"I read it, and to the inquiry which he saw in my eyes he told me what had happened after he left Brighton.

"He had made his way across the continent to San Francisco. There he had boarded a coastwise steamer and finally reached Chile. After many vicissitudes he had obtained employment in the nitrate business, made his way up and accumulated a fortune.

"'The words you made us write down that day,' he said, 'I have carried with me ever since I left, and for a long time I have been looking forward to the moment when I could come in and show the slip of paper to you.'

"He told me a wonderful story of his adventures in South America and his rise to fortune. What interested me more than anything else he told me was that, down in Chile, he had built a school of technology and over the door he had inscribed the same words which the seemingly crazy old fellow had written on the blackboard that day he walked so unceremoniously into my school."

The Sheldon Clarks must have been very interesting people, from all the things Mr. Herrick tells about them. He boarded with them those two years at Brighton and they apparently left a vivid impression on his mind. Mrs. Clark was a kind, motherly woman, exactly the sort of person a youngster like

Herrick needed to confide his troubles to; she spoiled him all she could. Clark was a character. His long moustache was usually dripping with cider or tobacco juice, or both, and as he sat immovable by the fire he looked for all the world like a walrus. He liked his cider hard, and of an evening he would draw a pitcherful, heat the poker red hot and plunge it in. Then he would pull a red pepper from over the window, break it up and drop it into the steaming drink.

Commercially speaking, Clark was not aggressive, that is, he had just enough enterprise to get started, and then he stopped at the wrong place. His farm was composed to a considerable extent of orchards and he had bought a cider press. He pressed his neighbors' apples as well as his own, taking his pay in cider. In this way he had accumulated a stock which he had never had the energy to sell, and at the time young Herrick came to Brighton he had a large supply on hand.

The possibilities offered by that cider gave the school teacher much thought. Here was good money going to waste for lack of enterprise and capital, and Herrick considered he had a little of both (his back salary had been paid). The second winter, while he and Clark sat during the long evenings over the fire, they discussed every conceivable plan for marketing the cider. Finally they reached a decision. Vacation time was coming and as soon as school closed they would ship the cider to the "frontier," where there weren't any apples. Herrick would go with it and sell it. He agreed to advance the money to pay the freight and they would divide the profits.

The part of the "frontier" selected for this enterprise was St. Louis, and the cider was shipped there. But on arriving in St. Louis Herrick discovered that the "frontier," which the newspapers and novels talked about so much in those days, was considerably west of that town, and the demand there for cider was not so great or the supply so small as to make quick sales and heavy profits possible.

"I was soon right up against it," said the ambassador. "I had no money left with which to pay cartage and freight to a more auspicious market and funds were running low. I moved from the hotel to a furnished room, and I made my first acquaintance with the free-lunch institution that had lately been started in the bars of Western cities. I finally took a desperate resolution, sold the cider for a song, and sent a properly made out draft to Clark for the sum agreed upon. I wrote him that I liked St. Louis, business opportunities were fine and I rather expected to settle down there. For nothing in the world would I have let those people in Brighton think I had made a failure of our venture. But ten dollars was all I had left in the world.

"That same day, while walking around the railroad yards, I saw a sight which nearly turned my stomach. A Negro teamster was beating a mule with a long hickory slat in a way I had never seen before. I was angry enough to beat him in return, but I had sense enough not to try. So, as I had nothing to do, I went to my room and wrote an article on cruelty to helpless mules and took it to the St. Louis *Republic*.[1] I also wrote a description of the new bridge over the Mississippi River, which was just being completed, and which seemed to me the most wonderful structure that the mind of man could imagine. The paper accepted my stories and paid me two dollars for them. What was more, they agreed to let me go over to the stockyards and write up conditions there, about which complaints had been appearing in print. The *Republic* cut out much of my spectacular descriptions and violent adjectives, but they paid me five dollars for it. This encouraged me to ask to see McCullough, the editor. I proposed to him to stake me for a pony and a tent and let me go through the cattle camps in Kansas and get news for the paper. The growing cattle business centering in St. Louis was then occupying more and more attention, and news from the front, so to speak, was valuable.

[1]This paper was afterward sold to the owners of the *Globe Democrat*.

"McCullough did not know anything about this stranger who was asking for $100 down and expenses. 'What guarantee have I got?' he asked me. 'None,' I replied, 'except that if I wanted to steal I wouldn't be likely to try to do it this way or on such a small scale. I want to get a start and make some money. I haven't got any or I wouldn't ask you for it.' McCullough finally agreed, and I started for Wichita, Kansas, with $100 for outfit and the right to draw on the paper for one dollar a day expenses."

There was hardly any experience of his life which Mr. Herrick was more delighted to talk about than these weeks spent on the Kansas prairies. The independence, the freedom from all care, nothing to bother about, except getting enough grass for his pony and a dry place on which to pitch his tent, the pleasure of mixing with the cattle men—a new life, new hopes, and confidence awakening after all the disappointment and soreness of the cider episode. He was frankly and joyously happy and he never forgot it.—

In 1926, after Monsieur Poincaré had formed his famous cabinet of National Union, which saved France from bankruptcy and probably from revolution, Mr. Herrick, on returning to Paris from a visit home, went to see the premier, as he always did. They talked politics, of course, and discussed the difficult tasks which lay before the new government. The men composing it were so completely at variance in every political conception that all France was wondering how soon it would be before the combination would break up. As he was about to leave, Mr. Herrick told the premier the following story:

"When I was a young man riding through the West reporting on the cattle business, I made my camp one evening after a long day's ride in a pouring rain. I passed a cheerless, uncomfortable night, and finally woke up feeling something move along my leg inside my blankets. I knew what it must be, and in a second tent, blankets, and everything were in a heap and I was rolling away as far and as fast as I could from

the rattlesnake which had come in to share my warmth. However, a gorgeous sun was shining on the vast prairie around me, my pony was standing where I had tethered him, and after giving him a small feed I got a fire going and sat down to coffee, bacon, and hardtack, happy as a king and wanting to sing for pure enjoyment of everything around me.

"While saddling up, I noticed a little way off a sight often seen on the prairies. Sitting on the mound that covered a prairie dog's hole was a little prairie owl, all wizened and moth-eaten; close by was the prairie dog that owned the hole, and not far off was the rattlesnake that had spent the night in my blanket. Knowing what they most likely would do and wanting to see them do it, I pulled out my revolver and fired in the air. They all jumped for the hole; first the prairie dog went in, then the owl, then the snake. They always seem to follow that marching order. . . . It's funny, Mr. President," concluded the ambassador, "how all those animals get along so well together in the same nest, and I was thinking about that experience of my boyhood when I saw in the papers the list of the members of your new Cabinet."

Monsieur Poincaré is not celebrated for his humor, though he has a wit in debate that can cut like a knife. He made that sort of Rooseveltian movement with his teeth which with him takes the place of a smile and inquired: "Mr. Ambassador, what did you say the name of the rattlesnake was?"—

But to get back to the Kansas prairies: This happy and eventful summer was now drawing to a close. College and the law ever loomed in the distance, beckoning Herrick back to his Ohio home. This reporter business was only an incident, the real tasks lay ahead. So he rode to the nearest railway station, sold his pony, and bought a ticket for St. Louis. He had never received a line from his employers and he was in the dark as to what they might be going to pay him. Arriving at the *Republic's* offices he turned in his expense account and asked to see Mr. McCullough. The editor finally received

him, told him he was extremely busy but added that he had directed the cashier to pay him $700.

"I think there must be some mistake," said Herrick.

"Well, we will talk about that later," replied McCullough and hurried him out of his office.

Herrick got his $700 from the cashier, went straight to a restaurant where he ate a meal which he remembered the rest of his life, and then to the station to buy a ticket for Cleveland.

Was there a mistake and in which direction? What did McCullough mean? What would he have told him if he had gone back? The answer to these questions never came till twenty years afterward. The Republican national convention of 1896 met in St. Louis and Mr. Herrick was one of the delegates from Ohio. He went to see McCullough, remembering how that $700 had enabled him to go to college and make his start. As soon as the old publisher saw him he recognized him and burst out with: "Why didn't you come back?" It then cropped out that McCullough had been so well pleased with his new reporter that he intended to offer him another job. He had even advertised for him in the *Republic*, but Herrick had never seen a copy of that paper after he left McCullough's office. With his $700 in his pocket he was off to finish his schooling and try for a lawyer's diploma.

After all, the summer had been a profitable one in spite of the failure in cider; moreover, he had laid up a stock of new experiences he was never to forget. And he knew now where the "frontier" was located.

In less than a year from the time he reached St. Louis he had returned to Ohio and was a student at Oberlin Academy, where he remained for a year and a half. He was then obliged to give up his studies temporarily because his savings were exhausted. Once again he had to depend upon his own resourcefulness for earning the money needed to complete his education. Mr. Herrick always enjoyed telling of these days when he was working his way at Oberlin and

at Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and how one little success led to another.

One of his schoolmates at the former place had made some money during vacation time selling farm dinner bells cast at the Fredericktown plant of the J. B. Foote Foundry Co., which is still selling dinner bells to the farmers of that region. As he had finished school and was leaving that part of the country, this lad proposed to his chum Myron that he succeed him in the bell business. Herrick did so and began at once to make improvements in sales methods. Instead of loading a wagon and going about from farm to farm he conceived the idea of shipping bells by railroad to various local stations and then radiating from these centers by means of a horse and buggy hired on the spot. This broadening of territory was so successful that the second year he bought his bells outright instead of selling on a commission. Then he enlarged his summer occupations by taking an agency for selling foot-pumped reed organs, and as his prospective clients for these instruments also were farmers, he was able to drum up sales for both lines of merchandise at the same time. However, in the matter of selling organs young Herrick suffered a serious handicap due to the fact that he could not play a note and never could learn.

One of the incidents of his organ-selling days I shall try to relate as nearly as possible in the ambassador's words, although I realize that I cannot reproduce the homely flavor of his story.

"Country people in those times liked music just as much as they do now," he said, "but phonographs and radio did not exist, pianos were expensive and hard to play, so reed organs grew more and more popular. The grange movement was in full swing at this time and grange meetings offered a fine chance for selling such things as organs. One of these meetings was going to be held in a big barnyard near Painesville, Ohio. It was a pretentious affair with a picnic and all the rest of the popular trimmings. I loaded my organ on to the

wagon which I had bought the previous summer and drove to Painesville. I wasn't the only salesman on the grounds, as can be imagined, and my competitors had me at a serious disadvantage, for they could play their instruments while I couldn't. They drew little crowds around their organs with all sorts of tunes and all I could do was to strike a few chords and hold them. I began to wonder what I could do to attract attention. I felt rather out of it.

"Sitting on a saw-log near by, talking to other farmers and whittling all the time, was a granger who looked at me every once in a while and then went on with his whittling. Finally he called out:

"'I say, don't you come from Lorain?'

"'Yes.'

"'Used to live in Oberlin?'

"'I went to school there.'

"'I thought so. Don't you remember that night when you took me to find the doctor?'

"'Yes, now that you speak of it, I remember very well. I didn't recognize you at first. It was very dark that night.'

"After some more talk and questions about what I was doing at Painesville, the granger finally got up, stretched himself, brushed the whittlings off his clothes and remarked: 'I guess it's about time I got to work.' He did. He was quite a big figure among the farmers and he stirred around and got me a contract to furnish the grange people with seven organs.

"The granger's name was Randall, a big, lanky, raw-boned fellow. The night he spoke of I had been at a euchre party. We were not allowed to play euchre or any other game of cards at Oberlin and we were supposed to be home by ten o'clock; so I was hurrying back at a run through the pouring rain when I was hailed by a man in a buggy who stopped me and asked if I could tell him where Dr. Bunts lived. A child was sick and they had to have a doctor right away. I told him I would take him to Dr. Bunts's

house, so I got into the buggy. But the doctor was not there; he was visiting a patient. I found out who it was and off we started again. We finally found Dr. Bunts and the man in the buggy wouldn't even let him go home, but drove him straight off to his farm. It seems he got there just in time to save the baby's life. It was Randall's baby, as he told me that morning at Painesville, and Randall was not the sort of fellow who forgot anybody that ever did him a service. He paid me back that day many times over for the little I had done for him, and the money he enabled me to obtain came at a moment when I needed it almost as badly as his child had needed a doctor."

Herrick had saved enough money to enter Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and when he left there he had put in sufficient work to rank as a junior; but he made up his mind that school-days were over and that he would now begin the study of law without a college diploma.

For a time he attempted to make a start in the village of Wellington, but opportunities there being limited, he soon decided to seek a larger field. Accordingly, in 1875 he moved to Cleveland and entered the law firm of J. F. and G. E. Herrick as a student. The time for his bar examinations was approaching in 1878 when he took two months off from the law office with the intention of devoting them to hard study in Wellington. Here great events for him took place.

II

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

MRS. HERRICK'S people, the Melville Parmelys, had left their farm near Sullivan, Ohio, and moved first to Ashland and then to Dayton. But the homestead near Wellington remained in the family and was generally opened in the summer for the enjoyment of the children. It was here that the law student fell in love with the girl he afterward married.

He had first met Miss Carolyn Parmely when he was a student at Oberlin and she was taking a course in music in the Conservatory there. She had a charming voice, and the ambassador would often tell you with enthusiasm of her singing. However little he cared about music, when Mrs. Herrick sat down to the piano she had no more appreciative listener than her husband.

He did not see her again until this summer at Wellington. The Parmely place was then full of young people bent on having a jolly time, the drive to Wellington was nothing to them, and it was inevitable that young Herrick and Miss Parmely should once more meet and that he be invited out to the farm. He went frequently and in style. For he was keeping the books of the livery stable as well as studying law, and whenever he wanted it he had a buggy of the latest fashion at his disposal, and he was not at all oblivious of the effect he produced when he dashed up in it to the Parmely doorstep.

"This was my début in society," the ambassador would

say. "Up to that time I had been knocking around teaching school, working my way through college, collecting rents for my law firm in the daytime, and studying at night, and I never had any time for girls."

There can be no doubt that grim necessity rather than any distaste for picnics, frolics, and young ladies was the cause of this self-denial; for Mr. Herrick always took keen pleasure in women's society, and to the day of his death his charm for the opposite sex was proverbial. As a clever lady once said to me: "It is not so much that the ambassador is irresistible as that no one wants to resist him."

It seems hardly likely, therefore, that when the handsome youngster of twenty-one for the first and last time in his life fell in love the girl whose instinct told her what was passing could have remained indifferent. Without anything having been spoken much had undoubtedly been felt, when suddenly, upon the idle dreaming of these happy summer days, there fell an awakening gong. A comrade in the Cleveland office wrote to say that the examinations for the bar would take place in three weeks and he hoped Myron was ready.

"I sat down in my room with that letter," said Mr. Herrick, "and took stock of the situation. Here I was, wasting my whole summer having a good time and my admission to the bar probably being delayed a year or so. But that was not all. I knew I was in love and I knew I was a fool; for nothing could come of it, and I cursed my weakness and stupidity. I finally made up my mind what to do. I wrote a good-bye letter to her, intending to drive out early the next morning before she was up, leave it, then go to the station and back to Cleveland. There I would work for my examinations.

"When I got out to the farm, I slipped into the house without anyone seeing me, but just then I heard her singing. They were going to have a picnic that day and she was getting things ready for it. I laid my letter on the table and

had got back to the buggy when she came running across the yard.

"'What on earth are you doing here at this hour? Where are you starting off to like that?' I told her I had left a letter in the parlor which would tell her why I was going. I *had* to go. I had to go right away. I was off to Cleveland.

"I suppose she must have guessed what was the matter — women generally do—and I was terribly upset at the sight of her. Probably I showed it. As I sat holding the reins, she laid her hand on my arm and said, 'I don't want you to go.'

"I took one good look in her eyes, reached down and caught her, lifted her up beside me in the buggy, and started off. Then I told her everything. I said I was a fool, a jackass, an impostor. Yes, an impostor. I hadn't a penny in the world, I hadn't the right to ask her to marry me, I hadn't the right to make love to her, I knew she was going to marry C—— anyhow, and I was going away."

And so the surging flood of youth's first passionate emotion swept over this boy and carried him out upon the deep waters of an ocean whose storms and calms he would never again, through many adventurous years, be called upon to meet alone. The fierce determination not to tell her a word of what he felt, the wild outpouring of it upon the first occasion—what an old, old story to us all!

There are men whose hearts never grow old, and Mr. Herrick was one of them. He was seventy when he told me these details of his only love affair, and had he been an undergraduate confiding to a pal he could not have been more shy. It is impossible to convey the timid fragrance of his words; but where is the man whose life has been so barren that he cannot find their echo in some happy memory of his youth and paint the scene with the tender colors of his own experience?

She listened to it all, entranced perhaps with every sentence, for they told her things infinitely precious. Then she spoke. She was not going to marry C——. She *had* teased

each one with seeming to prefer the other; but now that she knew that Myron wanted her, she wanted him, too, and nothing else mattered. She didn't care whether he had any money or not, she could wait till he made some.

Then grave decisions were taken. He would go to Cleveland and study for his examinations. When they were over and she was back in Dayton he would come and talk to her father. If he consented, so much the better; if not she would marry him anyhow.

He returned to the law office, concentrated upon his examinations and, not without misgiving and difficulty, passed. Mr. Herrick always believed that his getting through this trial was due to Mr. Homer De Wolfe. He was head of the examining committee, he came from Lorain County, and had always known young Herrick and his family. It is possible that his conviction as to the stuff that was in this youngster's character overcame such doubts as he may have felt regarding his present legal attainments. Be that as it may, Herrick was one of the few candidates who received their diplomas that year.

The question of money to enable him to get an education was now succeeded by the struggle for an income while waiting for a case, and over all hung the bigger problem of supporting a wife. He suspected that her family were bent upon a match with a young fellow just out of Cornell, a classmate of her brother's, and if this situation disturbed him, it was only because it showed the need of straining every nerve to make some money. No danger of Miss Parmely's weakening entered his head. The future Mrs. Herrick was not the sort that ever quits, and she proved it on many a subsequent occasion.

"As soon as possible after passing my examinations," he said, "I arranged with my fiancée to carry out the plan we had made. I went to Dayton on a Saturday night, stopped at the Bucknell House, and next morning went to church. Miss Parmely sang in the choir quartet and I expected to

take her home after church and meet her father and mother. For I had never seen them. Her brother Dick was the only other member of the family I knew and it was Dick who suspected my intentions and, I believed, objected to them.

"I said nothing about 'business' when I met Mr. Parmely, but on leaving the house I asked if I could come over the next day and see him in his office. That afternoon during another walk on the 'Levee' Miss Parmely and I agreed upon all that was to be said at this momentous interview.

"I told Mr. Parmely how it had all come about by a sort of accident and I was sorry I had not had a chance to consult him before things had gone so far. I said I realized he had a right to want to know all about me and I gave him the names of my law firm, of Judge Homer De Wolfe, and others in Cleveland and asked him to find out what they had to say about me. I was getting along very well with Mr. Parmely and he was quite nice about it all, when Dick came in. He had the air of rather running the whole place and his presence upset me. I tried to ignore him and addressed myself entirely to his father; but there was no way of cutting him out of the conversation, which got somewhat animated. Finally I told them with a good deal of energy that while I hadn't any money I expected soon to make some and I never intended to accept anything from them as long as I lived. 'Miss Kitty isn't willing to give it up and if she can go on here till I am in a position to support her, all right; if not we will get married to-morrow.' Mr. Parmely was rather taken off his feet at this explosion, but finally we all cooled down and the matter was left where we wanted it. I don't suppose I was very diplomatic, but I was young and I was most of all afraid they would think I wanted them to help me.

"It was over two years before we were married. I wanted to get enough to buy a house and start out properly, but my wife decided she was perfectly willing to board, so after our marriage we first went to live with Mrs. John Carey who

THE YOUNG LAW STUDENT AND THE GIRL HE MARRIED

When he met Miss Carolyn Parmely and fell in love with her, his love remained the one love of his life, and when Mrs. Herrick died in 1918 he never recovered from the feeling of loneliness her passing brought to him.

school which is performing such a fine service to our country has grown tremendously in importance in these recent years. The destiny of our nation lies in the hands of just such youngsters as are under your care and guidance, and of the generation or two that will follow them; with teachers like yourself forming these boys I do not think that there need be any fear for the future, for I am sure it is exactly the things which I have been reciting here which are being inculcated into their minds. In my humble opinion, it will be upon their thorough understanding of these principles that our country's success in the next fifty years will depend—and it seems to me that these are going to be crucial years with us. . . .

Hoping I shall see you during my visit to America this year, and with sincerest regards to you and Mrs. Drury, I am, as always,

Your faithful friend,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

XLII

LINDBERGH

"WE HAD all lunched with Mrs. Bernard Carter that 21st of May in 1927," said Mr. Herrick one day when the subject of Lindbergh's famous flight was being discussed. "Afterward we went out to see Tilden play in one of the tennis matches. Information had come in the morning that Lindbergh had started, but I confess it did not mean much to me. Probably that was because Rodman Wanamaker had been bombarding me with telegrams announcing Byrd's departure, and my attention was entirely diverted from the youngster who, so I read in the papers, had started from California on his way to Paris. California seemed a long way from the goal for any kind of a start. Nevertheless, I had made up my mind to go out to Le Bourget and wait for his arrival as soon as I had some indication to go on.

"During the tennis match a telegram was brought me saying that Lindbergh had passed over Valencia in Ireland. It seemed a little too good to be true, but we hurried home, had a quick dinner at half-past six, and started for the field. It was a good thing we did not delay another quarter of an hour, for crowds were already collecting along the road and in a short time passage was almost impossible. News had already reached Paris that Lindbergh had been surely sighted, and the whole population seemed bent upon being at Le Bourget to see him land. When we arrived there we were escorted to the big pavilion at one end of the field and found

it full of people. These were mostly 'Americans,' that is, South Americans. The open-sesame that night with police and aviation officials was the words 'I'm an American,' and our Southern neighbors had no reason for insisting upon which end of our continent they came from. Some of them, moreover, were our excellent friends, diplomats and others, and I carried away from Le Bourget visible souvenirs of their enthusiasm when Lindbergh landed. Many of the ladies kissed me on both cheeks, leaving rich traces of their emotions. For in the matter of red for the lips, Buenos Aires has nothing to learn from New York: Paris alone seems a bit backward.

"We had been at our post of observation only a little while, when a silvery plane circled the field and landed. Many thought it was the ship from Strasbourg which was due about that time, but an official whispered to me that it could not be so, the color was not right and that it must be our man. It was, and in a moment pandemonium broke loose—not the pandemonium the newspapers always tell about at political conventions, but the real thing. I certainly never witnessed any occasion like it. Soldiers and police were swept away, the stout fence demolished, and the crowd surged toward the aeroplane. That is when the kissing began. Then a little man in white kid gloves, bearing a tiny 'bokay' all fixed up in a white paper petticoat, came forward and presented his offering to me. I had noticed him there, looking so quiet and comical. He tried to make a speech, but of course not a word could be distinguished. He had brought the flowers for Lindbergh but his emotion got the better of him and he gave them to me instead. I never knew who he was.

"Presently—I have no notion of time as far as that night is concerned—a man half torn to pieces managed to get up to the terrace where I was and handed me an aviator's helmet. This man turned out to be a New York *Herald* reporter, who was close by when the ship landed, and to whom Major Weiss had given the helmet with orders to take

it to me. This was done to deceive the crowd and get them clear of Lindbergh and his ship. The ruse succeeded, and it only goes to show how quickly aviators have to think and act. The crowd rushed off after him, believing it was Lindbergh, and they nearly annihilated him in their enthusiasm. I went out on the balcony, where a searchlight began to play on me, and waved the helmet to the crowd below. They went wild with enthusiasm.

"Then after about two hours one of the French officers put us in his car and drove us to Major Weiss's office across the field. Here we found Lindbergh in a little room with a few chairs and an army cot. They told him who I was. I shook hands with him, and he handed me some letters he had brought. Three of them were from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, one addressed to me, one to Mr. Houghton, and the third, I forget to whom. These three were letters of introduction; the others were from people who had asked him to take them, thinking it was an interesting idea to send mail across the ocean in a day's time.

"I learned later that among the first to reach Lindbergh were Major Weiss, Sergeant Détroyat, and civil pilot Delage. Under cover of the diversion created by sending the reporter through the crowd with the helmet, these men slipped Lindbergh across the field to Major Weiss's little office at its far end. Here they put out the lights so as to conceal his presence from the crowd, which now surged madly in various directions looking for him. It was to this office that Colonel Denain took us.

"After shaking hands with Lindbergh and introducing him to my son and daughter-in-law I said, 'Young man, I am going to take you home with me and look after you.' He came up a little closer, saying, 'I can't hear you very well; the sound of the motor is still in my ears.' I repeated my invitation; to which he replied, 'I should like to, sir; thank you very much.' Then he added, 'I want to go over to my ship first and shut the windows; I left them open and

they will not know how to put them in.' I of course assented to this.

"While we were talking, one of the Frenchmen politely pushed a chair up and suggested that Lindbergh sit down. 'Thank you,' he replied, 'I have been sitting.' I perceived, then and there, that he was a boy who did not waste words. Somebody else wanted him examined by a doctor. It appears they had one out there for the purpose, but he was not on hand at that moment. Lindbergh absolutely refused to be bothered with any doctor. He was perfectly calm and did not seem fatigued; his face was rosy and not at all drawn.

"I then said to Major Weiss, 'Let us go down to our cars and get started.' As I spoke in English he probably misunderstood what I said, for when he, Détroyat, and Delage went out with Lindbergh, as I thought to close those windows, they never came back. Instead of taking him to his ship they bundled him immediately into their car and started off to Paris by roads known only to them. They had but one thought and that was to get him safely away from the crowd. I did not see him again until I got to the embassy some hours later. Lindbergh did not speak French and the officers spoke little English. However, on their way through the city he made his guides understand that he wished to stop at the Unknown Soldier's tomb. So a halt was made at the Arc de Triomphe. Lindbergh got out of the car and stood uncovered for a long time. The officers say he finally swayed a little, as though the fatigue of all he had been through was making itself felt. They then drove to the chancery in the Rue de Chaillot, thinking that was my residence. The policeman on duty told them where the embassy was; they went there, turned Lindbergh over to my servants, said good-night to him and left.

"My wanderings at Le Bourget trying to re-find Lindbergh are not worth relating, except for our experience at the hangar where they had sheltered the *Spirit of St. Louis*. The commandant of the field, Colonel Poli-Marchetti. was with

us, and in our search for Lindbergh we went to this place. A sentinel was inside, apparently with everything tightly bolted. The officer called to him and ordered him to open. He flatly refused. The officer then told him who he was, giving his name and rank and ordering him severely to come out. Still the soldier refused. I was thoroughly tired by now, but this revived me. I knew what was going on in that sentinel's head, for the colloquy reminded me of a darkey butler who was calling out the names at a reception in San Francisco. Three guests arrived together and one of them said, 'Announce Mr. Bean, Mr. Pease, and Mr. Oyster.' The darkey looked at him a second and said, 'You can't fool me; I bin at this business too long!'

"Nobody, not even his colonel, could fool that sentinel and get hold of Lindbergh's ship.

"After this our much-irritated guide took us back to the pavilion; but no Lindbergh. However, I had already sent a telephone message to the embassy telling the butler to have a room ready and something to eat for him, so that on his reaching there he was taken care of.

"We at last arrived also, having given up the search at Le Bourget; but it took what seemed hours to work our way through the crowds that filled the road. I found Lindbergh sitting on the edge of his bed, dressed in a bathrobe, my pajamas and slippers. They told me he had eaten an egg and drunk some bouillon, refusing the chicken and other things offered him.

"The street in front of my house was now full of newspaper men (it must have been about three o'clock). They had learned at Le Bourget that I was taking him to the embassy and had telephoned the news to Paris. I suggested that if he was not worn out, he let them all come in for a minute. To this he replied that he had a contract with the New York *Times* engaging him to give an exclusive interview to that paper, and he could not violate its terms. On hearing this, Parmely went downstairs and had a talk with Mr. Carlisle

MacDonald, who represented the *Times* in Paris. He told MacDonald that this thing seemed too big an affair to be made the exclusive news of any one paper and asked him to consent to having Lindbergh see all the reporters. MacDonald showed himself the high-class man he is, took the responsibility of waiving his paper's rights, and all the journalists came up to hear what Lindbergh would tell them. The New York *Times* approved of MacDonald's decision, which also was worthy of the great tradition of that paper. Nobody would expect anything less from Mr. Ochs.

"While he was talking to the reporters about the flight, he constantly said what 'we' did: 'We were flying over such a place; the fog began to thicken and we decided,' etc., etc. I finally asked him, 'What do you mean when you say *we?*' He replied, 'Why, my ship, and me.'

"At last the newspaper men left—or were shoo-ed out—and at four o'clock Lindbergh went to sleep, saying that there was no use to call him as he was sure to be up and ready at nine o'clock.

"In the morning the crowd began to gather at an early hour, and the presents commenced to arrive. Then the letters and the newspaper men. Finally, at two o'clock, we waked him. He seemed to think it was about eight. I had had inquiries made by telephone as to the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and the report came back that everything was satisfactory and the ship safe in the hangar. That relieved Lindbergh immensely.

"One of Lindbergh's remarks that most deeply impressed me was this reply to some congratulatory comment of mine upon his great feat. He said: 'You must remember, Mr. Ambassador, how much easier it is to fly from New York to Paris than it would be from Paris to New York.'

"The first thing we did was to pay a visit to Madame Nungesser. She was in a pitiful state of emotion over the loss of her son and begged Lindbergh to find him for her. A large crowd had assembled around the house and we had some difficulty making our way through it. Several girls tried to

kiss him. He was scared to death. Coming back we drove through the Rue de la Paix. 'Why, look at all those American flags everywhere,' he exclaimed. When I told him they were hung out in his honor he couldn't believe it.

"A dinner had been long ago arranged for that evening at the embassy. Fortunately it was a rather young affair and I hoped it would give Lindbergh some pleasure. I had seen enough of him by this time to want to give him any enjoyment I could. He was not able to get into my clothes or Parmely's, but Blanchard, my valet, with practiced eye measured his figure and soon appeared with two suits he had borrowed somewhere. He came down to dinner looking perfectly normal and comfortable in his borrowed evening clothes. He seemed to me normal and comfortable in every situation. He was so natural that nothing surprised him and he surprised nobody. It was only when we stopped to think, that the whole affair seemed so extraordinary. My daughter-in-law had asked some fifty people to come in after dinner to meet him and every one of them wanted his autograph. So, pads and pencils were brought, and he smilingly wrote for them all.

"That night, my dog Max, who always slept in my room, having made Lindbergh's acquaintance, decided he was a better man than I was and went in and passed the night on Lindbergh's bed, with his head on his pillow. You can't beat a dog's instinct—not a good dog's!

"The next day serious business began. The President wanted to see him, Monsieur Poincaré wanted to see him, the Aëro Club arranged a reception, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate both invited him to pay them a visit and suspended their sitting to receive him; a medal was struck in his honor, the city of Paris gave him a reception, he was decorated, fêted, and adored. He deserved it all, and it was fine to see him bearing himself throughout like the charming young gentleman he is. But all the time he was thinking about his ship and he wanted to see her more than he wanted

THE AMBASSADOR AND CAPTAIN LINDBERGH

Review a French air regiment at Le Bourget. "A good deal has been said and written," says Mr. Herrick, "about my coaching him [Lindbergh] on official occasions. There is almost no truth in any of it."

LINDBERGH, BLÉRIOT, AND HERRICK

"While we were talking," says Mr. Herrick [he is speaking of the memorable night at Le Bourget after Lindbergh had landed], "one of the Frenchmen politely pushed a chair up and suggested that Lindbergh sit down. 'Thank you,' replied Lindbergh, 'I have been sitting.'"

anything else. So, one morning he got up at half-past four and drove to Le Bourget and tinkered for an hour or so. Then he borrowed a French plane and sailed out once more in the air, doing some terrifying stunts. The people at Le Bourget, especially the French pilots who understood what was going on, were extremely frightened at seeing him do these hair-raising tricks in the air, for they knew how dangerous it was, and they felt their responsibility if an accident occurred while he was flying one of their planes. It is true he had asked if the ship they lent him was suitable for stunt flying, and they said yes; but I learned afterward that they never expected him to do any such tricks as he performed there, and which only very special planes are built to stand. The anxiety of these officers was intense and they made repeated signals for him to come down; but he either did not see them or did not choose to interrupt his enjoyment. I have an idea this was the happiest morning of his stay in Paris.

"When I went out to Le Bourget I had no plan of any kind regarding Lindbergh, not even the idea of asking him to stay in my house. I hardly even dared to expect his arrival. I merely went to the flying field on the chance that he would be successful in his attempt and I wanted to be on hand to congratulate him. But when I saw the crowd and the confusion and danger, and above all, when I looked at this fine boy and realized all at once what he had done and what he had been through, it naturally came into my head to take him home with me.

"A good deal has been said and written about my coaching him on all these official occasions, telling him what to say, and all that. There is almost no truth in any of it. I naturally told him who the people were we were going to see, what the occasion was about, and things of that sort. But I never told him what to say. He did not need to be told, as was demonstrated on every occasion. Whenever he was called upon to reply to the really wonderful speeches that were made to him by the greatest orators in France, it seemed to me that

he always said exactly the right thing in exactly the right way. Even if I had had any misgivings on this subject, it would have been inexcusable on my part to diminish any of the freshness of his boyish charm by suggestions which would have hampered him in selecting his thoughts or expressing them.

"But he was very quick to seize an idea that occurred in conversation and use it to advantage. His second day in Paris we lunched with that famous old aviator, Monsieur Blériot. A very pretty scene occurred here. The guests passed their menu cards to Blériot and Lindbergh, asking for their autographs. Then, as there were several of the most renowned French pilots present, they passed these cards for them also to sign. All refused, saying with one accord that they were unworthy to put their signatures beside two such names.

"We left this luncheon to go to the Chamber of Deputies. During the drive Lindbergh asked me what would take place there. I told him what it probably would be, adding that he would have to say something in reply to the addresses which would surely be made to him. I advised him—I think it is the only time—to wait quietly until all the applause, which would doubtless greet him when he stood up, had entirely ceased. 'Then,' I said, 'when you can hear a pin drop, begin.'

"Something now brought up Franklin's name—his statue, the street called after him, I forget what it was. I told Lindbergh about my great predecessor's interest in balloons when he was here. He liked that and asked me several questions. I then told him the story of someone's asking Franklin what was the use of a balloon, and his reply, 'What is the use of a new-born baby?'

"When we got to the French House of Representatives every one of the members, I believe, was there. They gave him a great ovation; the Speaker made an eloquent address all in his praise, everybody wanted to shake hands with him, and there was enough enthusiasm to upset an old head.

When he got up to reply there was long applause. He stood perfectly quiet and waited. He waited so long I became anxious lest he had stage-fright. For remember, this was the first speech of his life, and the room was charged with emotion. Finally he began, with perfect self-possession. His whole manner was quiet, simple, natural. After thanking everybody he said he was glad he had had the good fortune to make the flight successfully and he hoped it would be repeated frequently. He knew that it was natural for people to ask what use it could be, but the same question was put to Franklin in regard to balloons—and here he told the rest of my story. 'I suppose,' he concluded, 'when Mr. Blériot flew the Channel eighteen years ago they asked this question again. I hope that what I have managed to do will have its practical value just as what Mr. Blériot did has been followed by a daily air express between London and Paris.'

"This is the nearest I ever came to advising Lindbergh what to say. He seized the little story which I had related without premeditation, and applied it in a way which was appropriate, instructive, and agreeable to his audience. It was just one of the numerous things which went to prove what a very complete young fellow he was.

"Lindbergh's speeches were merely the unornamented statement of what he was thinking about, and in reading them now they sound so easy and natural that anyone except an experienced public speaker would say that their delivery was a very simple thing. Old hands at speechmaking of course know that this is exactly the most difficult part of the business.

"I believe it would be well to insert here this speech at the reception given him by the city of Paris in the Hôtel de Ville on May 26th. It is a fair example of all the others and it shows that several days of replying to addresses had not injured his method."

The following is the speech Mr. Herrick refers to. Four others by various officials had preceded it:

"I cannot adequately express my appreciation of the honor which you are doing me and my country to-day. I think I have already said everything I have to say with respect to my flight but I want to express one remaining desire. I hope my flight is but the precursor of a regular commercial air service uniting your country and mine as they never have been united before. That is my hope to-day as I believe Blériot hoped his flight across the English Channel in 1909 would be the forerunner of the commercial aviation of to-day; and I believe that if those gallant Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, had landed in New York instead of me here in Paris, that would also be their desire.

"I have one regret, and that is that New York was not able to accord to these brave Frenchmen the same reception that Paris has accorded to me."

"There was one other occasion on which I gave him advice, if explaining a situation a man does not understand, is giving advice. That was with regard to his visit to London. He had been asked by a well-known English aviator to stay at his house, and it was natural that he should have been willing to accept. But I felt that for every reason, for him as well as for us all, it was preferable that he stay at our embassy. I had a talk over the telephone with Mr. Houghton on the subject and he was altogether fine about it. Confirmed in my previous judgment by this conversation, I explained the situation to Lindbergh and he immediately agreed to my idea and gratefully accepted Mr. Houghton's offer.

"To have Lindbergh as his guest at that moment was a serious inconvenience to the ambassador, as he was on the eve of sailing for America; but he did it—did it to protect him and give his visit official recognition.

"Two tiny incidents that took place in my house tell more of how people really felt than any number of orations. A dressmaker came one morning to fit some clothes on my daughter-in-law. Lindbergh was upstairs in the hall at the

time. So, to give this good woman pleasure, Agnes said, 'Come out here and you can meet Captain Lindbergh.' He spoke to her in his usual charming fashion, and after that it appears that no more fitting could be done. In the first place the excellent creature wept with emotion, and when that was over she stuck pins into Agnes as much as into the dress she was making.

"Then my valet brought a tailor around to measure him for some clothes. Blanchard asserts that his hands shook so he had much trouble taking the measures and writing them down. I have heard that this man has made a little fortune through having been Lindbergh's tailor.

"All the story of Lindbergh's days in Paris has been written and re-written, and I mention only the things which came under my personal observation and which seem to have some historical interest. As one looks back on it, there is one general fact which stands out and measures the importance of the event. For more than a week the ambassador to France and almost his entire staff were busy night and day attending to nothing except matters which concerned a young American citizen who a few days before had never been heard of. It was not a question of whether we wanted to do it or did not want to do it, it had to be done. For the moment I decided to take him to my house all the rest followed inevitably. There was no escape. Of course nobody wanted to escape; we were all charmed with him and delighted that things had turned out as they did. I merely record the inevitableness of it all. There were forty million people in France, not to speak of the rest of Europe, and a hundred and twenty million at home, to whom Lindbergh was of more importance at that moment than kings, presidents, or politics. As governments and ambassadors are the servants of the people, we should have been a stupid lot to show indifference where they were so passionately interested, even if we had been tempted to; and I repeat, there was no temptation whatever in that direction.

"There was also another consideration which soon became apparent to my mind. At the very moment Lindbergh started from America, we were in one of those periods of petulant nagging and quarreling between the French and ourselves which have flared up and died down more than once since the Armistice. I have lived through enough of these nasty equinoctial storms not to let them worry me very much, for not all the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic can ever seriously affect the solid basis of our mutual feelings. But I hate this bad weather and like to see it clear up.

"Within ten hours after Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget all these clouds were rolling away, and in another twenty-four the sun was shining brilliantly. Here was serious matter for an ambassador to ponder. Providence had interposed in the shape of this boy, and if I did not seize the occasion offered I was not worth my salt. But I did not make the opportunity; I only took advantage of it. Lindbergh made it. And now, when more than a year has passed, we are still drawing the dividends, both France and America. Isn't it a sort of lesson to us both? The next time bickering starts up, I hope it will be remembered how easily the last was dissipated. We will not have another Lindbergh to drop down out of the sky to help us, but we might have sense enough to invent one just for the occasion.

"The French people's interest in Lindbergh, first in his feat and later in his personality, was absolutely spontaneous. No earthly power could have created the outburst of enthusiasm which began with his arrival and never abated one jot or tittle during his entire stay. It was all the more remarkable, coming right on top of the natural disappointment and intense sorrow at Nungesser and Coli being lost. Moreover, lies had been published here and believed, intimating that our weather bureau had deliberately failed in its duty. The feeling was so strong that I cabled the Department suggesting that no flight be undertaken from our side until this unpleasant excitement had died down; unfortunately, instead

of following my suggestion quietly and discreetly, it was given out to the papers, and when copied over here, while redounding to my credit with the French, was taken by them as proof of bad taste and evil intentions across the water.

"How is it, then, that under these unpropitious conditions, Lindbergh's arrival created such instant enthusiasm and sympathetic acclaim in all of France? I leave the scientific analysis of this question to the experts in mass psychology. For me the explanation lies, first, in the immediate response which Frenchmen make to any brave act. A gallant race themselves, courage excites their instant admiration and sweeps away all prejudices. But apart from this, I find a deeper reason in the latent feeling of admiration which exists in the hearts of the French for us Americans. Many of them had read the abuse of us and had joined in the criticism, but inside they really did not believe it. The instinct of the race was on our side, and justly so. Therefore, in the presence of the decisive and amazing fact of Lindbergh's landing, this sentiment burst the bonds of an artificially excited prejudice, and in acclaiming this boy the people of France knew they were also expressing their innate love for their old friend, America. And they were glad of an excuse to do so."

Mr. Herrick was fond of flying long before he knew Lindbergh, but since the extraordinary friendship which grew up between the two men and the trips he has taken with the famous pilot, he has liked the air more and more. "I think it is a good idea," he would say, "to do some flying in this world as a preparation for the next." This friendship, during the last year of Mr. Herrick's life, had developed into something quite unusual; it forms an interesting commentary upon the characters of both men.

One is just fifty years older than the other. At first Mr. Herrick thought of Lindbergh as a charming boy who had done a marvelous act and incidentally rendered a great service to his country. Lindbergh probably not only felt a deep

gratitude to Mr. Herrick for his kindness and hospitality, but also responded to the influence of his wonderful nature. But as time went on, the distance which separated the two, through age, occupations, and training, grew less and less, until finally they actually met on the common ground of personality. I don't think Mr. Herrick was much older than Lindbergh except in the mere matter of years; and I imagine that Lindbergh did not feel himself much younger than Mr. Herrick. The two simply grew to be very great pals, with a thousand points of contact which sprung from the similarity of their characters. Mr. Herrick told me more than a year ago that Lindbergh was a perfectly mature man, for all his youthful appearance; that he knew exactly what he was about, and that nothing short of death would stop him. I have no doubt that if I could consult Colonel Lindbergh he would say that Mr. Herrick seemed to him a young man just getting agreeably mature, and that old age would never overtake him. It never did; only death.

I was saying he loved to fly. In 1920 when he was in Paris before returning here as ambassador, he used the air constantly for traveling; he went by aëroplane to England and sailed home from there. Three years ago he told me he was going to hop over for a night with Mr. Houghton in London. "I don't want anybody to know I am gone and I intend to take an airship. It will save time and I shall enjoy the voyage." I argued with him in vain, even pointing out that the method he was choosing for the journey would be sure to give his visit a wide publicity. Seeing him immovable, I urged that, at least, if it was foggy he would not leave. He seemed to agree to this, but when he got to the aviation field and found the fog was so thick that the pilot did not want to start, Mr. Herrick over-persuaded him and they took off. When they got beyond Dover, the fog was worse and the pilot made a forced landing in an open field. The ambassador finally arrived in London by train. But the experience did not prevent his flying back to Paris two days later. He seemed

beaten the man he had selected to go to the national convention with him.

"Of course we both voted for John Sherman of Ohio as long as there was any hope of nominating him, and we were sincerely disappointed when Benjamin Harrison of Indiana won out. I had known Hanna fairly well, just as everybody in Cleveland did or thought they did or wanted to say they did; but until this time we had not been thrown together in a political way at all closely. He naturally regarded me as a youngster, and, in his big, kind, domineering way, he bossed me around; but our work together at this convention was the start in a political association which lasted till he died. He was a big man in every sense of the word, and as a friend, truer than steel.

"When I came back from Chicago in 1888 I realized that I was something of a factor to be reckoned with in Cleveland politics. But I still stuck to my determination not to hold office."

V

HOW HE BECAME A BANKER

"WHEN I first began to practise law, the management of estates was a lucrative part of a lawyer's business and was much sought after. Those were the days before trust companies had sprung up and become organized along the lines we now see everywhere. The change is a good one, for many abuses were possible under the old system. An estate's money was usually deposited in the lawyer's name, and if he were not perfectly honest or if any financial accident happened to him, the loss might fall on the estates he had charge of.

"The management of several properties, among others the Harrington estate, had come to me and I had leased a corner store, which formed part of it, to the recently organized Union National Bank. About this time some outside people had gotten up a grand scheme to build a new theater in Cleveland and they employed me as their attorney. They advertised their plans in the most up-to-date fashion and the public had become interested. They desired to make banking connections and when they asked me to introduce them to my bank I took them in to the Union National. This institution had recently rented its place of business from me, I had my office in the same building, and altogether I was proud to present what I believed was an important customer. I felt sure of the bank's appreciation.

"In this I was not deceived, but presently the theater people wanted a small loan, and when they applied to the

bank for it the cashier, E. H. Bourne, asked me to come down and talk the matter over with him. Bourne said he had no doubt the theater company was all right but he was obliged to be prudent on account of his directors, etc., etc. —what one always hears on such occasions. However, he added, as these people were my clients, if I would endorse their note he would loan them the $8,000 they wanted.

"I told Bourne I didn't have more than $8,000 in the world, including my home, but while I had no financial interest in the company, I believed it was rich and its credit quite good for that amount. Bourne agreed to what I said but was persistent in wanting my endorsement. Thinking the affair was all right and wanting to help a client who, I hoped, was going to bring me considerable business, I finally agreed to endorse the note. It was for $8,000 payable in four months. When the paper fell due the company had failed. On hearing this news I felt sick. I waited and waited, wondering what to do and delaying the ordeal of telling my wife about it. To hold an endorser under the Ohio law, of course, a note has to be duly protested by a notary, and three days are allowed for this action. The first day passed and no protest came; the second day likewise passed and still no protest; the third day dragged its wretched length along without any action, and that night I told my wife what had happened.

"She wanted me to explain the matter in all its aspects, which I did. I told her that as the third day had now gone by I was legally free and they could not hold me to any obligation as endorser.

"'That is a strange law,' she said. 'Did you owe this money yesterday?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'And you owed it to-day?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I don't see, then, why you don't owe it to-morrow. You agreed to pay the bank if the theater company didn't

and I don't understand how any protest from a notary alters that fact.' There wasn't any lack of clearness here.

"The next day Bourne came up to my office, bringing with him the certificate and the duly protested note.

"'It's mighty hard on you, Myron, and I am awfully sorry,' he said. 'You can waive protest if you want to and save the expense. I suppose you had better do that, don't you think so?'

"But this note was due yesterday and you failed to protest it,' I replied. 'What has made you change your mind, why do you bring it up here now?'

"Bourne ostentatiously got up and looked at a calendar hanging on my wall. 'You must be right,' he said. 'I must have made a little slip. But I don't suppose that will make any difference, as your signature is there.'

"This rather irritated me. I thought it was evident that Bourne knew the time for protest had expired and instead of coming to me and saying so, acknowledging his mistake and asking me to accept service anyway, here he was, trying to hold me responsible after the time limit had expired. I suppose, too, that I was mad all through especially with myself, and I wanted someone to take it out on. So I took it out on Bourne. He then did the intelligent thing. He got up and said: 'Oh, well, of course the bank can take the loss; but I would not have loaned your clients this money without your endorsement.'

"'Hold on,' I replied, 'not so fast.' For disheartened though I was, my wife's words came back to me, and, consciously or unconsciously, I used them to finish my sentence. 'I suppose I am just as much obligated to pay to-day as I was yesterday,' I said, 'and I am just as willing. I have a house and lot, and that, with the rest I can scrape together, probably will amount to $8,000; but it will take time to realize on it. I will give you notes of $800 each payable every three months until the debt is wiped off; but if any one

of them falls due and I can't pay, I expect you to renew it. If you will prepare the notes I will sign them.'

"Bourne was perfectly satisfied with this solution, for he knew I had him, and he probably did not expect so much after my first explosion. He immediately prepared the notes and I signed them.

"After cleaning the whole thing up, the excitement of making my resolution died out, and in the mental depression which followed I began to wonder whether, after all, most people would not consider me a fool for having signed those notes. I had gotten a start, I had a house nearly paid for, and now everything had to be begun over again. Then it flashed through my mind that there was still a matter I might attend to and I was keen to do anything rather than just sit there in a fit of despondency.

"It was about twelve o'clock when Bourne left. I knew there was always a meeting of the finance committee of the bank every day at noon. The men on it, I remember, were J. H. McBride, M. A. Hanna, George Warmington, and J. F. Pankhurst. The thought came to me that at least I was entitled to the credit for what I had done, and I didn't know whether Bourne would tell his directors anything about what he called his 'little error,' and I wanted them to understand what had occurred. Cleveland was rather a small place in those days; everybody knew everybody else, and I did not want to give up all that I was sacrificing and have those men put me down as a fool to boot. So, without sending in my name or knocking at the door, I walked into the committee room. I knew Hanna slightly from seeing him sometimes at the club, and I knew the others even less. Bourne, of course, was there with the committee.

"I said abruptly: 'Mr. Bourne, did you tell these gentlemen what has taken place? Did you tell them that I signed those notes of my own free will?' He said there was merely a little slip in the protest.

"I replied: 'I was not obliged to pay and you know it. Technically, I was relieved from all responsibility, but having endorsed the paper I considered myself morally obligated and I agreed to pay up. I at least would like to get credit for what I did and not have myself appear in the eyes of this committee as an absolute simpleton.'

"I could see a glint in Hanna's eye as he looked at Bourne. I can see it to this day—a glance I never forgot. A few questions were asked, Bourne explained what had happened, the committee congratulated me in a kindly fashion on doing the right thing, and I went out.

"I don't know what was said, if anything, among those men after I left but I do know that from that day on, to my great amazement, business came to me from that bank and that group of men which was quite enough to enable me to meet the notes I had signed as each came due. The relations which were opened up with them gave me a new start in life, after the knockdown blow of having to pay that $8,000, and brought about the determining step in my financial career. The way it came about was this:

"A year or two after my set-to with Bourne, Hanna started a ship-building company. He wanted to take Luther Allen, who was secretary of the Society for Savings and a man of great ability, and put him at the head of this new company. The Society for Savings was the oldest financial institution and the biggest bank in Cleveland. S. L. Mather, the head of it, was seventy years old, and all of the directors were very conservative people. They were annoyed at the idea of losing Allen and they naturally asked Hanna: 'What are we going to do about a man to take his place?'

"Hanna's idea undoubtedly was that the Society for Savings was a slow-going affair with a lot of money to take care of and needing honesty more than any banking ability to look out for it. Anyway, if he wanted Luther Allen he had to propose some man to take his place. So, with his usual quick way of deciding things, he said to the board: 'I'll

give you a man. He is young and he may not know anything about banking, but I pledge you one thing, he won't steal your money.' Then he told them what had happened at the Union bank and suggested that I be offered the place.

"I was in my little law office when the finance committee of the Society for Savings came in—Judge Cleveland, Samuel Andrews, and the others, all vastly important people in Cleveland. The judge said: 'We have come to ask you if you will accept the position of secretary of the Society for Savings.' I was honestly puzzled, and, as a way out, I said I was afraid there was some mistake and that they were looking for *Colonel* Herrick (a distant cousin of mine). 'No,' said the judge, 'you are the man we have in view.'

"Of course, I realized in a second what it would mean to me—the management of Cleveland's biggest bank, perhaps some day its president—a whole vision of future greatness rushing through my excited young head. But I kept calm enough to comply with what I considered the usual forms of such a situation. I told them I did not know what they had in mind; that they probably realized I had no experience in banking, but, I added, somewhat pompously, I would 'take it under advisement.' (I knew that was the usual phrase on such occasions.)

"So they left; but before they reached the end of the hall, I jumped up and ran after them and asked them to come back. When they had returned to my office I said: 'I don't know why you want me but I know I am ready to accept. Perhaps if I do it now it will make it harder for you to change your minds later.' The bargain was made then and there and I became secretary and treasurer of the Society for Savings, of which later on I was made president.

"My connection with that great and, I believe, beneficent financial institution has been one of the profound satisfactions of my life, and the door by which I entered it has always seemed to me to have been opened by a sort of romance. It began with my signing those notes for $8,000, my anger

at being, as I thought, taken in by Bourne, my irruption into the board meeting and the quiet amusement of Hanna at the explanations that were made. Of course there was something deeper than all that in the whole experience. It taught me in the most practical way possible that when a man isn't any better than the law makes him, it isn't enough, not enough for a real, first-rate man. The law can't make a man's code of honor, and the person to bring that home to me in all its force was my wife. Her words that night at supper, when disaster threatened us both, made a profound impression upon me and became a fixed principle of my life.

"The erecting of the building in which to lodge the bank, about 1894, when the World's Fair was being held at Chicago, was an adventure in which I had to sink or swim. We had to have new quarters, and I looked around quietly to see what was the best sort of building to erect. At that time Chicago was beginning the first experiences in the great steel structures we now see everywhere. I became convinced that they were the business buildings of the future and I wanted our bank to put a million dollars into one for our own use and as an investment. As our capital was only eleven millions, some of our trustees believed it unmitigated rashness, and several resigned—among others a cousin of mine, who said he thought it enough to have one Herrick in such a fool enterprise. But that building turned out the best investment the bank ever made."

A few years later Mr. Herrick's fellow bankers set the seal of their approval upon his reputation for exalted probity and financial ability by electing him president of the American Bankers' Association for the term of 1901–1902.

VI

ROCKEFELLER OFFERS HIM A POSITION

"THERE was another incident which showed my wife's courageous fashion of looking at things, and, incidentally, her confidence that I could make my own way. John D. Rockefeller was then organizing in Cleveland the business which was destined to grow to unheard-of proportions. He was already a great figure in our town, but we little thought either that his wealth could ever attain such size or that he would live to have the satisfaction during whole decades of seeing it employed for such noble purposes. In a way he was almost as picturesque at that time as he is now, but the audience was smaller. He was criticized, admired, feared, and sought after, as such men are.

"I was once approached with a proposition to enter his organization, in the legal department, and while the place was of course not an important one, I realized that any man who was taken in with him would inevitably make his fortune sooner or later. In what concerns most of those who got in at that time, it turned out to be sooner instead of later.

"I went home feeling rather enthusiastic, and my first words to my wife were, 'Well, Kitty, I think our troubles are over; we might almost say our fortune is made.' Then I told her what had been offered. She asked some questions and we went over the whole matter. Then she said, 'I wouldn't take it, if I were you. I suppose it would mean wealth in a fairly short time; everybody in that place makes money, and I am not indifferent to that side of the question.

But there are other things, too, that count. You could not be your own master; you would always have to do what you were told, and I don't think it is worth that sacrifice. We can very well get along as we are for a while and you will not have to give up your independence.'

"I confess I was a little taken aback, for I had expected to be met with more enthusiasm. But I recognized the force of what she said and the outcome was that I declined.

"I have often looked back and wondered what would have happened had my wife seen this offer differently. I probably would have accepted, I might have made a fortune, but I suppose I would have been barred from doing the other things which have brought me such satisfaction. I can't be certain about it, but that is the way it looks, and I have never had any regrets."

VII

AN ATTEMPT ON MR. HERRICK'S LIFE

JUST after William McKinley's reëlection as governor of Ohio, he wrote two letters to "Colonel Herrick," as he usually called him, which bring out the affectionate relations which existed between the two men and also revive an incident in which Mr. Herrick displayed that remarkable courage which never failed him in the numerous trials of his life. The first, dated November 10, 1893, is as follows:

MY DEAR COLONEL:

I was greatly relieved to receive your telegram announcing you were not hurt. One of the newspaper offices here telephoned me of the assault and I wired you at once. You can imagine my suspense until your assuring dispatch came. How fortunate you were! I hope you will recover from the shock, . . . which must have been terrible. Take the best care of yourself, my dear friend, and let Mrs. Herrick have exclusive charge of you until you are all right again. I have intended to write you for several days but the truth was, I was "reacting" from the strain of my long campaign and haven't had the courage to take up my pen until now. I received your letter and telegram of congratulation, which I greatly appreciate, and also Mrs. Herrick's nice letter to Mrs. McKinley. I do hope your wife is strong and well and will not be alarmed at your experience to-day. God bless and keep you both. Mrs. McKinley joins me in love to both and also to Parmely.

My mail is simply awful and from everywhere. I wish you could see it – it would delight your heart. I do not feel exultant, but so grateful to my friends and the people of our Great State.

With best wishes,

Yours faithfully,
WM. MCKINLEY JR.

P.S. If I can do you any good will come up.

Another letter written the next day is on the same subject.

MY DEAR FRIEND HERRICK:

First I want to congratulate you on your escape from serious injury at the hands of the murderous scoundrel who shot at you the other day. I was pained beyond expression on hearing the news of the assault, and I rejoice at hearing that you have sustained no injury beyond a nervous shock. You displayed splendid courage, and I am proud of you not only as my personal friend but as a member of my military staff.

Sincerely yours,
WM. MCKINLEY.

The murderous assault which McKinley refers to is described at length in the Cleveland newspapers of November 11, 1893. It appears that while Mr. Herrick was sitting in his office at the Society for Savings, he looked up to find in front of him a shabbily dressed, unkempt man who had come in quietly and shut the door behind him.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Herrick.

"I have here a loaded revolver," said the man, presenting his weapon to Herrick's face, "and in this hand I have enough dynamite to blow up both of us. I want $50,000, and I want you to take me through the bank to the vault, being careful not to arouse the suspicion of any employee when you hand me the money. If you make the slightest false move, I will blow you to pieces."

Mr. Herrick looked him over coolly, engaged him further in conversation, and then suddenly delivered a smashing blow on his face and they rolled together over the floor, upsetting the furniture. In the mix-up the robber fired his pistol, but the bullet only bored through Mr. Herrick's clothing and splintered the wainscoting. The banker then managed to get at the general-alarm button and the bandit rushed for the window, jumped out, and never was caught.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* adds:

"Asked afterwards what he thought of while he was struggling with the man on the floor, Colonel Herrick said: 'I made up my mind right there that I would not give him the money.' And he didn't. Although somewhat shaken by his experience, Colonel Herrick continued to do his accustomed routine work until persuaded by President Mather to go to his home and rest up for the remainder of the day. He was at his office the next morning as usual, none the worse for his battle of the noon before."

VIII

NOMINATING McKINLEY FOR PRESIDENT

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY had been gerrymandered out of Congress in the late '80's and a lucky thing for him and for the country it was, for otherwise he probably would never have become Ohio's governor and afterward President of the United States. McKinley was a poor boy, and in his early days an old friend named Robert L. Walker, from Poland, Ohio, where McKinley had attended seminary, had loaned him money with which to go to Albany and attend the law school. McKinley had never been able to pay him back, and when he was governor, Walker, who later went into the tin-can manufacturing business at Youngstown, Ohio, got in the habit of asking him to endorse his business notes. McKinley did not seem to think he could refuse, and apparently he did not keep much track of what he signed; for toward the close of his first term as governor these notes had begun to accumulate and circulate in alarming proportions. Some of them came to the Euclid National Bank, which I had organized, and as one of McKinley's friends I was asked what I thought about them. I consulted McKinley and he informed me that he owed Walker only $5,000. At that time I had a rich client named Woods who was a great admirer of McKinley, and I told him about the matter. He immediately raised a fund of $5,000 and I sent it to Walker in payment of McKinley's debt. To our great surprise we then gradually discovered that there was something like $100,000 of Walker paper in bankers' hands bearing McKinley's endorsement.

While we were trying to devise means to straighten out this matter, worse befell.

"McKinley's second nomination for governor was looming up and he was on his way to New York to make a speech before the Ohio Society. When he got to Buffalo he received notice from Youngstown that Walker had failed. He immediately turned back and went to Youngstown to see him. Here a rather amusing encounter took place which we afterward enjoyed teasing McKinley about; but it was no source of amusement at the moment. Between Buffalo and Youngstown, McKinley had plenty of time to think over what he was going to say to Walker and he freely declared that he proposed to give him such a talking to as he would remember the rest of his life. But when he reached Walker's house, he found the old man in bed groaning and crying out as if in great agony. The people who were listening in the next room for the awful dressing down that McKinley had announced heard nothing but kindly admonitions, such as, 'Have courage, Robert, have courage! Everything will come out all right.'

"They didn't come out all right for a long time, and McKinley suffered intensely in his pride through all the trouble this Walker failure caused him. His financial matters were in a bad mess and there was no denying it. In ordinary times we could have cleared the affair up without much difficulty, but the panic of the early '90's was on, Schlessinger of Milwaukee had failed, and even M. A. Hanna himself, with all his great interests, was fighting for his life at that moment. However, we all got busy, and the same night twenty-five men had put up enough money to pay off all the notes that McKinley had endorsed. Mrs. McKinley deeded over all her fortune, which was not large, and the $130,000 we had raised was placed in my hands. With it I settled everything.

"At this time Foraker was fighting McKinley's renomination for the governorship, and the bankruptcy affair gave him a dangerous weapon. I could not go to the Republican

state convention at Columbus, as it was impossible for me to leave Cleveland on account of the panic, but I got our Cuyahoga County delegation to promise their votes to McKinley. He made a great speech and was unanimously renominated. The convention adjourned late at night and, tired as he must have been, McKinley took the two o'clock train for Cleveland and when I arrived at the bank in the morning he was there waiting for me. He said:

"'Myron, I just came up to tell you that I know that without your prompt action last April I could never have been renominated for governor. I am going back to Columbus on the eleven o'clock train, but I wanted you to understand how I feel about it.'"

McKinley's letters to Mr. Herrick in 1893–4 contain repeated references to this Walker affair, and the whole correspondence—scores of letters, mostly written in long hand—is a proof of the beautiful affection and unselfish loyalty which bound the two men together. Not one line of self-seeking or any suggestion of political scheming can be found in it. These letters shed so much honor on both men that it is to be hoped that all of them, as well as the ones written when McKinley was President, will soon be made available to the public. They throw a fine light upon McKinley and his relations with Hanna and Herrick. They make good reading for every American proud of his country and of her statesmen. The three which follow are pertinent to the events which have just been described.

Governor and Mrs. McKinley had spent four weeks early in 1893 with the Herricks in their Cleveland home. On returning to Columbus, February 23rd, McKinley wrote:

"We reached here at 9:30—had a comfortable trip. Mrs. McKinley stood it very nicely. I cannot retire to-night without thanking you and Mrs. Herrick for the home you gave us and the cheer you brought to us in our great misfortune. It was indeed a home and we shall never forget your tender and

loving hospitality. I do hope that Mrs. Herrick did not overtax herself, and you my dear friend must not work too hard.

"My mail was overflowing with sympathy and the most earnest protest against Mrs. McKinley turning over her property. Much like the letters you have already seen. I will send you a large mail to-morrow.

". . . Mrs. McKinley joins me in love to your wife and Parmely. Again thanking you from the bottom of my heart. We are your friends."

Again on March 8th he writes:

"I thank you for your kind letter of yesterday and the cheerful news it contains. We were so sorry to leave you and Mrs. Herrick. Your home has been so restful to us, and your hearts have been so tender in sympathy that it was very hard to break away.

"Give our love to Mrs. Herrick and Parmely. I enclose you a letter from Mr. W—— which please return after you have read it."

Meanwhile, McKinley learned what was being done to arrange for paying his debts—learned more, I suspect, than it was intended by his friends he should know. He wished, therefore, to make his position clear, and he sent Mr. Herrick the following formal letter, written in his own hand. I think it has never before been published:

State of Ohio
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
Office of the Governor

Columbus, March 14, 1893.

MESSRS. H. KOHLSAAT, M. T. HERRICK,
M. A. HANNA, W. R. DAY & THOMAS McDOUGAL
GENTLEMEN:

I learn that my friends throughout the country are raising a fund for the payment of my debts, incurred through the

STATE OF OHIO

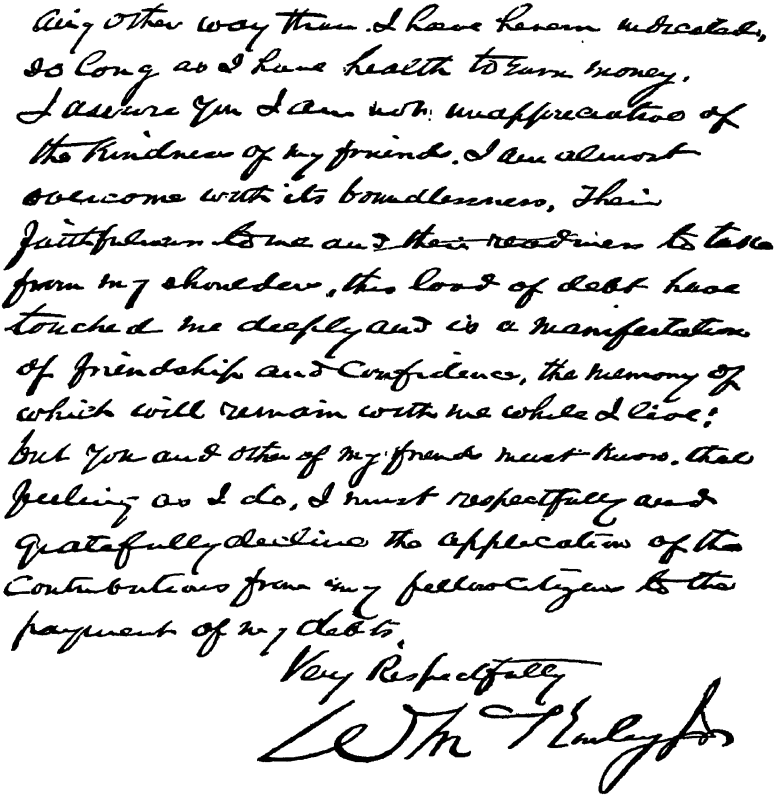
Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

Columbus March 14 1893.

Messrs H Kohlsaat, L T Herrick
M A Hanna, W R Day & Thomas McBurgal.

Gentlemen: I learn that my friends throughout the County are raising a fund for the payment of my debts, incurred through the accommodation paper signed by me, for Mr Walker, While appreciating this noble generosity on their part. I can not consent to the use of this fund for the cancellation of my debts, to the Walker paper, for which I am liable, as very much scattered, and as it would seem better to have it in fewer hands, I do not object, if it be agreeable to the Contributors of this fund. that their trustees, buy up the paper. dollar for dollar, but I insist that my Note &c, as an obligation against me to be paid off as fast as I can do it, I can not for a moment entertain the suggestion, of having my debts paid in the way proposed or in



A PRESIDENT-TO-BE MAKES CLEAR HIS ATTITUDE

Facsimile of a letter from William McKinley, Jr., to a group of friends who were arranging for the payment of his debts.

accommodation paper signed by me for Mr. Walker. While appreciating this noble generosity on their part, I cannot consent to the use of this fund for the cancellation of my debts. As the Walker paper for which I am liable is very much scattered, and as it would seem better to have it in fewer hands, I do not object, if it be agreeable to the contributors of the fund, that their trustees buy up the paper, dollar for dollar, but I insist that they hold it, as an obligation against me to be paid off as fast as I can do it. I cannot for a moment entertain the suggestion of having my debts paid in the way proposed or in any other way than I have herein indicated, so long as I have health to earn money.

I assure you I am not unappreciative of the kindness of my friends. I am almost overcome with its boundlessness. Their faithfulness to me and their readiness to take from my shoulders this load of debt have touched me deeply and is a manifestation of friendship and confidence, the memory of which will remain with me while I live! But you and other of my friends must know that, feeling as I do, I must respectfully and gratefully decline the application of the contributions from my fellow citizens to the payment of my debts.

Very respectfully,
WM. MCKINLEY JR.

To carry out his plan of reimbursing the subscribers to the fund, Mr. McKinley, up to the day of his death, sent Mr. Herrick money which he saved from his salary. Mr. Herrick invested this, and I am under the impression that when the President died it amounted to more than $200,000. I do not now know—for I failed to ask Mr. Herrick—whether the donors of the fund were reimbursed after McKinley's death; but if they were asked it seems likely that they all refused, since I have heard Mr. Herrick say that he had guarded McKinley's savings religiously, and upon the President's death he turned over a considerable sum to his widow.

As bearing upon the above, a letter McKinley wrote to

Mr. Herrick in April, 1901, from the White House is interesting:

"I have your valued favor of April 12 and am much pleased with its contents. You are very kind to me and I did not need your assurance that my little investments which you are good enough to make would only be in such enterprises as are legitimate and in no way related to the Government or of a speculative nature.

"I thank you very much for the results of the investments already made. We start next Monday for our long trip. Wish you and Mrs. Herrick were going with us. Mrs. McKinley joins in love to you and Mrs. Herrick and Parmely."

Mr. McKinley's tender solicitude for his invalid wife is illustrated in the following letter which he wrote with his own hand to Mrs. Herrick when he was governor of Ohio:

"Mrs. McKinley asks me to write you. She has not yet mastered the stitch which you taught her, and desires that at your leisure you will crochet a little piece of a strip which she can have before her as an object lesson. She wants to 'get it' and she wants to know if the needle she uses is the proper size.

"Another thing—she would like to have you get her a half yard of linen cambric for tidies, such as you exhibited to her when at your home, and a steel needle suitable for the work. This is putting a good deal upon you—but we are encouraged to ask it because you have already done so much for us.

"We are very well and will be so glad if you will visit us during the pleasant weather which we are having now.

"Mrs. McKinley joins me in love to Mr. Herrick, Parmely, and yourself. Mrs. McKinley sends a dollar to buy needle, etc."

"When the panic of 1893 was over," resumed Mr. Herrick, "we all started in to pick up the broken threads, and it was

very hard going. I had spent many sleepless nights in that long struggle and every day was filled with intense anxiety. People often forget that the prosperity which finally settled down on our country after the Spanish-American War came only after numerous vicissitudes, lasting through many, many years. Our railroad business and our manufacturers still had to go through all sorts of children's diseases, and there were severe and drastic experiences before things got smoother. Business men had an idea then that periodic depressions and even panics were a part of the commercial cycle, that hard times were sure to follow good times, that it was too much to expect any kind of permanent stability. This made our progress jerky, partly because we expected it to be so. When things were going well, everybody jumped in to make as much money as he could and lay it up against the rainy day he believed was sure to come. It was all very exciting, but it was not healthy.

"The greatest single improvement that I see in recent American business methods, the happiest change in what the financial writers call business psychology, lies in the elimination, to a great extent, of this uncertainty, and the refusal to accept it as a natural phenomenon; perhaps this is largely owing to the stabilizing influence of our Federal Reserve system. If we don't lose our heads—and I really see no reason for doing so—the steady march we have made since the clean-up after the war ought to bring us to a proper level and enable us to hold our pace. If ultimately we find ourselves at too lofty an altitude, I believe we have the sense and the financial machinery with which to work down to a safe height without jumping over any precipice. In business as in everything else there are incurable optimists and incurable pessimists, but between the two lie many men of hard common sense who study questions for themselves and act upon their own judgment. I believe this latter category increases its numbers in our country every year. Our nation has passed the stage when a man like Bryan could scare the

life out of business men with any such crazy nonsense as 'free silver.' One reason is that in his time Bryan was able to put what he called business against what he also called the common people. Almost all the people now, common and otherwise, are business men; and what is more, they would much rather take their wives' advice than some flaming orator's.

"What I had gone through in 1893 wore me out, and as soon as the subsiding panic left me time for it, I had a sort of breakdown. So I quit work in 1895, went out to California, and sailed across to Honolulu on a four months' holiday. Taking a rest did not necessarily preclude talking politics, and some of the conversations I had on the coast I like to think bore fruit when the Presidential contest came on in the following year. I naturally wanted McKinley chosen President of the United States and I helped Hanna all I could in the wonderful strategic campaign which he was organizing for McKinley's nomination. What took place among the Republican leaders during this period is generally well known, but there are some incidents, especially those in which I had a personal share, that probably have never been told publicly, and they may prove interesting.

"At Catalina Island, where I spent some time, I saw a good deal of John Cline. We often talked about the various candidates for the Republican ticket, and I think I convinced him of the wisdom of nominating McKinley. In those days California was more or less run by the railroads and it was Cline, I believe, who had much to do with swinging the railroad men and the state politicians to McKinley.

"I had told Cline that if he could get the Californian delegation pledged to McKinley and the latter afterward was elected, I would make it my business to see that a cabinet position was given to that state, for I felt sure that McKinley would do it, as being not only good politics but thoroughly deserved.

"The carrying out of that promise brought up an odd situa-

tion just before the inauguration of 1897. McKinley intended to make Justice McKenna of California Secretary of the Interior; he had served in Congress with McKenna and he knew him and liked him. Anson G. McCook of New York was slated for Attorney General. At the last minute it was discovered that McKenna was a Catholic and he could not be made Secretary of the Interior without raising violent opposition, on account of the duties devolving upon that department in connection with Indian schools and similar matters. So McKinley switched McKenna over to Attorney General, and Cornelius N. Bliss of New York was made Secretary of the Interior. Bliss accepted this portfolio only the night before the inauguration; he did not want it, but he was a good soldier and always willing to do his duty to the party and its chief. McCook in this way was left out. But this was not all. McKenna was a capable man but he was not the sort to tackle the great problems which were then presenting themselves to the Attorney General's office; so later on McKinley appointed him to a vacancy in the Supreme Court.

"This incident is a curious commentary upon religious prejudices as they at times manifest themselves in our country. The fact that McKenna was a Catholic really led to his becoming a justice of the Supreme Court. Nothing that I remember could better illustrate the foolish operation of this kind of intolerance. If McKenna's religion were an objection to his handling a few school teachers and missionaries on our Indian reservations, one might have thought that the presence of a Catholic on the Supreme Bench, and that for life, would be considered more dangerous still. But nothing of the sort happened, and McKinley, as an experienced politician as well as a high-class statesman, knew that nothing would happen. He realized that a few preachers could and probably would stir up trouble over this presumed danger to the Indian schools, because it appeared to threaten directly their ideas and interests; whereas the Supreme Court

seemed too far away from anything immediately concerning them to excite their apprehension.

"There is another thing to be said. McKinley had been a colleague of McKenna's in Congress and they knew each other well; yet he never had noted to which church McKenna belonged, and when he did learn it he evidently did not believe it could affect McKenna's loyal and unprejudiced performance of his public duty. However, it did affect his availability for a certain office to the extent that, if he were appointed, his religion might arouse the criticism of a certain respected and influential element. This, naturally, McKinley wished to avoid, and he did avoid it.

"It is a great pity that these questions have to come up and that an honest man should be called upon to sacrifice a sincere sentiment of religious toleration to political expediency. We have largely avoided mixing religion in our politics, and I think it is the duty of every patriotic American to stamp out any attempt to bring that element of bitter discord into our system of government. You remember how impressed we were during our trip to Morocco with the marvellous spirit of religious tranquillity which Marshal Lyautey had brought to that fanatical country since the French assumed charge of its affairs. It might well be a lesson to other nations which think they are in the van of modern progress. It seems to me the more deeply a man feels about his own particular faith the more kindly he ought to be disposed about other people's.

"When I got back from California, Hanna was hard at work on the pre-nomination campaign. He went very quietly about this, traveling around the country and seeing all sorts of important men. The matter was pretty well under way, when he arranged for a meeting with the great national leaders in New York, a secret conference which, strangely enough, the newspapers did not get an inkling of. It was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. Senators Nelson

W. Aldrich, Thomas C. Platt, and Matthew S. Quay, Joseph H. Manley, David B. Henderson, and possibly some others, were there. Hanna, at that time, had not done much in politics outside of Ohio. He was not yet a recognized national leader, he was just a natural one, and he had a good deal of respect for the ability and success of these men. He knew there was a strong sentiment throughout the country for McKinley and that it was contagious. He believed McKinley had a first-rate chance of getting the Republican nomination, but he wanted to nail the thing down, and he went into this meeting with the idea that he might come out of it with definite promises and a clear plan for accomplishing what he had at heart. In those days the 'boss system' operated quite openly and the men who controlled the votes of New York, Pennsylvania, New England, etc., etc., had a way of deciding beforehand who would be nominated on the Republican ticket, and they generally had their way. At this meeting Hanna succeeded in convincing them that McKinley was the strongest candidate, and when it was over he immediately took the train for Cleveland, arriving Sunday morning.

"Mr. and Mrs. McKinley were staying at my house. I drove McKinley to the Hanna home to see Hanna and there ensued a conference between the two men which, I think, marks one of the most important moments in the recent history of our federal government. I feel that a turning point was reached there in our national politics and that the new direction has been pretty well kept up ever since.

"Hanna was very cheerful. He passed cigars around, and as we sat down in his library I could see that he was as keen as a razor blade. He said: 'I don't suppose you saw anything about that meeting of yesterday in the newspapers, did you? They all wanted it, but not a soul caught on.' Then turning to McKinley he said: 'Now, Major, it's all over but the shouting. Quay wants the patronage of Pennsylvania, Aldrich of New England, Manley of Maine. Platt wants that of New York, but he wants it in writing; you remember he

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was fooled on Harrison.' Then, with a sort of school-girl look on his face, he said: 'I think they are willing to leave this region to me.'

"This was my first experience on the inside of big national politics, and as I sat there listening I realized that I belonged to a younger generation and that we really did represent different ideas. Naturally, I said nothing, being fully occupied in listening to what Hanna was saying and watching McKinley. When Hanna had finished his sketch of the situation, McKinley's face grew serious—in fact, hard. He remained silent for quite a little while; then he said:

"'Marc, some things come too high. If I were to accept the nomination on those terms, the place would be worth nothing to me and less to the people. If those are the terms, I am out of it.'

"'Oh no,' said Hanna, 'not so fast. I mean that on these terms the nomination would be settled immediately, but that does not mean that their terms have got to be accepted. There is a strong sentiment for you all over the country and while it would be hard to lick those fellows if they oppose you, damned hard, I believe we can do it.'

"The frown left McKinley's face, though he did not say anything, but sat for a while looking off in the distance. Finally he asked: 'How would this do for a slogan: *The Bosses Against the People?* How would that sound?' Hanna agreed it would be a first-rate line to take, and as a matter of fact it will be remembered that this became the campaign cry in 1896, *The People Against the Bosses.*

"Things gradually took shape. One day Quay turned up. He had come to make terms with McKinley, and one by one the other important leaders decided to take him on his own terms, instead of imposing theirs. All of them except Platt. He never came in and he fought McKinley's nomination to the last moment and never made peace with him until after he was inaugurated. I remember very well that evening McKinley was nominated at St. Louis. The conven-

tion had been held in a big tent, and after the shouting was all over I left to go home. Outside the tent I saw a man standing quite alone with his hands clasped behind him under his coat tails, looking at the setting sun. It was Platt.

"This conversation that Sunday morning in Hanna's library to my mind marks an epoch. In the very early days of our country, in colonial times and afterward, the richer a man was, the more educated he was, the more prominent he was in any of the activities of his community, the more interest he took in the affairs of his government, whether that meant to him the government of the United States or the government of his own particular state. In any case, the public weal was one of the first considerations, and he gave it a lot of his time and attention. As years went by, this became changed, and in the tremendous commercial and manufacturing activity which followed the Civil War, the solid citizens of every community considered themselves too much occupied with their private affairs to give proper attention to those of the government. The bigger the town, the richer its industry, the more widespread its business, the more this became the case. New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, wherever you turned it was the same. And the country people were town-mad. Every boy wanted to go to the city and the worst jibe you could level at anybody without having to fight was to call him a farmer. And so even in the conduct of politics, the leading citizens among the country folks imitated the city man's indifference. The bosses ruled the rural communities just as they did the towns. All the great prizes lay in business. If men of means were interested in any kind of legislation, they contented themselves with sending a check, and they honestly thought this was all that could be expected of them. And so the 'boss system' grew up, and spread from small fry, such as the patronage controlled by Billy King, to vast entrenched power such as Platt and Quay wielded.

"If McKinley had been willing to recognize the system,

his nomination would have been handed him on a platter, but fortunately for our country McKinley was not. What he said to Hanna represented a strong personal conviction, and was the outgrowth of his own honesty and a rugged patriotism. He had served fourteen years in Congress and nobody could tell him anything about 'bosses' or what their rule meant to the man in the White House. I do not believe the generality of Americans have ever properly estimated our debt to him. This is to a certain extent due to the spectacular reign of his great successor, which turned attention from the steady, plodding work McKinley had been doing that prepared the way for much that Roosevelt afterward accomplished.

"I feel that just at the time it was needed, our country received a political impulse in a new direction, and when we made a man President who had refused to owe his nomination or his election to the 'bosses,' the doom of the wretched system was sounded. Of course, it was not very perceptible at first, but it slowly went on through McKinley's term of office and received an immense impulse in the time of Roosevelt. At the present moment the young men of our country whose fathers have left them comfortably well off devote themselves to politics and the nation's interests to an extent which did not appear possible in my time and which fortunately grows increasingly every year.

"I say to my grandson, now that he is growing up, that he has a harder task before him than ever I had. He has got enough to pay his bills and does not have to think of how he can earn his living. And so he may be tempted to sit down and enjoy himself. If he is a slacker, he will do that very thing; but if he has got the right stuff in him he will use the fact of his financial independence to devote a good deal of his time and energy to the interests of the community where he lives. It takes more courage to do this than to work for yourself, and there is nothing which makes me more happy than to notice every time I go back to Cleveland how many young

men, whose fathers were my friends in the old days of struggle, are taking this laudable interest in politics. They are merely following in the footsteps of our ancestors before and after the Revolution, when having property and a name meant giving a part of both to the public service.'

"After McKinley was nominated, Hanna established the Republican national campaign headquarters in Chicago, instead of in New York as had always been done before. I went up there to see him one day and found him scared to death. Bryan was out making campaign speeches all over the country and stirring up the greatest enthusiasm. Hanna said: 'We have got to get McKinley out on the road to meet this thing and I wish you would go to see him when you get back and map out a campaign for him.' I went to Canton with Charley Dawes and told McKinley what Hanna had said. His answer was:

"'Don't you remember that I announced I would not under any circumstances go on a speech-making tour? If I should do that now it would be an acknowledgment of weakness. Moreover, I might just as well put up a trapeze on my front lawn and compete with some professional athlete as go out speaking against Bryan. I have to *think* when I speak.'

"This campaign, in some respects, reminds me of the one[1] just finished. A succession of delegations came almost every day from some part of the country to see McKinley at his home in Canton, Ohio. He met them on his front porch, made an address, and of course every word of it was printed in all the papers of the land. Bryan was running about all over the country, making speeches and stirring up enthusiasm with his marvellous personal magnetism; but, as a matter of fact, he did not get what he had to say any more clearly before the people than McKinley's little addresses to these delegations. The same situation had presented itself between Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, but this time the radio took the place of McKinley's front porch and the results were

[1]The Presidential campaign of 1928.

identical. Both campaigns were an effort to educate the general public; and that is exactly what the general public likes, and, in our country, deserves. They want to know what the man stands for who enters himself in the contest for their votes, and I believe that the radio is going to be a great adjunct in the future to intelligent government by the people in the United States. Every candidate can tell every man and woman in the most distant homes what he stands for and how he proposes to solve the problems that will come up before him as President. Our people rarely make mistakes in their selection if they have a chance to know exactly what they are voting for.

"There are a thousand little stories about McKinley that indicate the kind of man he was, but it is all now so long ago that they wouldn't greatly interest many people. I have told you one or two just to show how he was with those who were close to him. He was devoted to his friends, and when in power he was always trying to do something for them—not from expediency or even gratitude, but just because it delighted him to do it. I think Hanna and I came first with him, but he never would do anything that either of us asked him unless he was convinced it was right, and when I say right, I mean for the public good. Long years in politics had not given him the feeling that political expediency was any excuse for doing something which honorable men could find fault with.

"McKinley was on his way to visit me when he was shot in Buffalo in 1901. As he lingered near death and while out of his head, he murmured some strange phrases about it 'all being for the best.' People thought it was merely delirium, but I am convinced he was going back to things he had once said to me. In those days the President was not followed around everywhere by Secret Service men, and when he was staying with me once he noticed a couple of detectives I had asked to have discreetly posted near my house. He insisted upon my acknowledging that I had arranged for this pro-

tection. Then he fell to commenting in a rather depressed sort of fashion upon his task, its burden, its troubles, the difficulty of satisfying people. 'I sometimes think,' he went on, 'what a good thing if the end of it all should come by some accident, unexpectedly, a shot say, and then all would be over and no more bickering and complaints.' Those were not exactly his words, but they convey his idea. In any case, he made me promise to remove the detectives."

IX

GETTING THE GOLD PLANK INTO THE 1896 PLATFORM

"In 1896 William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska had been nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency because of his advocacy of 'free silver'; most people did not understand or could not understand why the gold standard was essential or what 'free silver' meant; the advocates of the latter were arguing that it would spell prosperity for the poor and especially for the farmer, who had been having a difficult time for many years. Popular cries like the 'aristocracy of gold' and the 'democracy of silver' were invented; the West was being arrayed against the East over the question and it seemed almost certain that any Republican who came out for the gold standard before the next Presidential convention met could never be nominated.

"I believe at the beginning that McKinley did not really understand the gold question or fully appreciate the underlying problem in connection with the entire gold and silver controversy but that he was strongly inclined to take the politicians' view that a 'straddle' was the only sensible and politically safe attitude. The word 'bimetallism' appealed to him as being vague enough to please the Eastern men without offending those from the West. Hanna at the start, despite his great ability and business experience, did not fully understand the philosophy of banking nor did he seem fully to appreciate the necessity of having the country declare

unequivocally for a gold platform, thus eliminating all endeavors to commit the country to a silver or bimetallic standard. And in any event it seemed to him that if coming out for the gold standard would have defeated McKinley for the nomination, he was not in favor of it. To be a 'gold bug' at the beginning of the campaign was a reproach that had to be escaped at any cost.

"It is quite noteworthy that before many weeks had passed, both McKinley and Hanna had reached the conclusion that the Republican party had no alternative but to come out solidly for what was known then as the 'gold platform.' While there was much division of sentiment as to whether this might finally defeat the Republican nominees in the ensuing campaign, the conviction grew upon them as upon other party leaders elsewhere that there was no alternative but to stop any attempt of the irresponsible financiers and writers who were desirous of saddling upon the country a 16 to 1 monetary policy or any offshoot of the Bryan idea. But at the start of the campaign it was the opinion of both McKinley and his friends that this could be accomplished in a politic fashion rather than by unnecessarily antagonizing many well-intentioned voters who did not understand the entire question. It was their belief that these deluded voters were being carried away by the 'free silver' hysteria which temporarily swept portions of the country. As the campaign progressed, however, we found ourselves united in the feeling that a definite, clean-cut denunciation of the 'free silver' program was the right course to take and we made the decision to stand solidly upon the 'gold' program irrespective of the consequences.

"I was about to make a visit to New York and before starting I had a long talk with McKinley in which I outlined my ideas on this point. When I got to New York I went down to Wall Street to see J. Pierpont Morgan and we discussed the matter of the nomination, and especially McKinley's candidacy, in every detail. Mr. Morgan was rather

violent in expressing his views. The monetary repudiation which the adoption of the 'free silver' standard involved was nauseating to him; he feared McKinley had a 'backbone of jelly'; he ought to come out and meet the issue squarely, etc. I pointed out that the question was not altogether one that bankers could decide—politics and the politicians also had to be considered.

"'If the bankers are on one side and the politicians on the other,' I said, 'you will divide the country at the Mississippi and we shall lose. If they hold together we can win. Let us get them together first and settle their differences afterward. The idea which people have got that the Indianapolis platform is McKinley's—and that seems to be your impression—is a good thing. It will excite less opposition to him in the convention. The fact that he has not come out yet definitely on either side is all to the good. You can't nominate Thomas B. Reed or Levi P. Morton. Both are known to be for gold, and most of the West will vote solidly against them. Any Republican who comes out now for either gold or silver will not get the nomination. Let McKinley stay where he is. He is the only man you can both nominate and elect, and once he is nominated we can take care of gold in the platform. I feel perfectly confident of that and I would not work for McKinley's nomination if I had any doubt on the subject. You must have the votes of Western men in the convention and their support afterward in the election. Old party ties are powerful, and once McKinley is nominated they will support the candidate, gold or no gold.'

"Toward the end Mr. Morgan had been listening without saying a word. Finally, when I had finished, he reached out, pulled down the cover of his roller-top desk with a bang, and got up.

"'There is not going to be any more business in this office,' he said, 'until the election is over.' Then he added: 'I have never met Hanna.'

"'He's in town,' I replied.

"'Could you both come and have dinner with me on the *Corsair* [his private yacht] to-night?'

"I agreed, told him I would communicate with Hanna, which I did, he accepted and we went out to the *Corsair*. After dinner we took up the conversation along the same lines as in the morning and I believe Hanna that night got a good deal of education from Mr. Morgan in what the gold standard meant to our country's business. Mr. Morgan also learned a few things about how Presidents are nominated. He had never attended a national political convention, whereas Hanna and I had done so.

"About a week preceding the assembling of the convention, former Governor William R. Merriam of Minnesota and Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont came to Cleveland. Both were strong 'gold' men. We arranged with Hanna that we four would go to St. Louis a few days before the convention, which we did in Hanna's private car. We drew up a 'gold' plank as we thought it ought to appear in the platform, and it was inserted without much change as we wrote it. This plank followed some suggestions and a draft submitted by Mr. McKinley. One of the suggestions came from Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who at that time was a strong Republican partisan. However, Hanna was not yet convinced of the wisdom or necessity of making such an unequivocal party declaration at that time. He wanted to make the campaign on the protective tariff, of which McKinley had been the most distinguished advocate for many years. With this tariff campaign idea still in his mind, Hanna one day during the convention said to me: 'You d——d bankers will upset this whole thing yet, if you keep on.'

"In St. Louis, all of us McKinley men got immediately in touch with the leaders from the various states whom we knew, especially the men from the West, and made a strong plea for party unity. 'Whatever we do, let's avoid a split,' was the burden of our conversation. Party loyalty in those

days was very strong, and in most cases it overcame the distaste for the gold plank which was felt by many of these men. In this way the sensational bolt from the convention of a group of Westerners became numerically only a small affair. But it was a pathetic scene when Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado and his friends arose and, with tears streaming down their cheeks, walked out of the convention.

"I was keenly devoted to the fight for the gold standard. I was perfectly certain that the issue had to be met squarely, but I wanted it met with as united a party front as it was possible to present. I wanted the fight to be made against Bryan as an advocate of 'free silver' and not against Republican friends. I counted upon the cohesive power of party ties during the convention and our ability to get the voters to understand during the campaign of education that was to follow. The great masses of Americans were against repudiation; the task ahead of McKinley and his managers in the autumn campaign was to see that the voters understood that 'free silver' really meant repudiation and nothing else."

X

THE APPOINTMENT OF ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

"After McKinley was elected in 1896 he said to me one day: 'I suppose the only thing you want is to be Secretary of the Treasury.' I told him that I did not want to be Secretary of the Treasury, and even if I did, the last thing in the world I would let him do would be to appoint me. I recalled to him what had been said when others of his friends and myself had paid off his debts, namely that 'we owned him,' and all that balderdash, adding, 'If you appoint me to a cabinet position it will look like the proof that what they had predicted has come true.' McKinley smiled what looked to me very much like a smile of relief, and I think he was pleased at my declining. He probably knew and feared just as much as I did what the effect of any such appointment would be on the public, but I feel sure his devoted friendship and loyalty would have made him run even that risk if he thought I wanted a cabinet position. My appointment would have been a mistake in every way. I was an unknown man outside of Ohio and did not carry any weight in the financial or political world. Moreover, I was just getting straightened out after the terrible business complications brought on by the panic of '93 and I owed it to my associates and myself to get our affairs in better shape than they were before dropping everything for public office.

"Roosevelt wanted to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy and the Bellamy Storers of Cincinnati were both keen to help him. They asked me to suggest him to McKinley. They prob-

ably thought I would be willing to do this on account of what had happened when I was trying to pay off McKinley's debt three years before. When we were gathering that money together, I telephoned to Mr. Storer in Cincinnati and told him what the plan was. He and his wife each immediately sent me $5,000 for the fund. Of all the people whose subscriptions were accepted, they were the only ones that I feared might possibly want something in the future as an acknowledgment. A number had offered to subscribe whose money I refused to take for this very reason. That fund had to be as free as human foresight could make it of any implied obligation; it was purely an effort on the part of personal friends and admirers of McKinley who were determined to help him out of the situation into which carelessness and his old benefactor Walker had plunged him. We wanted to save a friend's political life—a career we believed full of future usefulness to the country—and none of us was thinking of any reward. The moment the Storers suggested that I help Roosevelt, all this flashed through my mind.

"When I spoke to McKinley about it, he asked: 'What do you know about Roosevelt?'

"'Not much,' I replied.

"'I suppose you are asking me because the Bellamy Storers want it.' And he added: 'We have only got a majority of one in the Senate and we ought to do everything within reason to avoid offending Platt. He hates Roosevelt like poison and, moreover, I don't like the idea of making an appointment solicited by the Bellamy Storers, on account of the fact that they sent a subscription to that fund.'

"I told McKinley that it seemed to me here was a chance to do something entirely appropriate and which they wanted. I was afraid, on the other hand, that if this was refused they might come after him for something much bigger. This idea appealed to him, but he asked:

"'What am I going to do about Platt?'

"'Have a frank talk with him,' I replied. 'He wants to

make it up and if you send for him and show your willingness to be friendly, you will see that he will be only too glad to come into camp.'

"McKinley did this and Platt was much gratified. He came to the White House and a long conversation ensued. He promised his support to the administration without making any obnoxious terms. Finally, by way of introducing the delicate matter of Roosevelt's appointment, McKinley remarked:

"'I have some obligations to New York people who probably are not your friends. How would it do to handle such cases in the following way: Suppose that I have under consideration the appointment of some man from New York; I will ask you to come over to the White House; the newspaper men will know it, of course, and when the appointment comes out they will infer and say that it was made after consultation with you. Some of these people might be your friends and some of them not, but the public will not know one from the other. In this way it will not be said that I am appointing to office your declared enemies in opposition to your wishes.'

"Platt was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. Then McKinley brought up the subject of Roosevelt for Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At this Platt absolutely blew up. 'Anybody but that fellow,' he said. 'Well,' answered McKinley, 'you might say the same thing about others.' 'No,' said Platt, 'anybody but him.' Platt would not give up for a long time, but finally he grumblingly agreed. He told McKinley he would keep away from the Senate when Roosevelt's name came up for confirmation and in that way people could infer that Senator Murphy was sponsor for the appointment.

"The first time I went to Washington after Roosevelt was appointed, he invited me twice to lunch and each time he said very handsomely to those present: 'Gentlemen, Mr. Herrick is the man whose influence obtained for me this place.'"

XI

McKINLEY'S SECOND TERM. HE OFFERS HERRICK A POST ABROAD AND IN HIS CABINET

FROM 1900 to 1903, when he was elected governor of Ohio, Mr. Herrick was a very busy man, still unwilling to accept public office at the hands of the President or to seek it through election by the people. The country was feeling a vast flow of prosperity, and nowhere was it more abundant than in Ohio and Cleveland. Mr. Herrick went in for railroading extensively, organized the Illuminating Company of Cleveland, took a leading part in various building associations, helped to organize the Carbon Company (now the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation), took a hand in the Quaker Oats Company, and all the time presided over the destinies of the Society for Savings. Everybody was making money and Mr. Herrick was getting his share. He took little part in McKinley's second nomination and election because those events came about almost automatically.

"When McKinley entered on his second term in 1901," said Mr. Herrick, "he told me emphatically that he thought I ought to leave business and take a post in his administration, but I was not prepared to see it that way, for I was quite satisfied where I was. I was absorbed in business, the big things we were getting started in those days deeply interested me and I wanted to see them through. Moreover, my wife had no desire to quit our home and circle of friends for the arduous social duties of an embassy.

"The formal offer of the ambassadorship to Italy came about in quite a curious way. I was on a visit to New York, and while there Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, asked me if I could not suggest to McKinley the idea of sending George von L. Meyer to Rome. Senator Lodge wanted him appointed, so that his son-in-law, Augustus Gardner, could take Meyer's place in Congress; and he had asked Mr. Morgan's help. I agreed to support the candidacy of Meyer, but when I got back home in Cleveland I found a letter from McKinley offering me the post in Rome and suggesting that I come to Washington and discuss the matter with him.

"I had no intention of accepting and I had already committed myself to Meyer's candidacy, but I went to Washington, as I was always glad to talk over anything with McKinley. Before I had a chance to see the President I went up to the Capitol, and there I met Lodge, who exclaimed at once: 'When are you going to Italy?' I answered: 'I am not going to Italy. I declined.' I could see that Lodge was pleased with this, though he did not say anything to me about Meyer. That evening when I saw McKinley I told him I did not want to go to Rome and I suggested he appoint Meyer. After some talk McKinley agreed to this on one condition, which was finally set down in writing. Meyer was to go to Italy, but as soon as I was ready to take the post he was to resign and I would be appointed. This arrangement was put up to Meyer, who accepted it, and he was immediately nominated. McKinley's idea, as he explained it to me, was the following: 'You get your business affairs in order, so that you can leave them. Then you can go to Rome, and at the end of a year or so you can come back and be Secretary of the Treasury. You refused to come in my first administration but I want you in this one.'

"McKinley doubtless remembered one of the reasons I had put forward when I declined the Treasury portfolio four years back. I had told him that I was not well enough known either in the political or the financial world to com-

mand the confidence of the country in such an important post as Secretary of the Treasury and that my appointment would be a mistake. I remember very well that when I said this he looked somewhat relieved. He doubtless thought that I wanted to be Secretary of the Treasury and that I rather expected him to give me the post. At the same time he knew, without my telling him, that my appointment would not be a strong one with the country, but he had enough personal confidence in my ability to offer me the place and he wanted to prove his friendship and affection in the most unmistakable way. Therefore, when I indicated to him that it would not be a good appointment and why, he was both glad he had proposed it and just as glad I had refused. What he now suggested was an ingenious method of meeting the objection, and was a new evidence of his feelings toward me which touched me deeply. He thought that after I had been ambassador to a great power for a year or two I would become a more conspicuous figure in the public eye and that my transfer then to the Treasury Department could be brought about as a natural move. His long experience in politics also suggested the wisdom of setting down the arrangement in writing. That is why it was done.

"It will be remembered that in 1898 John Hay had been brought home from London to become Secretary of State, and his appointment had met with universal approval. Of course Mr. Hay was already a great national figure when he went to London and no comparison can be made between his case and mine, but the success of this transfer may have suggested to McKinley the plan he had devised for me.

"While I was in Washington on this occasion McKinley suggested that I talk to John Hay about the business. It was always a privilege to talk to Mr. Hay about anything, so I went. He was very kind in urging my acceptance. One of his arguments interested me particularly, and ten years afterward set me a sort of precedent. He said that he had really wanted to go to Rome at the time McKinley offered to send

him to London in 1897. I think this was on account of personal rather than political reasons, and sprang from Hay's artistic tastes and literary occupations. 'My family outvoted me on that question,' he laughingly added.

"Mine did the same eleven years later. I don't think Mr. Hay suffered from the results of this plebiscite and I know that I do not regret the outcome of mine.

"After McKinley was shot, Roosevelt wrote me that on his own account as well as because of McKinley's known wishes, he wanted me to carry out the agreement that had been made and go to Rome as ambassador. However, Roosevelt did not say anything about my coming back later on to be Secretary of the Treasury. In those days Roosevelt and Meyer were not the close friends they afterward became, but in any case, the new President's letter was a fine proof of his loyal desire to carry out McKinley's wishes in cases where they had been clearly expressed. Meyer also showed himself quite ready to live up to his agreement, and I thought he showed a first-rate spirit about the whole matter. When he was home on leave he came out to see me in Cleveland and we arranged for my taking over his house in Rome whenever he should give up the post. I remember he had a lot to say about the bad plumbing and other inconveniences in that Roman palace. One day a newspaper published a paragraph about our ambassador to Italy in which occurred this phrase: 'George von L. Meyer is Mr. Herrick's appointment and he does not know how long he is going to be able to keep his place.' I immediately cabled Meyer announcing that I had no intention whatever of accepting the appointment as ambassador to Italy and that he could use my telegram as he saw fit."

XII

HOW HE BECAME GOVERNOR OF OHIO AND LOST HIS SECOND ELECTION

LIKE so much that happened in Mr. Herrick's life, his becoming governor of Ohio was due to the interplay of strong personal attachments and wholly unforeseen events. At the beginning of 1902 nothing was farther from his thoughts than running for any elective office. His business interests had become not only extensive but also complicated, and his refusal to enter McKinley's cabinet in 1897 and again in 1901 had been in some measure due to this situation. But now a political fight arose in which his old friend Mark Hanna considered that Colonel Herrick's help was essential in an election upon whose outcome Hanna thought depended the vindication of his reputation. In this point Herrick was explicit:

"When McKinley made John Sherman Secretary of State it caused a vacancy in the United States Senate to which Hanna was appointed by Asa S. Bushnell, then governor of Ohio. Bushnell did not want to do it, for he was not friendly to Hanna, but he had to do it. At the end of this short term, Hanna would have to be elected by the state legislature if he was to remain senator for the long term, and a big political fight was expected. In fact, there could be no doubt on that subject, for the Democratic newspapers of the state and even of the country were full of cries about political bribery and corruption in Ohio, and it was evident that a warm time lay ahead in the elections for the new legislature which would

choose a senator. Hanna was mad through and through at the vicious attacks which were being directed at him and he made up his mind to leave no stone unturned to win. Now, Cuyahoga County was normally Democratic, and Hanna thought that if I would run for governor I might carry Cleveland and northern Ohio for the Republican ticket. So he came to me and urged me to run as a favor to him.

"Hanna was too old and intimate a friend to be refused, if I could help him in this emergency, so for the first time since I had been elected city councilman I became a candidate for office.

"I don't believe anybody was more surprised at this situation than myself and I undertook the contest more through friendship and good-natured acquiescence in Hanna's idea than anything else. I really hadn't any particular desire to be governor. The result justified Hanna's political acumen, for I carried all northern Ohio and was elected, beating the famous Tom L. Johnson by the biggest majority that had ever been seen in Ohio up to that time. It was called the 'Campaign of the three H's': Hanna, Herrick, and Harding, the latter being candidate for lieutenant-governor. The legislature was strongly Republican and Hanna was triumphantly elected United States Senator. He was as happy as a lark at what he justly considered his vindication by the people in the face of the mud his enemies had been slinging at him.

"Strangely enough, one of the issues in that campaign was the Republican demand for subsidies to build up a national merchant marine, and I have often thought what a pity it was that this important question was allowed to slumber so long after we had raised it. Imagine what a difference it would have made if our merchant marine had been built up during the two years preceding the Great War! For one thing, we would have been forced to fight sooner than we did, and when we finally went in, think what a marvellous help a big merchant fleet would have been to us!

"My two years as governor [1904 and 1905] turned out to be very happy ones. I really enjoyed the work, as so often proves to be the case, once I made up my mind it had to be done. I arranged my business affairs so that they could get along perfectly well without me. I had not been elected governor as a 'reform candidate' and I was tied by no pledges to clean up the state, but I hated delay, disorder, and waste almost as much as I hated corruption, and the unbusinesslike methods of running public institutions seemed to me absolutely criminal. They offended every idea I had learned to practise in my own affairs.

"There is little interest in my going into the details of the laws I proposed or combated, fights with the state legislature, or the measures for improvement it passed. The best picture I can give of the sort of things which filled my term is to tell how I was defeated when I came up for reëlection. My downfall in that contest was brought about by a curious combination of the anti-saloon element and race-track gamblers. To this was added the opposition of local politicians whose graft had been endangered by my interference. We have seen similar combinations since, but it was a new thing to Ohio in 1904.

"The Cleveland race track was situated at Bratenahl, a suburban village. Betting was definitely prohibited in the Ohio constitution. But no attempt to enforce the clause had ever been made and I am not at all sure that I would have gone out of my way at that time to do anything very different from my predecessors if the race-track owners had not themselves brought up the issue. For one thing, there were so many abuses I considered more important that I could not afford to use up my ammunition by firing at every piece of game I saw. Another point was that I had to husband the support I needed for more serious struggles.

"The owners of the Bratenahl track decided to close up the saloons which had sprung up in the village and which took away trade from the bars in their race enclosure, and they

had gotten a law through the legislature which accomplished that end. But they reckoned without the mayor of Bratenahl. He was a courageous and energetic fellow, and he told the race-track people that if they closed up the saloons in his town he would close up the betting booths on their track, and he did. A campaign was started against race track gambling, the law was put into motion, and the track owners were getting the worst of it. They therefore got a bill introduced in the legislature authorizing betting at race tracks, and after a big fight and fierce lobbying it was carried by one vote. It came up to me for approval just before the legislature adjourned. I was urged, since I declared I could not approve it, at least to desist from vetoing it and let it become a law that way. I sent the bill back with the statement that it was contrary to the express provisions of the state constitution, that it was not in the interest of public morality and I would not approve it. This stirred up a terrific storm and brought down criticism from even my oldest friends. They seemed to think I was a pretty poor sport.

"Of course my action pleased the preachers, but an unfortunate incident shortly afterward brought down upon me their wrath and more than counteracted this favorable impression. When I came into office in 1904 I had appointed as my secretary a man whom I had known for years before and liked, but unfortunately he had acquired the drink habit in the meantime, although he concealed it to the best of his ability. A delegation of Methodist preachers came to Columbus one day to see me on the saloon question, and in my absence my secretary received them. Unfortunately he seemed to be drunk, and getting angry and violent he threw the delegation out of the office. They were furious, of course; and as soon as I returned they came back to see me. The first thing they demanded was that, in their presence and that of newspaper men they had brought with them, I reprimand the secretary and dismiss him. I told them that I was not defending his conduct and I would take suitable dis-

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WHEN McKINLEY WAS PRESIDENT

A photograph taken at the McKinley farm at Medina, Ohio, in 1900. From left to right, Parmely Herrick, Dr. Rixey, "Farmer Jack" Adams, President McKinley, Myron T. Herrick, and the President's secretary, George B. Cortelyou.

HIS INAUGURATION AS GOVERNOR OF OHIO IN 1904

After the victorious "Campaign of the Three H's" in which Mark Hanna was elected United States Senator, Mr. Herrick Governor and Warren G. Harding Lieutenant Governor of Ohio.

ciplinary action if investigation showed it was warranted, but I was not going to humiliate and ruin my subordinate in any such way just to please them. The preachers got hot, so did I, and finally I told them that I thought my secretary must be right and they could get out of my office and please never come back.

"So here were the preachers, the anti-saloon men, and the sporting element of Ohio all offended. To these could be added the small-fry politicians who resented many other things. One afternoon I went to my office forgetting it was Saturday. Finding nobody there and having nothing to do I walked over to the state penitentiary and got in without it being known who I was. Walking about the place I found things which excited my suspicion and distrust. This was my start in a round of close personal inspections of all the public institutions and a cleaning up of abuses, theft, and mismanagement which prevailed in many of them. This was reported and exaggerated by the newspapers and brought down upon me the enmity of an influential political class whose graft had been thwarted or whose security had been disturbed. When the elections came on a little while later, I was attacked from three different sides. I was described as a drunkard, and details of my alleged sprees were handed around very freely; I was attacked from the pulpits of the Methodist and Baptist churches as an enemy of religion; they tried to ostracize me and Mrs. Herrick in Cleveland society as 'blue stocking reformers' and traitors to the class, while ward politicians worked against me as a meddler. Newspapers which ordinarily might have supported me politically came out against me for one or another of these reasons. The Catholics alone were my consistent friends. I was defeated, and I returned to private life which I refused to quit until, in 1912, I accepted to go to France as ambassador."

There were two amusing outgrowths of this fight which the preachers and racing men waged together against Mr. Herrick, and they illustrate two traits in his character—his

good nature and his shrewdness. Early in 1915, when he had just returned from France, covered with glory and a fellow citizen whom everyone in Ohio was proud of, he was invited by the Epworth League to make an address in one of the Methodist churches in Cleveland, from whose pulpit he had been denounced as a drunkard during his second campaign for the governorship. Mrs. Herrick was indignant at what she felt was the effrontery of such a request, but her husband did not allow this consideration to sway him, so he accepted. He began his speech by saying:

"I am very glad to accept the invitation of the League to make an address in this church. I remember that ten years ago it was from this very pulpit in which I stand that I was called so many hard names, and it seems funny that I should be occupying it to-day. I am really the same man now that I was then; nothing essential has changed about me except that I have a little more experience. One thing I can say which may gratify this audience and that is that during all the years I was in France I never got drunk a single time." Then pausing to let this remark sink in, he continued, "And I may as well add for your information that I never was before." The ambassador here smiled broadly and then proceeded with the discussion of the subject he came to speak on.

At the time he was defeated for governor, the Cleveland *Leader* was being outfooted as a paying property by the *Plain Dealer*. Mr. Herrick got an option on the *Leader*. The new law authorizing betting at race tracks was then being pushed (it never passed) and several of the wealthy men who had helped to defeat Mr. Herrick because of his veto the year before decided to buy the *Leader* if they could and use its powerful influence for the bill. Mr. Herrick knew of this and in his negotiations for the purchase of the paper he intentionally let his option lapse two days before trying to renew it. The other crowd rushed in, bought the paper, and dropped a very large sum in the transaction. He thus paid off his misinformed temperance opponents with a piece of humor they

could appreciate and his wealthy enemies with a loss they could distinctly feel. "However," as the ambassador later put it, "they all became my friends afterward and I think still are."

Immediately after his term of office was concluded, Herrick returned to Cleveland and with characteristic energy immediately set about to pick up the threads of business and civic affairs.

The largest banking institution to go under as the result of the panic of 1907 was the Knickerbocker Trust Company, of New York. Heroic efforts were at once made to formulate some plan by which the institution might reopen. As a means to this end Herrick, Henry C. Frick, and Lewis Cass Ledyard were made trustees, with full power to select such directors and officers that the company might regain the confidence of the community. In this they were successful, and it is noteworthy that neither Herrick nor Mr. Frick nor Mr. Ledyard accepted any recompense for this service.

He served as Republican national committeeman in 1904, and during the convention of 1908, which nominated Taft, he was not only delegate at large from Ohio but, in addition, chairman of the Ohio delegation and an important figure in the events at Chicago.

XIII

THE PANAMA CANAL

MR. HERRICK'S interest in the choice of the Panama route for the inter-oceanic canal came about through a visit to this country of Philippe Bunau-Varilla at a time when the controversy over whether Nicaragua or Panama should be selected was at its height. This distinguished Frenchman, who had been one of the chief engineers under De Lesseps at the time he was trying to dig the Panama Canal, had made a careful study of both routes and was enthusiastically in favor of choosing Panama. He probably knew more concerning all the facts than any other man living.

Having decided to go to the United States and make an effort to convince the American public of the superiority of the Panama route, Colonel Bunau-Varilla was told in Paris that one of the men who could best help him in America was Myron Herrick. After a visit to Cincinnati he therefore went to Cleveland. Here Mr. Herrick arranged a luncheon for him at the Union Club, to which he invited Cleveland's most prominent business men. Many of them were won over to Bunau-Varilla's idea, amongst them being Mr. Herrick.

Senator Hanna was not in Cleveland that day but Mr. Herrick arranged for him to meet Bunau-Varilla in New York. Out of this conference there sprang up a friendship with the senator which had a marked influence upon subsequent American history. Colonel Bunau-Varilla followed this up by a number of addresses delivered in various American cities.

In June, 1902, after a bitter struggle that lasted several months, a measure championed by Senator Hanna and declaring in favor of Panama, though sharply contested in the Senate, was passed by a majority of eight votes. The wisdom of this choice never since has been questioned.

It is interesting to remember that Senator Hanna himself, previous to this time, had rather favored the Nicaraguan route.

While he was ambassador to France Mr. Herrick was keenly interested in seeing that suitable honor was done by America to Ferdinand de Lesseps for his share in creating the Panama Canal, and a letter written to him from Suez in January, 1914, not only bears witness to the gratitude of the great engineer's son, but pays a tribute to General Goethals:

DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

Being in Egypt, I have only just seen the beautiful letter which you sent Mr. Perry Belmont and which is such a tribute to the memory of my father.

With a kindliness worthy of the generous character of your nation, you have attributed to France the rôle of Architect of the Panama Canal and you complete the homage which you do to my father's initiative by putting in the place where it belongs the splendid figure of Colonel Goethals.

My father never considered himself anything except an artisan of the world's progress. He always effaced his personality and consecrated himself disinterestedly to whatever could bring nations together, thereby teaching us all to esteem each other, to forget hatred and suspicion, and to prepare for the day when the only struggles would be peaceful ones seeking to ameliorate the condition of the human race. If he were alive to-day, he would see in Colonel Goethals one of those men of genius before whom we ought all to bow and to whom no one can do enough honor.

I beg your Excellency to believe how grateful I am and to accept, etc, etc.

CHARLES DE LESSEPS.

In March, 1914, Mr. Herrick wrote to President Wilson to urge that our government place a suitable memorial to Ferdinand de Lesseps at Panama:

"His reputation has been obscured for a long time by the scandals surrounding the unfortunate financial ventures connected with the Panama Canal, but, as is the case with most men who accomplish great things, there comes a time when the memory of their mistakes fades away and their great worth is finally recognized.

"The cost of a memorial to De Lesseps at the Panama Canal would be an insignificant item as compared with its great sentimental value at this time."

XIV

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

THE American newspapers have recently [September, 1929] had much to say on the subject of the Merchant Marine Act of 1928 and the first applications of the recent Farm Loan Law. They also mention the steady advance of Union Carbide & Carbon stock on the New York Exchange. These are three matters which are closely interwoven with Mr. Herrick's life and the prominent places they occupy in the political or financial world to-day illustrate his vision in public affairs and in business enterprise.

His efforts to get the American public interested in farm credits and his presentation of the case to such bodies as the American Bankers' Association were made at a time when no other prominent man was occupying himself with this question. In what concerns our merchant marine, he was less of an innovator, for he had from the start powerful associates in his endeavors. Here he was only one of a number working to the same end; but for twenty-five years he dreamed of the day when our flag would be restored to the seas; he saw the vital importance of it long before the Great War; and when that crisis arrived, his first thoughts turned with poignant regret to the situation in which we found ourselves because of the long indifference of Congress to building up a merchant fleet. He could justly say, as he repeated so often in his letters during the closing months of 1914, "if only our pleading during the last ten years had been listened to!"

The story of farm credits will be briefly related in another

place, but his work in favor of our merchant marine belongs to this period of his life.

While never at any time financially interested, directly or indirectly, in shipping or shipbuilding, early in his business career Mr. Herrick became convinced that the United States ought to be the proprietor of what he called "its own delivery wagons" and not depend upon and pay its competitors for that service. When, therefore, in November, 1904, three of his friends, Colonel J. J. Sullivan, Harvey Goulder, and John A. Penton, organized the Merchant Marine League of the United States, they had little difficulty in prevailing upon him to put his energy behind the enterprise. He was made vice-president and soon became the league's best-known supporter. The directors consisted of a dozen outstanding citizens of Cleveland.

Mr. Herrick's foresight is shown by his decision that the league would under no circumstances accept financial contributions or aid of any character from those whose interests might be forwarded as the result of legislation by the United States Congress. There is notably a record of the receipt of $2,000 from an eminent citizen of San Francisco, sent to help along the campaign of education then being started in many states, and which was returned to the donor because he was in the shipping business.

From 1904 to 1910 this work was carried on in all parts of the country, and resolutions were adopted by numerous business and political associations urging action upon Congress. The platform of the Republican party in its national conventions, the American Bankers' Association, the National Manufacturers' Association, many chambers of commerce, industrial organizations, and state political conventions demanded the restoration of our flag to the seas. McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft in their speeches and in messages to Congress all urged the need of legislation, and it finally became evident that the possibility of favorable

action was annoying the foreign shipping firms, and especially the German lines.

Among the most active leaders in the efforts directed against the Merchant Marine League were Representatives Kustermann of Wisconsin and Steenerson of Minnesota, the former having been born in Germany. Kustermann, speaking with a German accent often difficult to understand, was constantly on his feet attacking every proposition that favored the creation of an American merchant fleet.

The league issued a pamphlet replying to these speeches, and in it some serious charges were made against the loyalty of their authors to American institutions. Finally a Congressional investigation was ordered. The accounts and correspondence of the league were examined by the committee and subpœnas issued for its officers, including Mr. Herrick, to appear in Washington. But before this, many damaging proofs had been written into the testimony showing the character of some of the influences operating against merchant marine legislation, among them being that the Washington manager of a great press association was in the pay of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd steamship companies.

On Mr. Herrick's arrival in Washington to testify, the newspapers heralded his arrival and the committee room was crowded to the door with people eager to hear what he would say. As the examination went on, the attorney representing Kustermann and Steenerson finally demanded whether it was not true that Mr. Herrick's interest in a merchant marine was prompted by a desire for personal profit. At this he could not contain himself, and, rising from his seat he hurled an open volume of bound testimony at the head of the lawyer, shouting: "It's an infernal lie!" He followed this with a vehement address on the unselfish and patriotic purposes of the organization and its supporters. When the investigation ended the committee reported that they had

discovered no testimony that reflected upon the integrity of the league or its motives.

A short time previous to this the Gallinger Bill, which the league had endorsed and pushed with all its influence, passed the United States Senate unanimously and was lost in the House by only two votes, the defeat being largely engineered by a Republican Congressman from Mr. Herrick's own state. This was something he spoke of with sorrow to the last day of his life. For the action of the House was a severe blow, proving as it did the power of the opposition to delay or defeat any measure which would put our flag back on the ocean. Then the war came on, and all the results he had feared and predicted were realized. Numerous letters from Paris, beginning with one a few days after hostilities were declared, bear witness to his poignant regret that the situation now created for our country on the sea found it wholly unequipped to meet the emergency. He had done all that was in his power to prepare for this event during the ten years preceding it.

In 1886, when he became secretary and treasurer of the Society for Savings, Mr. Herrick's business career, properly speaking, commenced, and it continued with increasing success and no interruption except during his service as governor and as ambassador. Most of the business men of Cleveland, the young ones as well as the older ones, take pleasure in relating some personal incident illustrating two of his salient business characteristics, his constructive ability, and his willingness always to help "the other fellow." He had many a knockdown blow, was in many a difficult deal, but no one ever recalls his having squeezed a rival or driven a hard bargain. And then, he loved Cleveland, believed in her future, and worked for her prosperity; that meant for him a readiness to help along every one of her citizens.

The creation of the now famous Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation is to a large extent his work. Twenty-five years ago, with his life-long associate Mr. James Parmelee, and

Mr. Webb C. Hayes, he acquired from the Thomson Houston Company their plant in Freemont, Ohio, and organized the National Carbon Company. Other plants were purchased or brought in and the corporation became truly "national," its stock being held all over the country east of the Mississippi. Later on Mr. Herrick and his associates became interested in the Linde Air Products Company and through it came into contact with the Union Carbide Company of Chicago. In time a combination was talked of, and finally, in an interview between Mr. Herrick and Mr. G. O. Knapp of the Union Carbide, the basis of an agreement was drawn up without the smallest difficulty, and upon its being approved by the three companies concerned, the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation was formed. Mr. Knapp was made president and Mr. Herrick chairman of the board. Nothing in his later business career pleased Mr. Herrick more than the steady success of this corporation and its expansion in the international as well as the national field.

XV

HE GOES TO FRANCE AS AMBASSADOR

SPEAKING of the circumstances which led to his first appointment as ambassador, Mr. Herrick remarked:

"Taft is a man you can't get mad at. His heart is as big as his body, and he never did anything but what was kind in his life. What happened between him and me on one occasion always makes me think of the fable of the elephant and the thrush. Mrs. Thrush had a nice little family. One day an elephant passed, stepped on the thrush and killed her. He was a good, kind elephant, and all upset by what had happened, he looked for something he could do for those poor little motherless thrushes to show how sorry he was. As he had noticed that Mrs. Thrush was in the habit of sitting on her children he did the same thing, and he was distressed to death at the result when he noticed it.

"When I was running for governor in 1905, Taft came to Akron and made a speech. He intended it to help me, but it had just the opposite effect, for he said a lot of things that my opponents took hold of and used to advantage. My friends all thought that, without meaning to do so, he contributed a certain amount to my defeat. I have always had an idea that his regret over this occurrence, as much as anything else, led him to offer me a place in his cabinet when he became President. There was also some talk of my taking a mission abroad. I told him I should like to accept but I couldn't. My business affairs were in a complicated state at that time and I was unwilling to sacrifice the interests of my

friends even if I could have disregarded my own. It did not seem the moment when I could quit.

"Then in 1912, when Robert Bacon resigned his post as ambassador to France, Taft very generously offered it to me. He was in Cleveland and we had given him a reception at my house. After everybody had gone, we gathered in my library. One of my grandsons was on Taft's knee and the other was playing with Archie Butt's sword. It was impossible for him to understand why Archie, who was resplendent in full uniform, was not the President. Taft intimated that I could go to Paris or he might arrange to make me Secretary of Agriculture. He knew about my intense interest in rural credits and my desire to see some financial plan worked out for the benefit of our farmers. To be at the head of the Department of Agriculture, therefore, looked like the best opportunity for trying to carry out my ideas; but when I told my wife and daughter-in-law of Taft's proposals, the latter lost no time in saying, "I vote for Paris." As Mrs. Herrick inclined that way too, I finally came to the conclusion that I would prefer going to France. I remembered how John Hay had told me that his taking the ambassadorship to England instead of Italy had been decided by his daughter; but I little suspected at the time that Agnes's preference for Paris would lead to such unexpected consequences.

"More than two years had now passed since Taft's first kind suggestions, my business affairs had become straightened out, and I felt free at last to take a place in the government service. I had frequently declined it, and never without regret. I also believed that going to France would in no way prevent my working on my pet project of rural credits—quite the contrary. In fact, I told Taft before I sailed that if I went to Paris I did not expect to just sit down and be an ornament, if that was what an ambassador was supposed to be; I wanted to accomplish something, and the thing I had most in mind was a sound plan for financing the farmer."

The work Mr. Herrick did in that matter will be told in another place. I return to his account of his visit to the White House:

"I was booked to make a speech about this time at Steubenville on farm credits and I telegraphed the President that I would like to go from there to Washington, to which place he had returned, in order to talk things over with him. In the Metropolitan Club I met Cabot Lodge, and he asked me if I was not going to France. I did not say yes or no, so he proceeded in a somewhat vigorous strain of argument, 'If you don't take it, they are likely to appoint H——, he probably would not be confirmed and we shall get into a terrible row. It is just the place for you; it involves no obligations on your part and I hope you are going. It will help us out of a hole, too.'

"'I am glad you told me,' I answered.

"When I walked over to the White House, Taft greeted me with, 'You have come to accept, haven't you?' I answered that I had, if he was still sure he wanted me.

"'I am very glad,' he replied; 'it will relieve me from an embarrassing situation. Moreover, you probably will not have to stay more than a year and it will be a good holiday for you.'

"It was then that I told him I did not want to take the place unless I could accomplish something, and I outlined my plan of drawing up an official report on the way farm credits worked in Europe. He approved of this idea, and I started out on the 'holiday' which has lasted more or less ever since."

Mr. Herrick may have been unconsciously influenced by what he facetiously termed his ambassadorial blood in a story which he later told to a visitor at the Paris embassy. He said, "In a recent visit to England I made some slight genealogical studies in which I was both interested and amused to discover that an ancestor, a goldsmith by trade, so skilfully repaired a brooch for Queen Elizabeth that she

appointed him her ambassador to Constantinople. So you see I have ambassadorial blood!"

At the time Mr. Herrick speaks of, I was on duty in Paris as military attaché, Mr. Bacon being my chief. A few days before Mr. Herrick was expected, while driving in the Bois, Mr. Bacon told me he was trying to make up his mind whether it would do for him to remain another week in Paris, although it was usual for the retiring ambassador to leave before his successor arrived.

"Henry White is here," he said, "and I asked him what he thought about it, but his sense of diplomatic propriety is outraged at the idea. However, I do not see what difference it could make. I like Mr. Herrick, we are excellent friends, and it might even be useful for him to discuss affairs with me while gathering up the reins of his new duties. Do you believe he would mind?"

Knowing Mr. Herrick's reputation for amiability and of being no stickler over such formalities, I was sure he would have no objection to finding Mr. Bacon here when he arrived; but it was nevertheless evident that the new ambassador and his family would be put to some inconvenience, as they had taken Mr. Bacon's house and expected to walk into it on reaching Paris.

Mr. Bacon's passage was engaged on the *Titanic* for the first and fatal voyage of that ship. He changed to the *France*, sailing a few days later, and had he not done so there is every probability that he would have gone down with the *Titanic*, for he was not the man to bother about himself if women and children were in danger. When he heard of the disaster he wrote saying that he felt he owed his life to Mr. Herrick's amiable acquiescence in his desire to stay in Paris a little longer than he should have done.

The night after this drive with Mr. Bacon, I came down with appendicitis and was immediately operated on. Mr. Herrick arrived, and one of his first acts was to come to the hospital to see me; and with all the urgent occupations of

those first weeks, he repeated this visit frequently. It was my earliest contact with a kindness that never grew weary, a thoughtfulness that never failed.

Robert Bliss, Sheldon Whitehouse, and Warren Robbins were the secretaries at the embassy. Captain Henry Hough was naval attaché. The ambassador soon brought over Laurence Norton as his private secretary. His son Parmely and his wife frequently crossed for a visit to their parents, and it would be difficult to imagine an official and personal family more united and jolly. It was a vast pleasure to serve in such an atmosphere. The house in the Rue François Premier where Mr. Herrick lived was first rented as an embassy by Mr. Henry White. He passed it on to Mr. Bacon and the latter to Mr. Herrick. Both the ambassador and his wife liked to entertain, and the house was admirably suited for it. The Parmely Herricks were young and full of zest, and their presence made a good excuse for many young people's dancing parties in addition to the more stately affairs.

In 1912 the French were not such dancers as they are now; in fact, they danced very badly as a rule, and in most of the big houses neither the music nor the drawing rooms were propitious for that amusement. The Boston was still in vogue, but the one-step was the rage in America and, of course, the Parmely Herricks brought it to the embassy. I remember the first time a Negro banjo player made his appearance at a party there. The French people found his music irresistible and even the ladies with grown daughters, unable to sit still under its contagious rhythm, would get up and ask some of us for a turn. It was not then the custom for a Frenchwoman to dance if she had a daughter who was "out"—and most of them had had one "out" well before they were forty; but the dashing invitation of that banjo carried all before it.

Monsieur Blanc, whose orchestra had played at all the great balls for generations, was in despair. Everybody now asked him for banjo music and there was only this one darkey

player in all Paris; what could he do, where could he get a banjo, could I help him? It was a serious matter—for Monsieur Blanc, at least. Finally a banjo was discovered somewhere, and during the rest of that season it was rather sad to see a high-class violinist like Blanc ignominiously picking at that instrument (not very well, either) and trying to whip his orchestra into the ecstasies of pre-war jazz. For society wanted it and Blanc had to give it to them or retire.

What armies of banjoists, saxophonists, fancy drummers and other jazz artists, white and black, have invaded Paris since that time! But we are talking now of before-the-war days.

Mr. Bacon liked to dance; so did Mrs. Bacon; and at strictly American parties in their embassy they would often set the pace. Mr. Herrick never danced, but his children were indefatigable, and in 1912 and 1913 that big salon in the Rue François Premier, so perfectly suited for such occasions, with its long row of huge windows opening on to the garden, was the scene of more gayety than perhaps any other room in Paris. A few months later, and during four long years, it was to be filled with dressings for the wounded, supplies for the suffering, and rows of tables and typewriters for keeping the records of the American Relief Clearing House.

Two peculiarities of French life Mr. Herrick could not fully accept or cease to struggle against. One was the fact that he almost never ran into cabinet officers, senators, etc., at clubs or social affairs. They invited him to a formal dinner or he invited them. If he wanted to have a talk with them he made an appointment and called. The other surprising fact was that government officials and what in Washington they call "society people" did not mix. It made life more difficult for an ambassador who liked men and wanted to see frequently and learn to know those with whom he was called upon to do business. It was needless to tell him that this was the outcome of an old quarrel dating back to the beginning of the Third Republic. He fought against the idea.

One day soon after a new Cabinet had been installed, he said to me: "I don't know many of these men. I have dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and some of the others were present, but I want to really get acquainted with them. Suppose we start out and make a few calls." I of course assented and we drove first to the Ministry of Finance in the Palace of the Louvre. I asked if the minister was at home and would receive the American ambassador. There was a little scurrying about, we were shown into a reception room, and presently the minister came in. After the usual greetings, I could see that our host was beginning to wonder what important matter could have brought him this visit. Mr. Herrick said nothing about finance or politics but he told an amusing story and we left. Then he went to the Ministry of War. Here I was at least more at home, and I whispered to one of the aides-de-camp that the ambassador had merely come for a social call. We had a pleasant visit and went home. Mr. Herrick never got any further in this attempt to bring American ways into French life, until the war came on. Then he was in his element. All barriers were down, he was already a popular figure, and the authorities constantly sought him out or welcomed every suggestion he came to make.

Paris society before the war—that is, the old aristocracy and the people whose houses were most agreeable from a strictly social point of view—remained aloof from the officials of the government. At least each circle lived and entertained apart. This had been first brought about by the royalists as a protest against the "usurping republic"; the snobs followed suit, and the system became confirmed. The whole idea distressed if it did not offend Mr. Herrick. He felt that all the forces of the country, social as well as others, should work in France's interest, and his criticism of American business men for not taking their part in political work found an echo in his condemnation of the attitude of the French aristocracy toward their own government. I have known him at dinner, when some "unreconstructed" duchess spoke slightingly of

government people and their wives, to read her a lesson, quietly and with good humor, which astonished her mightily. I remember one of these women, of ancient name and lineage, who told him that what he said had caused her to think about the matter as she had never done previously; and this was even before the war came on to obliterate, as it did, almost all divisions and prejudices.

At the first dinner the ambassador gave to the President of France, he talked to me about the people he wanted to invite to meet him. "I do not see why," he said, "I cannot in my own way make a small start toward bringing these forces together. They are all ardently patriotic, all French, and all influential; moreover, they are all my friends, and it seems to me I ought to be able to invite them together under my roof without giving anybody offense." There were some timid souls who advised him against such an experiment, but after listening to them he decided the matter with his own common sense and fearlessness. The evening was a great success and both sides were glad to meet on pleasant neutral territory.

After becoming thoroughly at home in his new post, Mr. Herrick conceived the idea that it would be a most useful thing for both France and the United States if a visit from President Poincaré to our country could be arranged, and there ensued a personal correspondence between him and President Wilson on the subject. Mr. Wilson showed himself very sympathetic to the idea and emphasized the great pleasure it would be to see Monsieur Poincaré and the enthusiastic welcome which he knew the American people would give him. But the President was perfectly plain in warning the ambassador that his returning this visit would be out of the question. It would be contrary to precedent, and he thought the American people were very jealous about having the President absent himself for any length of time from his duties, which, he adds, "I now perceive have no intervals and no end."

In one of his letters on this subject, written in December, 1913, Mr. Herrick refuses to give up the hope that the visit can eventually be arranged at some auspicious moment. The Panama-Pacific Exposition was being organized and he thought that if Monsieur Poincaré could go to America at that time it would, among other results, have a "happy effect upon our Spanish-American policy and upon the good will of Spanish-Americans. The Exposition might be lifted to quite another plane in the opinion of foreign countries. It seems that something ought to be done to make it more international in its character than it now seems likely to be."

The difficulties which stood in the way of this visit had not been overcome when the war arrived and definitely prevented it.

Writing to his children on the first Fourth of July reception he held on assuming his duties, Mr. Herrick says:

Paris, July 5, 1912.

The reception at the house was successful, the day was beautiful and many people came. Charles, the old messenger at the chancery, has just left the following note on my desk: "Excellency: For twenty-three years I have attended the 4th of July receptions of your predecessors, and yesterday was the most successful I have seen yet—more numerous and select. Your servant. Charles Dion." I think your mother and myself shook hands with some fifteen hundred people yesterday.

There was a part of my speech at the Chamber of Commerce banquet which was not printed, but the audience seemed amused when I told them that on going to Washington for a week to learn diplomacy I met an ex-ambassador and had half-an-hour's interview with him. He told me among other things that I must be very careful to keep away from dangerous subjects of conversation and be agreeable to the people who came. For instance, when a man from Boston called, I should talk to him about beans; when a man

from Chicago came in I could talk to him about corn; but if the perplexing situation arose where they were both present at the same time, I could then talk about succotash, and thereby compliment both of them.

Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Paris in June, 1914, was a source of great pleasure to Mr. Herrick and he refers to it in several of his letters to his son:

Paris, June 15, 1914.

. . . Roosevelt and Mrs. Longworth and Philip Roosevelt came at 4.30 in the morning. Mr. Bliss and Laurence Norton received them and took them to the Hotel de Crillon. At 9.30, Roosevelt went with me to Brentano's, the Louvre, Kahn's Garden, and the Bagatelle Gardens. We spent the morning together, and at one o'clock lunched with Hanotaux —no ladies present. Mr. Ribot, who formed the brief cabinet, Boutroux, and other philosophers were there, and everybody talked until twenty minutes of five, when I took Roosevelt to meet President Poincaré. Later, he and Mrs. Longworth and Philip came to dinner. For the moment, I do not recall all the names of the guests, but among them were Hanotaux, Bergson, Liard (Rector of the Sorbonne), Rodin,[1] Morton Fullerton, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mrs. Lodge, daughter-in-law of Senator Lodge, Madame Waddington, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others. Roosevelt and Hanotaux got into a discussion in the smoking room, which lasted until 12 o'clock before it could be broken up. He was in excellent condition, and I was amazed at the wide range of his knowledge. He was able to hold his own with the Academicians all along the line, and all were pleased to meet him.

Rodin, who had not been out for some time, in response to our telegraphic invitation answered that he would come if he could find his clothes, but that he didn't think it would be proper to come to the embassy in morning dress. We

[1]The great sculptor.

answered that his name and reputation entitled him to come in his pajamas if he couldn't find anything else. The old man appeared, however, in his evening clothes.

Roosevelt and I did not talk politics very much—except a little in the morning—but on his return from Madrid he came to the embassy at about 9 o'clock and remained until midnight—and we then went over the whole field of politics. I was very much struck with his evident moderation and more lenient way of looking at all the questions involved. He talked very frankly about his own case . . . that the antagonisms against him were so intense that he felt that he probably could not obtain the New York delegation, and without that, it would be difficult. He said that if, to-day, the candidate were to be selected, he saw no one who could bring the forces together except myself, and that he hoped the situation would so shape itself that I would be able to unite the party later on. Of course I took this for "pleasant" conversation, and regarded it, as I told him, as absurd, but that I did feel that if we had any sanity left in either party, we would come together on some reasonable basis and form an opposition against the present order of things; to all of which he agreed. . . . His visit was most interesting and enjoyable and left in my mind the impression of what I believe to be an undeniable fact—that Roosevelt is one of the greatest, if not the greatest man of the time.

. . . Ribot's cabinet has come and gone—if not the shortest, one of the shortest that ever was. It was an excellent one, and there is general regret expressed here, in England, and in Russia that it did not stand. We met the Ribots at a dinner at the Luxembourg Palace—given by the President of the Senate. Madame Ribot was very much elated. She, by the way, was a Chicago woman, having left there in her youth. I sat beside her at dinner, and she was expecting, within a few days, to move into the Ministère de la Justice, Place Vendôme. The dinner was for about 150—many ambassadors were there, and we were all kept waiting until long past the

hour. After three-quarters of an hour, I inquired whom they were waiting for, and was told for "one of the members of the Cabinet." I remarked that he was taking great chances of losing his seat at the table because the Cabinet might fall before he arrived. I had not observed Madame Ribot sitting near by. She did not seem to enjoy the joke quite as much as the others who were less interested. The prophecy was not far wrong, for the Cabinet fell the next morning. The Viviani cabinet has just been formed, and is holding its first meeting to-day. This is the sixth ministry since our residence here.

He received a letter from Senator Elihu Root, dated June 5, 1914:

"I suppose that you are beginning to feel like coming home. I am very much pleased, however, that you should have been left in Paris as long as you have. A man has to stay in an embassy about so long in order to be regarded as a sure-enough ambassador, instead of a *pro tempore, ad interim* stop-gap. I have always drawn the line at a minimum of two years, and you have passed that now. In view of the hunger and thirst of the Democratic party for offices, there really seems to be something miraculous about the failure to fill the place with a Democrat. . . .

"The feeling against the Democratic party is growing very strong. It is based upon two grounds: the first and most substantial is the decline in business, reduction of incomes, people out of work, all of which are ascribed to the tariff and currency legislation and the loss of confidence owing to attacks on capital. The other is weakness of the administration in Mexican affairs. The feeling about that is very strong. I still have hopes that mediation will work out something but am not at all sanguine about it. Unless it does, I can see nothing but misfortune as a result of the attempt to make war and not make war at the same time."

XVI

RURAL CREDITS

MR. HERRICK'S work in the cause of farm credits may now be touched upon, as it was during his first mission to France that he completed it. The story is too long to be treated in any detail but the subject is one which interested him so passionately and to which he devoted so much time and energy that no account of his life, however brief, should omit some reference to it. For a full expression of his ideas, the volume he published in collaboration with Mr. R. Ingalls should be consulted. It is a mine of information on a question which has since become a foremost political issue of our country. I believe it is now used as a book of reference in our colleges. Its title is *Rural Credits*, issued by Appleton in 1914.

During his earliest visits to Europe—the first was in 1900—Mr. Herrick became attracted to this idea. He studied its operation in various countries and made many inquiries as to its practical working. He has told me that he realized at once that here was an institution of whose existence the great majority of our people were entirely ignorant and for whose application to our needs no serious effort had been made up to that time; and yet it was exactly what our farming population required for furnishing it cheaply and safely with money which it could borrow only at high rates and, frequently, not at all.

It was only in 1910 that he was able to carry out his plan of an active campaign in favor of the system. His first speech

was made at Delaware, Ohio, in October of that year. Then at the meeting of the American Bankers' Association in 1911 he offered a formal resolution on the subject and spoke in favor of it. From that time on until his departure for France he worked for the adoption of the system, and, as already stated, one of the reasons that determined him to accept the offer of the Paris embassy was the belief that he could use that post to advantage as a means of diffusing a knowledge of the system throughout our country. He arranged for this with President Taft, who had all our embassies and legations instructed to furnish Paris with reports on the operation of land bank systems in their territories, and Mr. Herrick was requested to prepare a general survey of the whole subject.

As soon as he got settled he began work, and in October, 1912, he forwarded, and the government published, his Preliminary Report on Land and Agricultural Credit. This was sent to all the state governors by President Taft with a letter approving its recommendations and inviting the governors to a special conference to be held at the White House in December, 1912, to consider them.

In the interval, various bodies throughout our country had begun to agitate for the adoption of some scheme for farm loans, and in June, 1912, the Republican presidential convention inserted a plank in its platform favoring the idea. This plank followed the suggestions prepared by Mr. Herrick for that purpose. Then Mr. Wilson was elected, and in his inaugural address he proclaimed his advocacy of rural credits. An act was almost immediately passed by the new Congress authorizing a commission to go to Europe to investigate and report upon agricultural finance, production, and distribution, and the commission sailed in April, 1913. Its reports were submitted to the Senate in January and March, 1914.

The legislation that had been brought about in various states was considered by Mr. Herrick as most imperfect, though he was glad to see something done. He never ceased to deplore the fact that it had been left to the Democratic

party to enact the first national legislation on this important subject. Strangely enough, just two days before he died he talked to me for a long time about this very thing. It came up in connection with Mr. Bryan and his curious ways of doing business. "Bryan," he said, "could not abide the thought of a Republican like myself holding an important post under a Democratic administration. He was always afraid I might steal his thunder or that of his party. That perhaps explains why he would not answer letters which I thought merited acknowledgment—at least that they had been received. When he became Secretary of State in 1913 I wrote to him concerning all the material I had been gathering in Paris on the subject of rural credits and asked him if he wished me to turn it over to the Department. He did not answer. For this I suppose I ought to be grateful, as it left me free to publish the results of my work in a book over my own signature, which I proceeded to do. But, as you will see by looking at the date in my preface, I sent the manuscript from Paris just as the Battle of the Marne started. The war was on and nobody at home was bothering about rural credits. The prices of all farm products began to mount, and my book was read by very few. In the meantime the first legislation had been passed. I afterward asked Lodge why the bill had not been perfected in its passage through the Senate. He said that to offer amendments would have looked to the farmers as though the Republicans were opposing the measure, so they decided to let it pass as presented. I suppose he was right, but I have always regretted the delay which had enabled the Democrats to take the credit for starting the rural credit system. It belongs to the Republicans."

Mr. Herrick's personal letters to President Taft and, after March 4, 1913, to President Wilson, dealing with agricultural credits are too long to be quoted except in extractions; but they show better than anything else his persistent efforts in the cause.

To President Taft, July 11, 1912:

"The further I go into the subject of the mobilization of land credits, the more convinced I am that the plank which was adopted in the platform will bring a strong feature in the campaign. It is good politics because it is honest and economically sound. I feel that if the Federal government could take up the responsibility of the establishment of land credit systems in America, it would create a security in which the savings of the postal banks could be safely invested.

"I am receiving a wealth of material and have some people engaged in classifying, arranging, and preparing the matter, which I am glad, at the Department's suggestion, to transmit to it in fortnightly letters. I find so much splendid matter that I have begun to send the letters weekly. In the meantime, we will carefully prepare a report embodying the best results of experiences in the different countries, which will be a guide for the establishment of these systems in our country.

"This investigation discloses the interesting fact that these systems throughout Europe were largely started in self-defence: other countries where conditions were more favorable became the world's granaries; thereupon the introduction of rural credits enabled the supplanted countries, by means of cheap money and larger yield in farming, to regain their lost position."

Again he writes Mr. Taft on October 25, 1912:

"I am extremely grateful to you for the generous way in which you have handled my report, and the prominence given to it. As you know, I am obsessed with this subject, and convinced that if you could get before the public a brief outline of the European situation, it would be of immense value, for no one can possibly find fault with it, or charge it to partisan politics.

"The final report will confirm the preliminary report. The problem was to condense it into readable space and so present it that the statements could not be gainsaid.

"I have learned that the British Board of Agriculture have been working on a report of this sort for over eighteen months. This substantiates my opinion further and convinces me of the value of the undertaking."

Immediately after Mr. Wilson became President, Mr. Herrick wrote a personal letter telling him (what he probably did not then know) of the instructions issued by the State Department to the ambassador in March, 1912, for carrying on investigations in the matter of rural credit systems in Europe, and informing him of reports then being forwarded to the State Department. He closes:

"After three or four years of investigation I was convinced that the people of our country only had to have their attention called to the beneficent results obtained by the inauguration of these institutions in Europe for them to appreciate the necessity for the creation of some system of financial machinery for mobilizing the credit of the farmer.

"My reason in writing you is my interest in this subject, and the hope that it will be made a salient feature of your administration."

A year later, in May, 1914, he again writes the President:

"We can well afford to go slow in the inauguration of rural credit, but we cannot afford to disappoint the expectations of the great farming population of the United States by inaugurating something hastily which experience may prove unsound. The only way to have a tree is to grow it; it cannot be manufactured; it is even difficult to transplant one. Happily, Europe has demonstrated certain economic principles which we can adapt to our own conditions, and thereby save time, but we must first be sure that we know our own conditions. . . .

"I believe that coöperation will eventually take a promi-

nent place in this work, since it rests upon self-help, opposes too much state intervention, and demands simply equality and freedom of action under the law. It insists upon individual ownership of property, and the right of all to own whatever they can honestly earn and acquire.

"There were twenty-six years of discussion of the rural credit subject before the first progressive step was taken in France. We do not require that much time because the pioneer work has been done. . . .

"I do not mean to suggest that the present bill is unsound, for I am not sufficiently familiar with its provisions to judge, but I do feel so strongly that we may do infinite harm by haste that I had a great sense of relief on noting, from the newspapers, the wise position you have taken in this matter.

"I hesitate to address you at any time, on any subject, knowing the tremendous responsibilities resting on you and the heavy demands made on your time and attention, but my keen interest in the subject of rural credit prompts me to write you, especially since my letter does not call for a reply."

Just before giving up his post as ambassador in November, 1914, he writes to the President for the last time:

"I have just published a book on rural credits, a subject to which, as you may know, I have been giving considerable attention for the last few years. It was my purpose to assist in establishing such rural credit system in the United States as would be best adapted to its needs. It has seemed to me that our danger was hasty legislation and creating 'spoon-fed' organizations.

"My ideas are in complete accord with what the newspapers report as your views on this great subject: that is, I believe that there should be no state aid or special privilege and that the legislation enacted should provide for the tenant and small farmer as well as for the larger and more prosperous farmers and landowners.

"The problem of improving rural credit facilities is not merely financial: its proper solution also would improve the economic and even social condition of farmers. One of the solutions is coöperation—organized mutual self-help—which rejects state aid and state intervention, and rests upon private initiative and combined individual resources and efforts. Already the United States is supreme in coöperative insurance and finance. If the movement were given right direction and encouragement rural coöperative organization in the United States would surpass that in Denmark, Holland, or Germany.

"The proposed legislation seems to overlook the fact that rural credit societies are the basic units of coöperative credit societies and ignores the fact that those institutions should be only parts of correlated financial, industrial, and commercial rural system.

"I understand that the problem must be taken up at the next session of Congress. From my investigations of the good already done in America and Europe by coöperation, self-help, and private initiative, and the poor results in Europe of state aid and intervention, I humbly submit that it would be well worth while to start American farmers thinking on the relative merits of the two methods before Congress convenes.

"It is my hope and desire to aid you in promoting this economic movement which to my mind has grown much more important by reason of the devastation over here."

His book was presented to the French Institute by Senator Raphael Georges Lévy, who on November 29, 1914, wrote him as follows:

"As I told you, I had yesterday the privilege of presenting your book to the Académie des Sciences Politiques et Morales.

"I will not repeat what has been said to you by every Frenchman who is acquainted with you. But you feel what

our sorrow is to see you leave just now. However, we feel confident that on the other side of the water you will think of France and work for her!

"I wish to present your book to the Section d'Economie Politique. Kindly let me have a copy for that purpose, and also the one which I promised to the Academy. The one which I have before me to-day is mine; it is dear to me, bearing your autograph."

Another letter, from M. Descours Desacres, dated December, 1914, shows that even the war had not obliterated the memory of work in common, done for rural credits:

"At this time when you are quitting the Embassy and when the French people feel so deeply your departure, I want to recall the great place that you have made in the hearts of the agriculturists of my country—especially those who have talked with you regarding the organization in France of Mutual Rural Credit. . . .

"I hope you have not forgotten the old President of the Rural Credit Regional Bank in the Center of Normandy, who has now enlisted as a volunteer and who is at home convalescing . . . from wounds received at Berri-au-Bac. . . .

"He begs to be respectfully remembered to Mrs. Herrick and wishes you to accept the expression of his heartfelt and most distinguished sentiments."

In all my conversations with Mr. Herrick I have never heard him express any bitterness over being beaten by his opponents, whether in business or politics; and of course he did not succeed in all he undertook. Witness his defeat for governor and for senator. But over this matter of rural credits he was frank in expressing regret—regret that the chiefs of his party, in the halls of Congress and elsewhere, had not listened soon enough to his pleadings and brought to the Republicans the merit of passing a comprehensive law

on the subject; regret also that, outside of some experts, only a few people were aware of the devotion and toil which he had brought to making the subject understood and obtaining legislative action. I believe that no honor which ever came to him would have made him so happy as a general recognition on the part of his countrymen that he was the first architect of the rural credit system in America. That he largely deserved this title must be evident to all those who examine the record.

A FRIENDLY DIPLOMAT

"He had that quality of character without which the most powerful intellects have been frustrated in their purposes."

PHOTO AMERICAN PRESS

ON A VISIT HOME

Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick at the entrance to their home on Euclid Heights in Cleveland, Ohio.

XVII

1914

WE NOW approach the moment when the war arrived and seized Mr. Herrick in its iron grip. At the end of July he had emptied his house and was quietly attending to the last few duties before taking the steamer home; two days later he was an active participant in a vast world tragedy. The element of the dramatic which he never sought but which attended his whole life, from boyhood days to the moment his coffin was hoisted aboard the *Tourville*, now once more enveloped him, and a month later the fame of this unassuming American business man had stirred the pride and gratitude of two great nations.

His own account of what occurred before the curtain rose upon this scene is as follows:

"After Wilson was inaugurated in 1913, I naturally expected to leave Paris. I had sent my resignation to the President, as is usual when a new administration comes in, but it remained unacted upon.[1] The difficulty appeared to be not

[1]February 28, 1913.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Entertaining the very logical and proper view that the President, in the exercise of his mandatory powers—under the constitution and the authority conferred by statute—to direct the foreign affairs of the United States should choose his own instruments for the accomplishment of his high task, I have the honor to place in your hands my resignation of the office of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States to the French Republic.

In doing this, I beg to assure you of my confident expectation that the good relations of the nation with the governments of the world will be maintained and promoted under your administration.

Respectfully,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

To the President
The White House.

so much in the selection of a new ambassador as for the man already tentatively chosen to make up his mind to accept. This man was William F. McCombs. He had managed Wilson's campaign, the President desired to reward him, and I have no doubt that if he could have found it possible to take the post he would have made an excellent ambassador.

"McCombs came to Paris during the summer of 1913 to look over the ground, and for some months the situation was not without its humor. I was holding on until he could arrive at a decision, and that seemed a long and jerky process. He wanted me to stay where I was for the time being, the President seemed to desire it, and I was willing to drift along until the matter was settled. But I had no idea that it would take such a long time or that the results would be so momentous for me. My still being ambassador to France when war was declared was the accidental outcome of this situation.

"I have read Senator Ingalls's famous sonnet on 'Opportunity,' and I believe with him that as a rule we determine our own fate by knowing when to seize the passing chance. But some opportunities are pure luck and no seizing is required; we just fall in with what comes along, unconscious of making any grave decision.

"One day McCombs would come in to see me—he came often and I really enjoyed these visits—quite decided he would like the post; a week later he would appear and tell me he could not make the sacrifice. A friend of his explained to me these changes in his mood. 'McCombs,' he said, 'has very little money except what he makes. One night he goes out to dinner and finds himself surrounded with people who hail him as the new ambassador, flatter him (as is natural), tell him what a wonderful position it is and how well he would fill it; that makes him want it. A few days later he lunches with some old friend like myself who knows what his financial situation is and who can guess what it costs a man to run this embassy. When he finishes a frank conversation of this

kind, McCombs wants to drop the idea and go home to work.'

"That is what he did eventually.

"As I look back on it, I realize that I never had such a carefree time in my life as during those first seventeen months as ambassador under the Wilson Administration. I had no responsibility other than carrying out my instructions; I was staying on at the President's request, yet realizing it was only temporary; and I knew that at any time I wanted to leave I could say so and start home. It was a very agreeable year. However, in June, 1914, my successor was at last named. Mr. William G. Sharp, a Member of Congress from Ohio, had been offered the post, had accepted it, and the Senate had confirmed his nomination. But he did not wish to sail immediately and I made my arrangements not to leave Paris until August 8th, a few days before his expected arrival.

"On July 6th the American Chamber of Commerce had given me a farewell luncheon, and at this moment the situation created by the recent murder of the Austrian Archduke was not considered alarming. At least the public did not feel it so, and those who were in a position to realize the danger it held took pains not to exhibit anxiety. And so it was that on July 14th, which is the Frenchman's Glorious Fourth, the review of troops, with all the other popular festivities, took place as usual, Parliament adjourned for the summer, and President Poincaré and Monsieur Viviani, the Premier, proceeded to carry out their plan of making a visit to the Czar. But by July 23rd affairs had assumed a very different aspect. Austria that day gave Serbia forty-eight hours in which to submit to her dishonoring demands of reparation for the murder of the Archduke, and on the 25th her minister left Belgrade. It was then realized that almost any disaster was possible.

"Toward the end of July two important American delegations were in Paris on their way for a tour of Europe. One was the Chicago Railway Terminal Commission and the other the Commission of Municipal Executives and Civic

Leaders. I gave a reception for them both on the afternoon of July 28th, inviting the Prefect, members of the Paris Board of Aldermen, and other prominent officials and railroad executives. The weather was beautiful, everything was proceeding comfortably, and one of my guests was in the midst of a speech, when Robert Bliss [the first secretary of the embassy] arrived. I could see by his face that something serious had happened. He passed me a note and my fears were confirmed. Everybody in the room saw that I was agitated and concerned and wanted to say something to my guests—that is, everybody but the man making the speech. I believe it was complimentary to me, but I was no longer listening. At last he stopped, and I was then able to tell the assembly that Mr. Bliss had just come from the Foreign Office where news had arrived that Austria had declared war on Serbia. To the Americans this bolt out of what to them was a clear sky seemed something unbelievable; to the French, who understood its meaning better, it was full of a terrible import, and they all left as quickly as they could find their hats.

"I was not unprepared for what had happened, and when it came, like everybody else in France I was seized with the darkest forebodings. Indeed, having kept in touch with what was going on in Central Europe and fearing the worst if the flame of war was started in any quarter, I had already decided to make an appeal to President Wilson, and before going to the reception at my house which I have just mentioned, I had sent the following telegram to the State Department; when Bliss came in with his grave news I was glad to think that this message was on its way to Washington:

July 28, 1914.

Secretary of State,
Washington.
July 28th/ 4 p.m.

CONFIDENTIAL. To be communicated to the President. Situation in Europe is regarded here as the gravest in history.

It is apprehended that civilization is threatened by demoralization which would follow a general conflagration. Demonstrations made against war here last night by laboring classes; it is said to be the first instance of its kind in France. It is felt that if Germany once mobilizes no backward step will be taken. France has strong reliance on her army but it is not giving way to undue excitement. There is a faith and reliance on our high ideals and purposes so that I believe expression from our nation would have weight in this crisis. My opinion is encouraged at reception given utterances of British Minister of Foreign Affairs. I believe that a strong plea for delay and moderation from the President of the United States would meet with the respect and approval of Europe and urge the prompt consideration of this question. This suggestion is consistent with our plea for arbitration treaties and attitude toward world affairs generally. I would not appear officious but deem it my duty to make this expression to you.

HERRICK.

"Mr. Bryan did not answer this telegram or acknowledge it. I never knew whether Mr. Wilson ever saw it or not, until I was in Washington months afterward. I then asked him. He told me he had not seen it.[1] A similar fate may have be-

[1]Following publication of this statement in the *World's Work* for October, 1929, the Department of State issued the following statement:

"The complete text of Mr. Herrick's telegram of July 28 is published in *Foreign Relations of the United States, 1914, Supplement* (pp. 18–19). Under the same file number, showing its direct relationship to this paper, is printed a telegram sent over Bryan's signature to Ambassador Page at London, just four hours and fourteen minutes after the time of receipt of the one from Paris, asking: 'Is there in your opinion any likelihood that the good offices of the United States if offered under Article 3 of The Hague Convention would be acceptable or serve any high purpose in the present crisis?' According to a notation on the original paper in the files, this telegram was sent directly from the White House. A definite reply to the inquiry was received from Mr. Page, after the exchange of several more telegrams, only in the evening of August 3; although it was unfavorable, the offer of good offices was made on the 4th. Thus it is clear that Mr. Herrick's telegram not only went to the President but furnished the immediate impulse to a project resulting, after a week's correspondence, in his offer 'to act in the interest of European peace.' Mr. Herrick was not informed of what was going on, since it is not possible for the Department of State, especially in such crowded times, to acknowledge telegrams or to keep Ambassadors informed about the development of policies still under consideration. The President's failure months later to remember this message is easily enough understood."

fallen another telegram I sent September 3rd. It was as follows:

To-night I dined with the Spanish ambassador, the Norwegian and Danish ministers, and the Swedish chargé d'affaires, who are the only remaining heads of mission in Paris. I found that there was an unanimous opinion that the President of the United States would be enthusiastically supported by their governments and by all other neutral powers if he were to make a strong representation to all the belligerent countries that the museums, churches, art galleries, and so forth in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna be respected and protected by the invading armies now approaching all these capitals, and accompanying this representation by a plea for the observance of the rules of civilized warfare. If such an initiative were taken by the President, all were agreed that no neutral power could, or would, fail to join. In view of the critical position which she now occupies in Europe, it was thought also that the association of Sweden with such a representation would have a peculiar significance. Please refer this to the President.

HERRICK.

"I suppose it is idle to speculate now as to the effect which would have been produced had Mr. Wilson acted upon the suggestions contained in my despatch of July 28th. Germany did not send her ultimatum to France until three days later and I have always believed that a vigorous appeal from our government, with an offer to mediate the quarrel, would have had some effect. In any case it would have 'smoked out the nigger in the woodpile' and there would not now be any doubts even in Germany as to who wanted the war and who did not. I also think that such a telegram on such an occasion merited a reply.

"On the morning of July 31st I went to see the German ambassador, with the thought of extracting from him some

idea of what his government intended to do, and really hoping to get news that would allay my fears. The last dinner we gave had been for him; the Jusserands, on leave from Washington, were there, and we had passed a pleasant evening full of cordiality all round. When I was shown into his room, Von Schoen came toward me with both arms extended in a gesture of welcome and despair. 'I was on the point of telephoning you,' he said. 'You are the only person I have left to appeal to; if war is declared I want to ask you to take over German interests in France.'

"He then told me of a despatch just received from his government and which was not yet entirely de-coded. The first sheets had come in and he saw that he was instructed to give France till one o'clock that night to announce her neutrality in case of war involving Germany. He doubtless realized that the answer would be no, and that his government would declare war. That is why he was in such haste to see me.

"As bad as things had seemed, I was dumfounded at what he told me and I could not help but share his visible emotion. As to his request to take over German interests, I thought it best to telephone Bliss to join us and discuss the details of this eventual action. By the time he arrived the entire telegram had been deciphered and nothing at the end of it modified the terrible implication contained in what Von Schoen had already told me. In fact, the French were not only required to announce their neutrality but were summoned to surrender Verdun and Belfort as guarantees that it would be maintained. This, however, I learned only the next day.

"I decided to go at once to the Foreign Office and see Monsieur Viviani. I met him coming out on his way to luncheon. He turned back and led me into his office. There I informed him of what had taken place during my visit to the German ambassador and of his request. I asked him what the attitude of the French government would be toward my accepting. I added that I considered his approval and co-

operation were essential if I was to succeed in this delicate task. Moreover, the matter seemed pressing, for such a suggestion from Von Schoen could only mean that in his opinion war was a certainty.

"Viviani evidently felt that what I told him destroyed the last hope; 'for of course, this means war,' he said. Nevertheless, he seemed to cling like a drowning man to the possibility that something might happen to avert the catastrophe. As to my taking over the German embassy, he urged me by all means to accept. He was disheartened, and so was I.

"Von Schoen left Paris the night of August 3rd after handing to Viviani Germany's declaration of war. I had told him I agreed to take over German interests, and I had to advance him $5,000 which he needed for himself and the embassy personnel in order to get out of the country. Our drive together to Morgan Harjes was my first experience of the change which had so suddenly come upon the most ordinary affairs of life. General mobilization had been decreed in the meantime, and a tense excitement was in the streets. We drew the curtains of the car so as not to have the German ambassador recognized. I had the feeling of doing something stealthy, instead of merely going to a bank to draw money. Deciding to avoid any chance of an incident, I left Von Schoen in the car, entered the bank without being observed, and got my money. We returned to the German embassy with the same precautions. But I now think all this was unnecessary, for the ambassador, his staff, and his house were never molested, and had people recognized him I feel sure that no insult would have been proffered."

The note from the Foreign Office of August 4th, announcing a state of war, was couched in these terms:

"The Imperial German Government having permitted its troops to cross the frontier and to commit on French territory various acts of murder and violence; having violated

the neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg in spite of Convention V of The Hague of October 18, 1907, signed by it; having addressed an ultimatum to the Royal Government of Belgium with a view to exacting the passage of German troops across Belgian territory, in violation of the treaties of April 19, 1839, also signed by it, declared war against France on August 3, 1914, at 18:45 o'clock. The Government of the Republic under these conditions finds itself obliged, on its part, to have recourse to arms. It has therefore the honor to inform the Government of the United States by this note that a state of war exists between France and Germany from August 3, 1914, at 18:45 o'clock.

"The Government of the Republic protests to all civilized nations, and especially to the Governments signatories of the Conventions and Treaties above referred to, against the violation by the German Empire of its international obligations; it reserves to itself the liberty of using such reprisals as may be found necessary against an enemy so careless of his word. The Government of the Republic, which intends to observe the principles of the laws of nations, will conduct itself during the continuance of hostilities according to the stipulations of the international Conventions signed by France in regard to the laws of war on land and water."

XVIII

MOBILIZATION

"UNLESS he happened to be in Europe early in August, 1914, it is quite impossible for an American to picture to himself the opening tragedy of war in a country having universal military service. Novels, the accounts of eye-witnesses, moving pictures, have all tried to give some idea of the scene; but it is so utterly removed from anything in our national experience that an American would have to be made over again before he could grasp all that was implied to the French by the words 'General Mobilization.' It reached out into every city, village, and home, taking with one fell swoop all that was most precious there. The suddenness of the act, the violence of the change, was followed by an appalling silence which remains for me my most poignant memory of Paris. Everybody was outwardly calm, but it was the tense calmness of one who says, 'Whatever happens I must hold on to myself.' Regiments going to the railway stations marched through the streets for days; except for the blare of their trumpets there was not a sound. Men who knew they would be shortly called went about their preparations without any seeming emotion, their women folks quietly aiding. It was like some oft-repeated experience for which everybody was prepared. And then that desolate stillness fell upon the empty streets. It was the same in every town or village, and in the burning heat of the harvest fields the absent men and horses left a gap that had its counterpart in every anxious soul that remained.

"It seemed incredible to my wife and me that we had no personal stake in all that was happening about us. Some of our servants had been taken, the older men and the women alone remaining; in other ways our home went on for a little while as it did before. But no diplomatic immunity could protect us from the horror of it all; it did not even seem right that we only should be spared.

"But action soon came to relieve the tenseness of our feelings, and there was immediately much to be done. My office had to be reorganized to meet the emergency, and the first needs were filled by army officers who had been attending government schools in France and by volunteers from the Americans living there. Thousands of our compatriots began to arrive at the chancery, asking for advice and help, while the mails were loaded with similar appeals. It was the height of the tourist season, and upon the declaration of war, from every quarter of Europe whence they could escape, travelers poured into Paris on their way to the channel ports of France and England. Their experiences and their real hardships during the journey have been often described. They expected that their troubles would be over when they reached Paris, when in fact they had often only begun. Train service was everywhere disorganized by the requirements of mobilization, busses and private automobiles had been requisitioned, taxis became scarce, hotels began to close, the whole mechanism of modern life was topsy-turvy. And they had no money and could get none.

"Even men in the highest official positions found themselves helpless. Take Monsieur Jusserand's case. He was in Paris on leave and his government was most anxious for him to return to Washington. He was trying to reach Havre and sail, and all he could find was one automobile for himself, his wife, servants, and baggage. One of the first things I had done was to take over for my embassy large numbers of American-owned cars. The proprietors were only too

willing, as in this way their motors escaped requisition. I gave to Monsieur Jusserand a car, he went to Havre, crossed to England, and finally sailed incognito with false passports. All this seemed unbelievable in August, 1914!

"The most pressing thing, therefore, so far as my compatriots were concerned, was to find a way to get them money. For no bank would cash their checks, however good, and naturally they clamored, often angrily, always loudly. They could not understand. They had money on deposit, they were neutrals, they only wanted to go home, why were they prevented?

"I appealed to the French government, I addressed the banks, I consulted Harjes. Everywhere the answer was polite, the explanation simple but firm: 'We are at war. No money can be taken out of the country. We regret the inconvenience caused your people but the Germans, not we, are to blame. They secretly precipitated this war and without the smallest warning. We will do all we can, but the nation's life is at stake and we are sure you will understand the gravity of our situation.'

"Then Harjes came to me with a scheme which eventually settled this difficulty. Like all good solutions it was eminently simple. It was evident that the French government would soon be buying large supplies in America, and to pay for them they would need credits in New York. If there were no credits existing, we could suggest to the French to hand over francs to Morgan Harjes; they would use these to pay the checks of Americans on their home banks, and then J. P. Morgan in New York would credit the French government with an equivalent sum. That would help all parties and injure none. Harjes learned through the Rothschilds that the government had no funds in New York; then, armed with my approval, he went to the Minister of Finance with his plan; it was approved, the francs advanced, and our people were enabled to draw money from their home banks. They could pay their hotel bills—a matter

which had caused great hardship all round—and their passage to America, whenever ships became available.

"Meantime, the *Tennessee*, or as she got to be called, the Gold Ship, had been made ready at home and was started off with a number of paymasters and a cargo of gold destined to relieve Americans stranded in Europe. I cabled Washington that entirely satisfactory arrangements had been made in Paris, and could doubtless be imitated in London and elsewhere, for meeting the wants of our countrymen, and that this ship was not necessary. But she was sent just the same, probably to appease the clamor of the press, which was filled with stories of our abandoned citizens. There is never any use in trying to force the government to do things when normal, private agencies can attend to them; but a government, even more than an individual, is peculiarly sensitive to criticism about some matters and is obliged at times to protect its reputation at any cost.

"I had known Hermann Harjes fairly well, but his cooperation with me in this matter was the beginning of an association which, from that moment on till his untimely death, was to bring me valuable assistance in the many problems which confronted my office. Harjes was neither emphatic nor suave in his way of talking. He had a rather hesitating way of submitting to your consideration his idea, even if it was a matter which he knew all about. I never saw greater modesty, a finer kindliness, a more ardent desire to serve. There were strong character and high-class ability behind this gentle exterior. I not only liked him but I admired him. He rendered great service to me, to America, and to France during both my terms as ambassador.

"Then the matter of passports arose. Every foreigner in France was at once asked by the police to show his. No Americans had any—none needed any except to go to Russia or Turkey. (Imagine the happy days when nobody needed to have a passport!) After conferring with the Foreign

Office, we got up a form of certificate, had large numbers printed, and we issued them to all those who could in any reasonable manner prove their American citizenship. It was a tedious, delicate, and difficult job.

"The moment general mobilization was decreed, I realized that we were going to have a million unexpected things to do and that my staff would need all the help that it could get. I have a great respect for official action and official men, but if there is anything slow under the sun, it is a government. It is partly habit, partly fear, and chiefly politics that inspire the fear. Government officials are generally just as efficient and ready to work as other citizens, and frequently they are more self-sacrificing; but how often is there shilly-shallying about giving immediate orders, in the dread of reproof, or for fear that someone will turn up to say it isn't legal or that Senator So-and-So will surely make a row. The American people love their government, but most of them prefer private enterprise whenever it can be made to do the work, and I share that view.

"And so I determined to supplement the official agencies then at my command by volunteers chosen from capable business men, and on August 2nd I called a meeting at my house and organized a committee. Judge Gary was appointed chairman, Harjes, secretary, with the following as members: Laurence V. Bénet, W. S. Dalliba, Charles Carroll, Frederick Coudert, James Deering, Chauncey Depew, William Jay, Frank B. Kellogg, Percy Peixotto, Valentine Blacque, and Henry Priest. I don't think that any man could ask for a better list if there was work to be done and organization to be effected. They first established a program: (a) Create gold credits with local banks so that Americans could cash their checks or draw on letters of credit; (b) raise a fund to extend financial aid to destitute Americans; (c) obtain rail and ship transportation for Americans desiring to go home; (d) consider the best means to protect American property and life.

"Any American can easily imagine what it meant to me to have such men at my disposal and the vast burdens they took off my hands while at the same time furnishing me with expert advisers to whom I could go with any problem when I wanted help. I read one morning in the newspapers that a second committee had been formed by Bishop Hamilton and Senator Fletcher. I therefore invited these two gentlemen to come and see me. I told them of the other committee, saying that its immediate concern was to raise $25,000 but I was sure if they would assume that part of the task, my committee would be happy to turn it over. At the end of our talk I asked them to go and see Judge Gary and Mr. Kellogg at the Ritz and combine efforts. They promised to do it, so I telephoned the judge. He replied, 'That's all right, send 'em along. We'll make it fifty thousand dollars instead of twenty-five.'

"What a treat to have to do with men like that!"

Writing to his children August 9th, the ambassador thus described events then occupying him:

"The embassy is now filled with a staff and committees which I have organized. The ballroom is a big office, and the details that I don't write would make a book larger than *Farm Credits*, a book of history, but also scenes which are heartbreaking. . . .

"Your mother has many American women in her committee which has raised a substantial fund for the Hospital. . . .

"So far there seem to have been no mistakes of importance and we have the whole situation in hand and organized. The people often say these days 'What would we now do if we did not have the big embassy where thousands come?' All night the army wagons and soldiers march past the house along the Cours-la-Reine, and gay Paris is another city. The wounded are now beginning to arrive from

the front and the brilliant life is gone. I wonder when it will return. . . .

"The days pass in rapid succession, full of the greatest care of my life, I should say our lives, for your mother has her place and is fine and level-headed. I am glad to have the chance to be of value and I am surprised that I have been able to do so much that counts, but it does count every day. . . .

"Every minute is full of interest and every day is a month or a year in events. This war is destined to prove our argument on a merchant marine, that in case of a general European war we might have an abundance of food supplies but no ships in which to carry them.

"The Department is fine in its attitude toward me. Takes advice and grants at once requests. This crisis also proves that an ambassador must have friends in order to accomplish his plans; also, in a crisis, must have an embassy.

"I wonder when Sharp will come. As soon as I can leave after he arrives, I want to take a Rip Van Winkle sleep."

I add here another letter to his son, dated August 26, 1914, as it gives a good picture of the ambassador's most intimate thoughts as to the events then passing. Before quoting it, this seems a good place to say that I have never known Mr. Herrick under any circumstances, big or little, to write something which he thought would sound well for posterity or find a place in that book which, already, he was being urged to write. This was not any conscious rule of conduct, and I never heard him mention the subject; it was simply something which it never occurred to him to do. Not a trace of this foible can be found in any of his personal or official correspondence.

"These are serious days! I cannot begin to give you the history of events from day to day. There is not time enough, nor space. I can only say that we are handling the situation

as best we can. My great care now is to get the Americans out of Europe. I have made arrangements for trains to bring them out of Switzerland, and the government here is assisting me both as regards train service and boats; in fact, is doing everything in a most splendid way.

"I do not like the news from the front, which is very meager, but an invasion from the north would not find me unprepared, and I prefer to have as many of our people as possible away from here.

"Our problem now is 'the Americans.' Then, of course, we have charge of the interests of Germany, Austria, and many other things besides. There are many things appearing in the newspapers at home which disturb the French, and it keeps one thinking all the time to have things adjusted and agreeable. Thus far we have been successful, and our motives have been understood, since we have nothing to conceal and our actions are perfectly straightforward.

"I would like to have your mother go home now and I have talked with her about it; but that is out of the question, for she will not go without me. I could get her off on the *France* on September 5th. Since everything is packed up, and our house is an information bureau, railway and steamship office, there is little home life for us. I spend my days at the chancery, and practically the nights also; but I am in excellent health, and as long as I feel that I am performing service—and this I feel that I am doing with the splendid assistance of the embassy committee, army officers, etc.—I am content.

"I am so glad that you and Agnes are not here, and that you are safe at home with the dear little ones.

"*Later.*

"This morning I attended the funeral services for the Pope at Notre Dame. All the ambassadors and ministers were present. It would seem now that before my time for

going arrives, the direction of events will be determined. While I am loath to leave by reason of the warm attachment of those who have served with me so faithfully through this crisis, yet when we are once aboard ship, our faces turned homeward, it will be a happy day.

"I note what you say about the newspapers. It looks to me as though America must be very prosperous in the very near future, but it will take generations to rebuild what has been destroyed, and to reorganize the credit of the world, or to resume anything like the conditions that existed before this conflict began.

"One of our well-known publishers at home has sent me a letter, which I have not yet answered, asking me to write a book on this situation. As I feel now, I fear that I shall not undertake any more books; don't think it is in my line; authorship is not my vocation."

Mr. Herrick was destined to be pursued until the end of his life by publishers wanting a book from him. I also tried in vain during years to induce him to write something. He did not even keep a diary, his engagement books being the only record which remains of each day's occupations. Finally, a few months before he died he agreed to lend himself for an hour or two each day to relating what I am now setting down. He instinctively felt that the time was short and that something ought to be done before it was too late. His only book, *Farm Credits*, had cost him a great effort, and its failure to command immediate attention was a disappointment. But for that the book is not to blame. The war and all its consequences are alone responsible.

Fortunately Mrs. Parmely Herrick recorded every day's events in her own diaries, which I have had the privilege of consulting. It is to be hoped that she will soon allow them to be published, for apart from their literary charm they constitute a most valuable document.

XIX

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL

A SMALL American Hospital had been organized in Paris long before the war. It was modern, well run, and had an excellent staff. It was intended solely for Americans, having the usual arrangements for the poor who paid nothing and the rich who paid well. The accident ward of this hospital has always been kept busy by jockeys. There were, and still are, a large number of American jockeys and stable-boys in France, and accidents with them are frequent. They always want to go to the American Hospital when they get something broken in a fall.

As soon as hostilities started the governors of this institution decided that they wished to do their share in alleviating suffering, and Mr. Herrick gave the following account of how it was expanded into a military "ambulance," to use the French term, which later on became quite famous:

"In the first days of the war, when we were forming a committee to take care of the Americans in Europe, Dr. Magnin, our family physician, came one day to the embassy and suggested that we prepare his hospital as a war 'ambulance' of small dimensions. He said the governors were anxious to do this and he spoke with their authority. He thought we could put some tents in the big garden and prepare to receive and care for a few of the wounded soldiers. I did not really think it of much importance but I approved of the idea as a step in the right direction.

"Inconsequential things often determine larger events.

Dr. Magnin, by oversight, had not been put on the committee which I organized to make plans for caring for Americans, and the poor doctor was just a little hurt. In the morning when I woke, I thought of his bruised feelings; you know we are prone to think of these things in the morning. I called him up. He was rather stiff when I spoke to him, but when I mentioned my plan for carrying out his idea his voice became very cheerful. He said he was delighted and 'would come right over.'

"He came, and I took him to see Dr. Février, Surgeon General of the French army. The general was a man of big ideas, and when he heard what we proposed, he asked if we would not prefer to take over the Pasteur High School building at Neuilly. None of the Red Cross organizations, he added, could do so; it was too big. But he thought we Americans ought to be able to manage it. We told General Février we would take his suggestion under consideration.

"The next step was to call the Americans together and lay the question before them. It was calculated that the hospital could be equipped and financed for one year for about four hundred thousand dollars, and it would be necessary for the Americans to underwrite the proposition; in other words, they would become responsible for that sum of money and also for the running of the hospital. By that was meant that they must enlist in the service of this hospital just as soldiers enlist to go to the front, and not leave Paris in case of a siege but remain at their posts. All this was accepted; we agreed to the underwriting and made ourselves responsible for the first year's budget of four hundred thousand dollars before any appeal was made to the American public for assistance. We also agreed to the other provision as to conducting the hospital; after which it was formally accepted by the government.

"It is hard for me not to say too much about the American Hospital. From the day its war annex was organized until I left France, and after that during all the rest of the war,

it was constantly in my thoughts and those of my wife. We worked for it together, and if her life was shortened, as I think it was, by her efforts to help the hospital and the Clearing House, coming as they did immediately after the strain she bravely and cheerfully suffered in Paris, I can only say she gave it in a cause for which she was willing to make even that sacrifice.

"In government affairs a precedent is always useful as a provision against the chance of criticism, and we had one in what concerned our Ambulance. An American hospital for the wounded had been organized in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The man responsible for it was George B. McFarland and my predecessor, E. B. Washburne, of Minnesota, had aided him.[1] The record of that undertaking was a highly honorable one and we hoped to equal it; but we little knew what a long pull lay ahead of us. We certainly never imagined that the wards we were creating would later on be filled with wounded soldiers of the United States army.

"After the French government accepted the offer of the hospital, I informed the State Department of what was being done, and everybody went to work with a will to get ready as quickly as possible to receive the wounded. The huge school building was just as the plasterers had left it, the floors covered with trash, electric wires hanging from the ceilings, only some of the doors and windows in place. But with money on hand, plenty of capable volunteers eager to work each in his specialty, coupled with their keen desire to be of use, everything quickly took shape, and early in September the first wounded arrived.

[1]The history of this hospital is related in an extremely rare volume, a copy of which can be seen in the library of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. The hospital was located in the open spaces of what was then the Avenue de l'Imperatrice and which after 1871 was called the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, now the Avenue Foch. It would seem to be the first case in which tents were used in Europe, or at least in France, for hospital purposes. The only known picture of it, made at the time, is now in the possession of Mr. James Hazen Hyde. Much of the equipment used came from America, some of it being material left over from our Civil War. The tents were of this origin.—T. B. M.

"We began with private automobiles, driven by their owners, as a means of transporting men from the dressing stations; but we soon bought Ford chassis and mounted ambulance bodies on them, thus starting a movement which took on a wider and wider extension as the conflict progressed. There were no such useful ambulances in all the war as those little Fords which could go anywhere. During the Battle of the Marne our hospital, though only half organized at that time, rendered services that were immediately recognized. The British were especially grateful for the attention they got there. They of course appreciated hearing their own language, but they liked even more our ways of cutting red tape and getting men straight from the field to the operating table without disastrous formalities. Mr. J. H. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, had a great deal to say on that subject which was pleasant to us, though the comparisons and criticism may have been less agreeable to the British authorities. But he wrote me he had gotten results and that was all he was after. At this time we had 240 beds.

"I used to go out to the hospital very often. It was a source of pride to see American efficiency executing America's desire to help. And then, almost everyone in the place was an old friend and each would tell me of amusing incidents that were always happening, even in the midst of this suffering. But the wounded were so glad to be there that there really was a gay atmosphere all over the building. Poor fellows! It was like heaven after all they had been through.

"One day I saw a nurse at work upon the feet of a huge black Senegalese, and it occurred to me that nurses might not be good chiropodists and that in any case someone else should perform that service for soldiers. I asked one of the men to go in to Paris and bring out some chiropodists. He found two French professionals, told them what was wanted, and said that the ambassador would pay them. They were

very much hurt and replied, 'Do you mean to say that we, who can do so little, will not be permitted to furnish this service free of charge?'

"The people who worked in the hospital and the functions they performed had a picturesque side interesting to Americans and showing a fine desire to be useful in any capacity. There was Vally Blacque, for instance, grandson of the famous old doctor, Valentine Mott, and something of a bon vivant. He was the concierge, and dressed to look the part. No nonsense, no frills, just a janitor, and a good one. He died at his post a year or two later. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was a nurse, and if anything was wanted that was not on hand, she went out and bought it. Her great resources in executive ability and money made a useful combination which could not be hidden beneath her modesty. How often shy people are extraordinarily capable!

"Ours was the only hospital in all France that started with a dental department, and this feature soon excited wide comment, mixed with some derision. But the facial operations instituted by Dr. Hayes became revelations to army surgeons, and in a short time many French hospitals organized similar departments and created schools for furnishing specialists in this sort of work. It saved many men from disfigurement and eventual starvation.

"Every American in Paris seemed especially interested in the hospital. He or she not only worked, subscribed, or did both, but stirred up friends at home, starting that wonderful flow of funds which never ceased. Then great surgeons like Dr. Blake, Dr. Cushing, and Dr. Crile came over and gave all their time to the Ambulance, while of course Dr. Du Bouchet and others who belonged to the old hospital did the same. It is no wonder that orders were soon issued to the British army to send all badly wounded officers to our Ambulance up to the limit of its capacity. I have even heard it said that some British soldiers going into battle put a note inside their pockets asking to be sent to the

American Hospital if they were hit. This of course may be a kindly exaggeration. In any case, the hospital had, and retained to the end, a great reputation.

"Shortly after my return to America General Gallieni wrote me a letter, whose references to our hospital I enjoyed as much as I did the rest of what he had to say:

GOUVERNEMENTS MILITAIRE DE PARIS

CABINET DU GOUVERNEUR

Paris, le 19, 4, 15.

DEAR MR. MYRON HERRICK:

Your letter gave me great pleasure as does the promise to send me your photograph soon.

As I have already told you, the Parisians of September, and above all myself, will never forget you. The sympathy of your great nation, the nation of Washington and of Lincoln, is precious to us, and only a few days ago I could see it for myself when I again visited the beautiful American Hospital at Neuilly. A great number of our wounded ask as a favor to be taken there.

I am grateful to you for sending me "A letter to the *Times*"—and it is interesting. My respects to Madame Herrick and accept my cordially devoted sentiments.

GALLIENI.

P. S. Here we and our allies are more and more decided to go on with the fight to the end, no matter how long it lasts, or what it costs. We will continue until the final result is achieved.

G.

"Soon after the hospital was decided upon I wrote to my old friend Samuel Mather, asking his powerful aid in collecting funds:

MY DEAR SAMUEL:

I was delighted to receive your letter, and to hear a word relative to you and your confederates. I had hoped that we would see you and Will here before our departure, which, alas, has now been indefinitely postponed. However, we are not idle. The situation is getting well in hand. We have succeeded in arranging for funds and are relieving the outlying districts. Of course, the problem is to get our compatriots home. If the invading army is checked, the demand for return passage will not be so great, but should it break through the Allied forces and come toward Paris, it will be difficult to say who will be the hardest to restrain —the attacking troops or the stampeding Americans. However, I do not expect this to come to pass. Meantime, I look upon the outcome of this war as one upon which the future advancement of civilization for the next fifty or a hundred years depends.

I want to call your attention to something which I believe will appeal to your sympathies, and which should excite active interest in America. The question has arisen as to whether Americans should give their money simply to the Red Cross, which of course is a splendid institution, or whether we should become a branch of that organization, having at our disposal one of the best hospitals in France —whether, in a sense, we should be independent, or absorbed by the Red Cross.

I had the feeling that we could be of peculiar service by forming a hospital known as the American Ambulance. This has been done, and has been most heartily approved of by the government. Of course this American organization can have great stores of supplies brought over for hospital work. As you know, France is not as advanced as America or England in hospital organization and I think that this American Ambulance will have an opportunity to do something superior.

The committee is starting a movement in America for the

collection of funds. It will require more than half a million dollars to carry it through. Quite a bit has been subscribed. The Americans meet at the embassy from time to time and give this point their consideration. I wish you could cable your peace foundation and other organizations and obtain funds for this undertaking. . . .

We have been occupied day and night; the chancery and the embassy are constantly filled with people. The gratifying part of it all is that we have been able to accomplish something.

Give my love to the boys and tell them that I hope we shall meet ere long. I do not know when we shall go; we had part of our things packed and were about to leave when this war came, and now I don't know what will happen. When it broke out I cabled to the State Department suggesting that we amend our commerce laws so that foreign bottoms owned by Americans, or with the stock majority so owned, could carry the American flag. If this could have been done it would have released a considerable number of ships. You remember how often we have contended in our Marine League that should there be a general war we would be without ships. How little did we think then that we should have such a practical demonstration of the soundness of our theories!

When Mr. Herrick left Paris three months later the following note was sent him by Monsieur Cachard in the name of the hospital authorities:

"The Board of Governors of the American Hospital and the Ambulance Committee have expressed a desire that a record should be made of their deep appreciation of the help which has been so constantly given them by His Excellency the American Ambassador and by Mrs. Herrick. Never has this help failed, never has wise counsel been lacking when most needed; and what has been accomplished for the relief

of human suffering . . . could never have been realized but for that patient perseverance in holding us to the ideal of the finest service which Americans could render, and which has commanded our admiration, and made effective our possibilities of helpfulness."

Francis (afterward Colonel) Drake went to America in the autumn of 1914 for the purpose of raising money for the American Ambulance. Mr. Herrick had asked him to be sure to go to Cleveland and suggested the advisability of conferring with Dr. George W. Crile about surgical matters. The methods of gas anesthesia and shockless surgery which the latter was then practising were entirely unknown in France, and Colonel Drake was led to discuss with Dr. Crile some arrangement by which they could be introduced into the American Hospital in Paris. From these conversations arose the idea of sending a complete hospital unit to France. With the consent of the Lakeside Hospital trustees and by means of money subscribed by people in Cleveland, what was known as the Lakeside Unit, so called after the hospital, was organized, and on December 11, 1914, Mr. Herrick, who had now returned to Cleveland, was able to telegraph that a unit, composed of Dr. Crile, three other surgeons, four surgical nurses, and complete operating apparatus, was ready to leave, the whole being financed in advance for six months. They arrived in Paris and went to work early in January, 1915. Before sailing Dr. Crile sent letters to several universities and medical schools informing them of what had been done by Lakeside Hospital and suggesting that similar action might be taken by these institutions. The result was that the Harvard and Philadelphia units quickly followed the Lakeside Unit. They helped to augment the current of sympathy on the part of Americans for the Allied cause.

The creation of these organizations for service in France had a most useful result when we entered the war, for upon

his return to America Dr. Crile began a correspondence with the Surgeon General of the Army, Dr. Gorgas, on the subject of war organization for hospitals with the result that, so far as War Department policy permitted, preparatory studies for the use of these surgical units were undertaken. As a consequence when we entered the war this whole matter had received attention in the surgeon general's office and a system based on experience could be put into effect for American troops immediately.

XX

THE FIRST AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS

GENERAL PERSHING has declared, "Mr. Herrick was our first volunteer." Among the noble company of young Americans who followed his example many were killed in battle, and the memory of them all is honored in France as we honor that of Lafayette and Rochambeau. A beautiful monument commemorating their deeds stands in the Place des États-Unis, and every Fourth of July officials from all the departments of the French government assemble there and pay them grateful homage. These first volunteers came mostly from students and other American residents who, when they saw their comrades going off to the front, were stirred by a desire to enlist in the army and strike a blow for France and civilization. But they first wanted to know whether they had a right to go and a group of them decided to consult their ambassador. Mr. Herrick could never speak of this visit without a flash of emotion.

"I forget the exact date," he said, "when the first of those boys came to ask me about enlisting, but it must have been very soon after war was declared. Some of their names I remember, probably because later on they were among the first to be killed in the Lafayette Escadrille. Such were Kiffin Rockwell, Raoul Lufbery, and Norman Prince.

"They filed into my office with that timidity which frequently characterizes very courageous men, more afraid of seeming to show off than of any physical danger. They came to get my advice. They wanted to enlist in the French

army. There were no protestations, no speeches; they merely wanted to fight, and they asked me if they had a right to do so, if it was legal. That moment remains impressed in my memory as though it had happened yesterday; it was one of the most trying in my whole official experience. I wanted to take those boys to my heart and cry, 'God bless you! Go!' But I was held back from doing so by the fact that I was an ambassador. But I loved them, every one, as though they were my own.

"I got out the law on the duties of neutrals; I read it to them and explained its passages. I really tried not to do more, but it was no use. Those young eyes were searching mine, seeking, I am sure, the encouragement they had come in the hope of getting. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and catching fire myself from their eagerness, I brought my fist down on the table saying, 'That is the law, boys; but if I was young and stood in your shoes, by God I know mighty well what I would do.'

"At this they set up a regular shout, each gripped me by the hand, and then they went rushing down the stairs as though every minute was now too precious to be lost. They all proceeded straight to the Rue de Grenelle and took service in the Foreign Legion. These were the first of our volunteers in the French army. They were followed by others, and in a short time a large group of them had enlisted.

"I think the people of the United States owe a very special debt to these boys and to those who afterward created the Lafayette Escadrille. During three terrible, long years, when the sting of criticism cut into every American soul, they were showing the world how their countrymen could fight if only they were allowed the opportunity. To many of us they seemed the saviors of our national honor, giving the lie to current sneers upon the courage of our nation. Their influence upon sentiment at home was also tremendous. Amidst the haggling of notes and the noise

of empty protestations, here were Americans shedding their blood for a cause in which America's heart was already enlisted and to which later she pledged the lives of four million of her sons. I suppose that without them we doubtless would have entered the war, but the shout they sent up as they left my office was answered by millions of passionate voices urging the authorities of their government to act. Nothing is more just than that these first defenders of our country's good name should be singled out for special love and reverence by ourselves, just as they have been by the French.

"Upon one occasion, in talking of these volunteers General Gouraud made a very pertinent observation (I quote from memory): 'People everywhere are in the habit of speaking of men killed in battle as heroes. They all deserve our praise and most of them were brave fellows; but a distinction should be made between duty and heroism. We Frenchmen who fought in the war, and even those who died, were merely performing a duty required by the laws of our country. The two million American soldiers who came to France did so in obedience to the orders of their government, and while we admire and honor them, we have to recognize that, like our own, they were merely fulfilling a legal requirement. But when men who have no obligation to fight, who could not possibly be criticized if they did not fight, yet nevertheless decide, upon their own individual initiative, to risk their lives in defence of a cause that they hold to be dear, then we are in the presence of true heroism.'

"The young Americans who entered the Foreign Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille were in every sense heroes, and we owe them all the homage that word implies."

Returning to the first days of the war, the ambassador continued:

"Our newspaper men were very unhappy at this time. Here were the biggest events the world had ever known

going on a few miles away and they not allowed to see them; or, if they happened to run into something interesting, not permitted to cable about it. And their papers were shouting for news—news of battles, stories about people until yesterday never heard of, descriptions of the war, anything and everything. I admit it was tantalizing. They came to me all the time with their grievances, and hoping for some effective intervention on my part that would get them to the front—the real front, not the imaginary one created by the General Staff for special application to newspaper correspondents. If all the foreign journalists in Paris could have been mobilized when Gallieni sent off the taxicabs during his famous flank attack, he might have had another regiment at his disposal. I could do little for them that was satisfactory, but we would sometimes go together to the map in my office, where the steady progress of the invading troops toward Paris was marked, and I would try to comfort them by pointing out that if they could not go to the front, a little patience would solve the difficulty, for the front was rapidly coming to them!

"James Gordon Bennett was a delight. He dropped in to see me frequently, and his explosions at least I could enjoy more than those of the enemy's bombs. He got married in the midst of it all—just to prove, I sometimes suspect, how little he cared for Germany and all her works. While the wedding service was being read, the noise of the shells dropped on Paris occasionally filled the silence of the church. Richard Harding Davis was at the embassy at this time, and through some error I took with me to the wedding his passport. Perhaps I mistook it for Bennett's birth certificate; I know we had to manufacture one for him at the chancery. When I got back, I learned of Richard Harding doing a veritable war-dance in his white tennis shoes, shouting for his papers and asking why James Gordon Bennett should get married anyhow—my good Miss Singleton, who related this, adding, 'As if I was supposed to know!'

"Paris was now full of stories about spies. You would have thought they were being arrested by the dozen and shot every minute. Then concealed wireless sets and gun platforms became the rage. One day I saw Mr. Edward Tuck go by the door of my office—it was frightfully hot and I kept it open. I asked him in, but he replied, 'I must not take up your time, I have got to go back to see Frazier.' Observing that he was profoundly agitated, I made him tell me what was the matter, though he protested against using up my precious minutes.

"It seemed that some stupid officer had visited the hospital that Mr. Tuck had given to the town of Rueil and had found what he thought was a wireless set on the roof. He had then gone to Mr. Tuck's villa near by and searched the place from end to end.

"'I am going to get out of this country as quickly as I can and I am never coming back,' Mr. Tuck declared, white with rage. I had no success in calming him down, so I finally said (he had insisted upon going):

"'Will you wait here five minutes?'

"He agreed, and I called up General Gallieni, the governor of Paris, and told him what had happened. I added, 'If you don't know Mr. Tuck send somebody over here and I will tell you about him.'

"Gallieni said, 'I will give orders immediately to that officer at Rueil, and without waiting for any report I will go to see Mr. Tuck myself and offer him our excuses.'

"I told Tuck. His whole face changed in a way that proved how profoundly he had been hurt.

"'I would not have General Gallieni leave what he is doing to come to see me for anything on earth,' he said. 'Stop him and say I realize it is all an error.'

"I did stop the general from coming, but he wrote to Tuck and had an officer wait on him with formal apologies."

Mr. Herrick was so used to having Americans come to him in person about trivial things, or write letters contain-

ing preposterous requests, that it really surprised him that a distinguished citizen and old friend like Mr. Tuck would hesitate to bother him. But of course these are exactly the men that do not annoy ambassadors with their own little affairs.

Sometimes these occurrences had their amusing side. A man once wrote from America saying that his son collected cigar bands and that he would be much obliged if the ambassador would send him bands from cigars that had been smoked by Foch, Poincaré, Briand, and Clemenceau. This letter so amused Mr. Herrick that he replied to it himself. He expressed regret that it was impossible to comply with this interesting request, for "Foch smokes a pipe, Poincaré smokes cigarettes, Briand's cigars have no band on them, and Clemenceau chews tobacco!"

One day in 1922 the ambassador sent for me. In his office was an American woman to whom he introduced me, saying, "This lady has come to ask how she can get to Wiesbaden." Wishing to make sure that she was not a charity patient, I inquired delicately whether she had any money. "Oh, yes," she replied; "but I don't know when the trains go or from what station, and then I want to ask about my passport."

I had it on the tip of my tongue to tell her that she had only to go to Cook's office instead of bothering the ambassador, but I knew that if Mr. Herrick had desired that sort of reply he would have made it himself; so I did what I knew he wanted done: explained everything to her as though she were my own mother.

His friends, his family, his staff, all protested against this waste of his time. They were always wanting to protect him from what they considered needless annoyances. They forgot that what might annoy them did not annoy him. He liked people, he was never bored by them, and the more humble the person—especially if it was a woman—the more he was happy in doing him or her some personal kind-

ness. There was not the smallest pose in this and no calculation. It was the natural expression of his nature.

As soon as war was formally declared between the French and Austrians Mr. Herrick, already charged with German interests, was asked to take over the affairs in France of the Austrian Empire also. Later on the Turks made a similar request. The first duty imposed by this obligation was to care for the great throng of German and Austrian subjects whom the war had caught in France and who were picked up and segregated into detention camps, a practice immediately instituted by the Continental belligerents and later on in England.

The pitiful case of these people was a veritable nightmare to Mr. Herrick. At first, crowds of them besieged the chancery and his residence, asking for protection, food, money, or advice. Then they were collected in the empty school buildings while waiting for detention camps to be organized and transportation to be available. In the meanwhile, mobilization was in full swing and the energies of the government were concentrated upon that great business. No wonder that these civil prisoners for a while received meager attention.

Most of them were harmless enough, being humble creatures who had occupied various lowly employments in France before the storm of war arose and scattered them like bits of shipwreck on a hostile coast. No time or machinery was available for quickly separating those who might be dangerous from the rest, and all had to be guarded. Mr. Herrick took measures immediately to bring some material and moral comfort to these unfortunates, and as early as August 4th his officers were busy inspecting the places where they were confined, distributing food and money to the indigent, hearing their stories, taking care of their mail.

"Captain Pope reported to me," said the ambassador, "that while these people were most uncomfortable, none of them complained of harsh treatment. All wanted to get

their belongings or send messages to their relatives. The women were shown real kindness and were allowed to go out and buy provisions and beer for those that had money. As soon as more pressing business left me time for it, I inspected the detention camps in person and told the prisoners I had come to listen to any complaints they had to make. These were surprisingly few. What worried them most was the difficulty of sending news to their relatives or getting any from them. I think the French did all they could to avoid unnecessary hardship for these people and at no time was any brutality toward them reported to me during my inspections.

"I soon got an efficient organization established at the chancery for handling everything connected with detention camps, and the American army officers assigned to me rendered most valuable services in this connection. Indeed, I do not know what I would have done without these ten officers whom chance threw in my way at the outbreak of the war.

"In thinking of the vast numbers of helpless and innocent people who were shut up all over Europe when the war came on, I have often asked myself, Has this horrible arrangement got to be repeated if ever we have another great conflict? Is no solution possible, to be arrived at now and made applicable if the emergency arises? Or are we going to repeat this savagery?"

XXI

EXTRACTS FROM WAR LETTERS

As has been said elsewhere, Mr. Herrick kept no diary, but he wrote to his son and his daughter-in-law constantly. Some extracts from these and others of his letters will help in getting a picture of what was going on at the American embassy in 1914:

"August 14. We now suppose that a great battle is beginning. If it goes one way the relief here will be great; if it goes the other way the pressure will increase. These are history-making days, but they are heart-breaking and nerve-racking. I do not know what our country could do without the great embassy with its garden. Later it will become more important. I cannot write much or very often for the days and nights do not give me time to do the things which crowd upon me with an insistence that cannot be denied. I will try to make memoranda of interesting events.

"August 26. I am waiting at the Foreign Office to see the minister, and find here my first moment in some days for a chance to scribble a line.

"The great battle has been on for days and as yet we do not know what the issue is to be. It looks as though it would be another 'Tale of Two Cities,' perhaps three, for the Russians and Servians will try to get into Vienna. Bryan telegraphs me that Sharp sailed to-day. I have kept all the time a place on *La France* and shall hope now to use it the last of September on her return from New York. Much is bound to happen before that time. The organization of all

the work here has now been made, but even so we spend our days and our nights at the chancery. One o'clock is early to bed, and if not up at eight the telephone makes sleep impossible. I have chartered boats and trains and have sent many of our people home. Three thousand came up from Geneva, one thousand a day for three days, to sail on chartered boats.

"What a different Paris! No gayety; most of the shops and hotels closed; few restaurants open. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of one of the society butterflies, who seems as out of place as a straw hat in January. There is a look of apprehension in the eyes of everyone, maybe one of fear. Then the sad faces of the women are most depressing. Every day now I learn of the death or wounding of some of our young friends. Everyone wants to ask you whether you think the Germans will really come to Paris. A pall is on the nation while it breathlessly awaits the issue at arms. Whichever way it may go we now know that it will take many years to readjust the world to normal conditions and the loss of life. One shudders to think of the wounded and dying now filling the railway trains and hospitals.

"The minister calls now, so must go."

On August 28th he writes to President Wilson:

"I shall do everything in my power to meet your expressed desire that I remain here after the arrival of Mr. Sharp and 'that the change of ambassadors be delayed until the strain is passed,' for I fully appreciate that in a crisis like this personal considerations and feelings must be subordinated.

"Should events so shape themselves that Paris is cut off from all communication and my departure is rendered impossible, either in or out of office, the situation would be most difficult and trying for both of us. Therefore I feel that in justice to Mr. Sharp and myself I should take my departure as early as possible after his arrival.

"I thank you very sincerely for the message of confidence

which you conveyed to me through the Secretary of State.

"With assurances of my regard, etc."

September 2nd, to his son:

"The diplomatic train carrying the government, also the diplomatic corps, leaves to-night at 10.50. . . .

"for Bordeaux, I drafted into service John W. Garrett, the minister to the Argentine who happened to be here. He leaves with the government, taking with him Louis Sussdorff, Jr., the third secretary, and Captain F. H. Pope, as military attaché.

"Harjes will set up a bank in Bordeaux; they have already sent a large part of their money there.

". . . Our government took no responsibility in advising me to go or to stay; but after weighing carefully all the circumstances, I made up my mind, in view of our many and great interests here, that there was a possibility that I might, as the representative of our great country, exert a restraining influence—to some extent at least. . . .

"I suppose Sharp is arriving. I asked Bryan to give me notice of the ship on which he sailed and the time of his arrival, in order that I might arrange for customs courtesies and see that he was properly received. He has not replied. I am really very sorry for Mr. Sharp, for the way things have turned out he comes at a very inopportune time. Probably, under the circumstances, I shall have to remain until after the siege is over, whatever may be my desires. I would be glad if an opportunity offered by which we could gracefully leave. However, I shall not do so until I am convinced that I have discharged my duty to the full in every possible way. . . .

"I do not want you and Agnes to be troubled over my decision in this matter, and I want you to know that it was the only possible decision that I could make under the circumstances.

"We shall not be in danger—that is, not very much. I

know exactly what we are in for! I know that the embassy will be filled with frightened people, and there will be some terrible days; but we are strong, and shall be able to see it through to the finish. . . . Your mother is quite well now, and actively engaged in hospital work. . . . The wounded are just beginning to come in there to-day. . . .

". . . We have gotten all the people out of Switzerland. I have chartered boats and filled them, and we have indeed accomplished many things. Thousands have passed through the chancery. We have settled down to efficient work, and have been able to take care of everybody. I think I have not once been called to account, except by a woman—a D. A. R. from Georgia—who said she was going to look after my case. I asked her if she had any influence in Washington. She said she had 'and with the President.' I asked her if she would use it, and she said she would. I thanked her very cordially, and assured her that I hoped she would exert it to get me out of this place. I told her I had tried for one and a half years to leave here and had not been successful; if she could use her influence to have me removed so that I might reach home safely, I would feel most obliged to her. She left me in a rage, and said that I would hear from her later.

"Your mother is very busy to-day putting beds in the house, as we expect that we shall have many people to take care of later. . . . We are preparing for considerable hotel business later on, when the Germans come, if they come.

"Sir Francis Bertie came to call this morning and told me that Lord Kitchener was with him last night. He said that they had blown up the beautiful bridge over the Oise at Compiègne, that ten thousand of his soldiers were dead, that there were Germans working toward the east as well as to the west of Paris. I felt it was possible that, inasmuch as the Frenchmen were really fighting for their altars and their fires, they would die in their tracks before they would permit them to enter Paris. This may be true yet;

but the terrible onslaught of the Germans seems almost beyond human resistance and they may take Paris in the near future. But I believe they will be defeated in the end. . . .

"Your mother and I are very sad when we talk about the children, and about you and Agnes, and think how beautiful it is on the 'Heights' and how we would love to be with you. The future is not very bright and we have to turn our thoughts to other things. Fortunately for us there are plenty of things to turn them to. We go to the chancery every night, Robert Bliss and I, Frazier, Laurence Norton, and Sussdorff. They look like potato sprouts in a cellar, they are so pale and tired. . . . Hazeltine and his wife have been here constantly since the beginning, sitting in the hall, helping with the people. We are a bank and a relief society and a railway exchange; in fact, we transact all kinds of business. I have gotten in a good bookkeeper now to systematize it. It has grown so large, our business, that the halls are lined with people all their length, and the office and the library filled with them. . . ."

XXII

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES PARIS

"THE first intimation I had that the French government was going to quit Paris was during the memorial service for Pope Pius X held at Notre Dame. The Spanish ambassador sat next to me and he asked me if I knew that the government was getting ready to leave and that the diplomatic corps would go also. I had heard nothing of this and I was rather dumfounded. I frankly did not believe it and I told him so; but as soon as the ceremony was over I went to the Foreign Office and put the question straight to Monsieur Delcassé. After some hesitation he told me that it was true and that the government would leave the evening of September 2nd. A train for the diplomatic corps would probably start about the same time.

"I did not want to go to Bordeaux and made up my mind I would not if I could manage it, so I cabled the Department saying that in the event of the government's quitting Paris I believed I could better attend to the responsibilities I had assumed by remaining. A reply dated August 29th informed me 'The Department will be guided by your judgment as to whether the embassy should remain in Paris or follow the government.' I went at once to the Foreign Office and told Monsieur Delcassé I intended to remain. He seemed much pleased. I then cabled the Department that my proposal to stay in Paris had been cordially received by the Foreign Minister, who agreed that many interests would be served by this action. Bryan answered August 31st, 'As you are on the

ground, exercise your own judgment as to whether you will remove the embassy to Bordeaux or remain in Paris.'

"In talking over my action afterward it was natural that previous examples of similar decisions should be recalled, but I did not think of them at the time. Gouverneur Morris remained in Paris all during the Terror in 1793 and he was the only envoy—as far as I know—that did. He also had lent Louis XVI a sum of money about whose repayment he had a spirited correspondence with Louis XVIII later on, and the honors of the controversy were decidedly on Morris's side. Then, Mr. Washburne stayed on during the Commune in 1871, when almost everybody else had left, and he seems to have had no reason to regret it. I was not thinking of these precedents at all, though I am glad I was led to follow the tradition they established. It only goes to show that Americans have not much changed in their ideas during a century and a quarter.

"When Sir Francis Bertie heard I was staying, he came in to see me and asked if I would take over his embassy's archives and look after the British in Paris; then the Serbian minister and the Japanese ambassador made similar requests. I believe it was Kellogg—an expert in such matters—who said that with so many 'interests' concentrated in my hands, the Attorney General might try to dissolve me on the ground of being a trust.

"President Poincaré sent me a note on September 1st asking that I come to the Élysée the next day. He naturally had been informed by Delcassé of my intention to stay in Paris, and when I arrived he said he had requested me to come in order that he might thank me in the name of his government for my decision. I could see that he was laboring under a strong emotion. The step being taken by the Cabinet was desperately painful to him, based as it was upon the reasoned belief that in a few days the Germans would enter Paris. We of course talked of this eventuality, and he told me that the government had become cognizant of the German plan

to destroy the city section by section until France yielded unconditionally. This, he said, would never be done. It was better that the capital be laid in ashes than that France surrender. The town would be defended to the last ditch, whatever the outcome. These were brave words, but there was a note of despair in them.

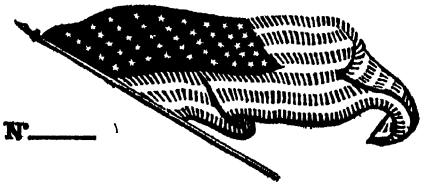
"I now discussed with him the plan I had been evolving in my mind for saving the museums, historical buildings, and great works of art from destruction by the Germans. What he had just said about their threat to burn the city by sections until the government surrendered increased my desire to find some way of saving what was irreplaceable. Monsieur Poincaré was deeply moved, for the thought of Paris falling into the Germans' hands was tearing at his heart, and he saw in my remaining, and in my determination to go the limit in trying to save the city's treasures, a hope which perhaps was the first he had felt during the preceding days of anguish. He thanked me in terms which I will not repeat but can never forget.

"The next day I had a large number of posters printed bearing this inscription, and I had a notice put in the *Herald* requesting all American citizens to come to the embassy between September 4th and 7th in alphabetical categories to get them:

SAFEGUARD

The United States Ambassador gives notice
that the building in Paris situated at ——
is occupied by Mr. ————————————
an American citizen and hence is
UNDER THE PROTECTION OF
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
The Ambassador therefore asks that the
Americans living in said building be not molested and that its contents be respected.

MYRON T. HERRICK.
Ambassador



N°____

SCHUTZBRIEF

Die Botschaft der Vereinigten Staaten Von Nord-Amerika macht bekannt dass die in Paris_____

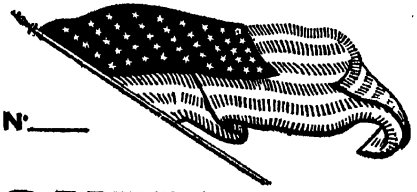
gelegenen Raeume die von_____

Amerikanischem Burger bewohnt resp. occupirt sind, sich

UNTER DEN SCHUTZE DER REGIERUNG DER VEREINIGTEN STAATEN befinden

Infolge dessen erwartet der Botschafter der Vereinigten Staaten dass die diese Raeume bewohnenden Amerikaner nicht belaestigt und die in denselben befindlichen Gegenstaende nicht bescheidigt werden.

Der Botschafter,
MYRON T. HERRICK



N°____

SAUVEGARDE

AVIS

est donné par **L'AMBASSADEUR DES ETATS-UNIS D'AMERIQUE**
que le local situé à Paris _____

est occupé par M_____
de nationalité Américaine, et de ce fait se trouve **SOUS LA PROTECTION DU GOUVERNEMENT DES ETATS-UNIS.**

En conséquence, l'Ambassadeur demande que les Américains habitant ledit lieu ne soient pas molestés et que les objets s'y trouvant soient respectés.

L'Ambassadeur,
MYRON T. HERRICK

WHEN THE DOOM OF PARIS IMPENDED

Facsimiles of the poster which Mr. Herrick had printed for the protection of American citizens in Paris in the dark days of September, 1914.

"These I proposed to have them paste on all their houses. I moreover intended, in case the Germans reached the outskirts of the city and demanded its surrender, to go out and talk with their army commander and, if possible, the Kaiser. My reasoning was this: I was the official representative of the German government in Paris, a position I had accepted at their request; I therefore had a right to demand that they see me; the United States was the one neutral country whose power was sufficient to influence German policy; the vast collections of art treasures in Paris were a part of the world's patrimony and as such their preservation was important to us and to the whole civilized world, Germany included; their deliberate destruction for military and political ends was an injury to Americans almost to the same extent as to Frenchmen; I therefore felt justified in trying to give them our protection as against the inrushing troops and, as American ambassador, to represent to the Kaiser how my country would view their willful destruction.

"I informed Mr. Bryan of this conversation with Monsieur Poincaré, but I refrained from saying anything about the idea I had evolved (and which I had not confided to Poincaré) of going out to see the German army commanders in case they reached the city. That left our Secretary of State free to disavow me if he chose to. But I would have had my say, and perhaps time would have been gained.

"On Wednesday night [September 2, 1914] the government left on a special train, the diplomatic corps following immediately on another. Mrs. Herrick and I went to the station to see them off. I shall never forget the picture presented by that train-load of ambassadors, ministers, secretaries, women, babies, servants, dogs, cats, birds, and a collection of baggage that reminded me of a gypsy camp. There were no sleeping cars. It seemed to me it would have taken most of the sleeping cars in Paris to give each one a berth. And then, it was so much easier to solve all questions of rank by giving every soul of them the same accommodations. Of course it was

easy enough for my wife and myself to smile inwardly at all this, since we were going back home to comfortable beds; but to my colleagues, who were used to being very thoroughly taken care of on all occasions, the whole business was detestable. And they said so freely. However, it wasn't my war! Ten days after, when I went out to the front with Lépine and saw the refugees with their cows, pigs, and children all mixed up in the same cart, I could not help recalling the scene. There was no use refusing to have a little fun, even if a war was on.

"At the station Sir Francis Bertie said, 'You *did* play a nasty trick on the Spanish ambassador!'

"I expressed the surprise I sincerely felt.

"'You didn't know,' he inquired, 'that the King ordered him to stay in Paris if you did? His trunks were all packed and he wanted to go and now he has to stay.' Sir Francis thought it a good joke, and he loved jokes, especially on a colleague. Who doesn't?

"This explained a small matter which had occurred a few days back. On my arrival at the chancery one day, Bliss informed me that the Spanish ambassador had just been there and regretted missing me. He had, however, explained to Bliss that he had come in to offer a friendly suggestion, which was that if the diplomatic corps left I would be severely criticized if I did not accompany them. I now saw what must have laid behind that visit which Bliss related to me.

"How King Alfonso could have divined or indeed anticipated my intentions, I do not know to this day. In any case when he heard all about what had occurred he brought his representative home. The new envoy, the Marquess of Valtierra, came to see me as soon as he got to Paris, and in the course of the visit he told me that he suspected his election was due to a conversation he had had with the King when the move to Bordeaux was announced.

"'Where do you think our ambassador ought to be, in Paris or in Bordeaux?' His Majesty asked.

"'In Paris, sire,' the general replied (he was not a diplomat, he was a soldier); 'your ambassador should be the instrument, not the ornament, of your government.'

"When I got home that night I found the following note from Baron Ishii:

AMBASSADE IMPÉRIALE DU JAPON

Paris, 2 Sept. 1914.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

I cannot begin this letter without repeating to you my warmest personal thanks for the very cordial friendship with which you met my request with regard to the protection of the Japanese interests in Paris in case of my temporary absence.

The arrangement which we arrived at, subject to the approval of our respective governments, has now been sanctioned by them, and I beg to address to you the accompanying despatch for the sake of formality. The Japanese remaining here will be only two or three and I hope will not have to trouble you much.

Hoping Mrs. Herrick and yourself will be doing well in spite of the onerous duty devolving upon you and of the painful days you will have to pass, I beg to remain, my dear Colleague,

Yours most sincerely,
K. ISHII.

"The next day Wedel-Jarlsberg, the Norwegian minister, came to see me. I was surprised at his being in Paris, but he told me he had no intention of leaving. I inquired if he had asked the consent of his government. He said if he did that they would tell him to conform to what the others were doing. He would therefore merely announce that he was remaining and see what the reply would be. Wedel then asked if Mrs. Herrick and I would dine with him that evening. He said he had always wanted to give a dinner and invite

the whole diplomatic corps and now was his chance! I accepted, and as Baron Wedel had the best cook in Paris—still has, in my opinion—we ate a good dinner and also had a most amusing talk about the various little incidents that had occurred among our colleagues in connection with this hegira. It was a pleasant change from all the impending tragedy that necessarily filled everybody's thoughts. Mrs. Herrick was the only lady present. The Danish minister was there, having stayed over to keep an engagement that day with his dentist, but the dentist had fled. The Swedish chargé was also present and the Spanish ambassador, who had received imperative orders not to leave. We transacted a little business in the form of a telegram I agreed to send our government and which is quoted on page 119. That was our last diplomatic dinner in over four years."

On September 8th, in the very middle of the Battle of the Marne, whose decisive significance only a few in Paris were in a position to seize, Mr. Herrick wrote to his children:

"I am unchanged in my belief that the Germans will enter Paris ere long. . . .

"To-night I have a telegram from Gerard in Berlin telling me that the German General Staff advise all Americans to leave Paris via Rouen and Havre, soon. All the tourists have gone and many of the residents, and I have been advising everyone to go. I cannot believe that they will destroy Paris in face of the approach of the Russian armies to Berlin and Vienna. The telegram came in clear, so I suppose that, like the dropping of bombs, it is intended to terrorize us.

"I went out to-day about forty kilometers and came to the rear of the Allied forces in battle. There were about one thousand wounded in a village we passed. Our hospital is sending out in the morning to bring in as many as possible.

"The new Spanish ambassador called on me this afternoon and I took tea with him at five o'clock. He is a fine old fellow, a general.

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"The new Spanish ambassador called on me this afternoon and I took tea with him at five o'clock. He is a fine old fellow, a general.

"I would not in the least mind what is before me if your mother were out of Paris. She is not at all frightened but such scenes are not for women as fine as she is, and really not for men and women of any kind; but as long as men revert to savagery, we must have war and desolation. Then I think about you and the darling little boys and wish that Mr. Sharp were duly installed."

To understand the situation which confronted Mr. Herrick on the departure of the French government from Paris, a rapid glance at the military situation is necessary.

On August 26th the fate of Paris seemed sealed. The right wing of the German armies under Von Kluck was moving by forced marches due south upon the city. On this date General Gallieni was given command of the fortified region of Paris, having three corps of the active army assigned him for this purpose, in addition to reserve formations.

A rumor got abroad that Paris was to be considered as an open, that is unfortified, town, in order to save it from bombardment. This led Gallieni to consult Monsieur Millerand on that question and he was informed that the city was to be defended *à outrance*.

"Do you know what that may mean?" inquired Gallieni. "I might have to blow up public buildings and historical monuments, and destroy bridges—such as the Pont de la Concorde, for instance."

The Minister of War merely repeated, "You will defend Paris to the last ditch," and Gallieni went to work. The armament and garrison of the forts were reinforced, trenches dug, chevaux-de-frise and other obstructions placed to cover the approaches to the city, and active reconnaissances by land and air organized. Gallieni then posted on the walls a proclamation of a few lines: "The government has left Paris for the purpose of giving a new impulse to the country's defence. I have been charged with defending Paris against

the invader. I will carry out this duty to the bitter end." Another notice gave the hours of departure of free trains placed at the disposal of the inhabitants. He wanted as few non-combatants as possible left to care for when the city was attacked or besieged.

By September 3rd the French and British armies had fallen back behind the Marne. Maunoury's army, which was the main body of the force assigned to Gallieni for the defence of Paris, was operating on their extreme left flank. That day news came that Von Kluck's army was no longer moving due south on Paris but had changed its line of direction to the southeast, thus avoiding Paris. This act was in accordance with orthodox military theory, which teaches that the true objective of an army should be the enemy's forces and not any geographical point, however important. It was following this general law that Grant struck always at Lee's army rather than at Richmond; Lee's army defeated, Richmond must fall, did fall.

But just as Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, with Lee's approval, violated military teaching, ran a great risk and achieved a marvelous victory, so Gallieni saw in Von Kluck's change of direction the possibility of dealing him a vital blow by taking a decision equally hazardous and unorthodox, namely to strip the fortified town he was defending of all its soldiers and march out to attack in the open.

Monsieur Poincaré himself has related the interview which, the day previous, he had with Mr. Herrick concerning the protection of museums, monuments, and works of art in Paris:

"He alone had announced his intention of remaining in Paris," said Monsieur Poincaré; "I wished to thank him, and I made a rendez-vous with him for Wednesday. When he came into my office, his expression, usually so gay, was clouded with sadness and at our first words his frank, fearless eyes filled with tears. 'No,' he said, 'I shall not leave

Paris. Some defender of the law of nations ought to stay. Who will protect your museums, your monuments, your libraries? I can speak in the name of the United States, and have no fear—I will find a way to prevent pillage and massacre!'

"I told him of my grief at leaving and I swore to him that we would fight on till victory came. 'I know it,' he answered; 'and for my part I have no doubts of that victory; France cannot perish.'

"Each sentence he spoke seemed to come from his inmost soul, and if I had not already known his affection for us, I would have realized then that we had no such sure and devoted friend as he."

On September 4th, at dawn, General Gallieni sent out his aviators with orders to report by 10 A. M. what direction the German columns were following. They confirmed the news of September 3rd—the Germans had obliqued off to the southeast. He immediately informed Maunoury of his intentions. His army, reënforced by the 45th Algerian Division, was to assail Von Kluck's right flank. These orders given, Gallieni telephoned to General Joffre to explain the new situation that had arisen and the attack he contemplated. The coöperation of the British being essential, Gallieni went to see Marshal French to ask it.

General Joffre, who had been waiting for a favorable moment to make his contemplated counter-offensive, saw that this time had come, and the next morning, September 5th, at 2:35 o'clock, he sent to all his armies the famous order, saying, "A battle is about to be engaged on which depends the safety of the country—every effort must be made to attack and drive back the enemy. Troops which cannot advance any further must at any cost hold on to the ground they have conquered, and die in their tracks rather than yield a foot."

That same day Maunoury moved his troops into position for battle. He asked Gallieni, "If I should be completely

overwhelmed, what is to be my line of retreat?" The general answered with one word, "None" (*néant*). The next day, September 6th, he attacked Von Kluck, and the Battle of the Marne, stretching from Paris to the eastern frontier, commenced.

Had Gallieni been mistaken in his tactical conception, had Maunoury failed to crumple the enemy's flank, hardly a soldier would have been left to defend Paris, and the capital would have fallen like ripe fruit into the Germans' hands.

The next day, September 7th, a powerful column attempted to envelop Maunoury's left flank. It was then that Gallieni gathered seven hundred of the taxicabs of Paris and loaded them with troops which, entering the fight early the next morning, warded off this danger.

The battle last five days without a respite. By September 11th the Germans, definitely beaten, were retreating across the Aisne. Paris was saved.

The most interesting tribute ever made to the French soldier, curiously enough, comes from General von Kluck. This story was related to me by General Mangin and has since appeared over his signature. Talking to a Swedish gentleman several years after the battle, Von Kluck had this to say: "If you want to know the material reasons for our failure, read the newspapers of those days. They will tell you of the lack of ammunition and the failure of our commissariat. All that is exact. But there is another reason which is entirely decisive for it caused the others to manifest themselves, and that is the capacity of the French private to 'come back.' This quality evades the most careful calculation. That men will stand fast and get killed is a well-known fact, discounted for every battle; we accept that Companies X, Y, or Z will be annihilated to a man without yielding an inch of ground and that so many minutes can be counted upon before this can be effected; we can draw useful conclusions from such data. But to suppose that men half dead with fatigue and lying worn out on the ground could, when the

bugle sounded, seize their guns and attack like demons, is a thing which we never thought to see, a possibility which never entered into the calculations of our war colleges."

Little of the events that have just been related was immediately known in Paris. Indeed, the officers fighting at Chalons had no idea of what was taking place at Meaux and those on the Ourcq were wholly ignorant of what was passing around Nancy. During these days Mr. Herrick wrote to his son:

DEAR PARMELY:

The French are enthusiastic about driving the Germans back for two days, but I fear they have not succeeded in breaking the German lines and that the army will soon be joined by that of the Crown Prince, in which event they will be calling upon us in Paris within a few days. . . .

Last evening one of the officers came in to tell me that near Meaux there were about a thousand wounded people who were suffering and receiving no attention. I called up Mr. Benét and Mr. Carroll and others, who went out with the ambulances and brought in thirty-four this morning, without the formality of obtaining permission or anything. This afternoon, they are leaving to get some English officers. . . .

I have had a strong desire to drive out and see what is taking place, but we are so crowded with things that we have little time for other than the pressing affairs of the hour. . . .

Last night when I told your mother of the telegram we had from Berlin, advising us to leave, she was a little disturbed. This morning at luncheon she said she had taken a sleeping powder and passed the night very comfortably, otherwise, she might have dreamed of invasions!

The great battle is going on, and upon its issue will depend whether we have the Teutons as guests or not. If the French are beaten, I expect they will reduce the forts and come into the city. At any event, we are preparing for them. I have six

Jackies up from the *Tennessee!* They are nice-looking boys, and are on guard at the embassy because of the valuables we have in the safes in the basement. One of them is from Oklahoma, one from Wisconsin, one from Connecticut, one from New York, and I have not yet met the other two. I like the lads. They seem much pleased to be in Paris, and their first visit promises to be quite exciting, as exciting as if they had arrived "in the season."

I went with James Gordon Bennett to the church to-day and quietly helped to baptize him. I think I am getting along very well. I passed the plate on Sunday, baptized Bennett to-day, and to-morrow shall assist at his wedding. He faces matrimony and the invasion of the Germans with equal fortitude.

It depends now on the next few days whether the Germans enter Paris. If the Allies are defeated then the town will be besieged. In that event you might not hear from us for a few days, but do not be worried. Should anything happen to us, be always sure that we could not have avoided this danger.

By September 14th, however, the fact that the Germans had been definitely checked was known. They were no longer on the Marne but had been driven back to the Aisne, whence they gave no signs of moving in either direction. For six weeks Mr. Herrick had been hard at it in his office and when this respite came he decided to take a look at things on the outside. He wrote a letter to his son on September 14th:

DEAR PARMELY:

Saturday morning I went with Lépine, the celebrated Prefect of Police, of Paris, and some officers in a military automobile to Meaux; there we called on the Bishop, and then drove to the other side of the Marne across a bridge which had been temporarily repaired after having been blown up by the Germans in their retreat. . . .

We brought our lunch with us, and a woman who kept a

little hotel gave us some vivid accounts of the occupation by the Germans; she brought out some liqueurs after lunch and we asked her how it happened that she had these wines; she said she had hidden them in the ash pile and had hidden her daughters in the cellar. . . .

There were thirty German wounded in a schoolhouse.

From that place we drove on in the direction of Soissons where a big battle took place yesterday; we met very many refugees returning to their homes in the villages, a sorry-looking lot. We met French wounded coming back, also many of the German wounded and some British.

At a little village we saw three British Tommies; all had been slightly wounded but not badly enough to lay up. They said they were staying there because they had buried their colonel in the garden of the château. We had cigarettes and newspapers and things for them which were very gratefully received. . . .

At a cross-road where we stopped, the proprietor of a little shop showed us a small box which had been pried open and they said their stocks and bonds had been taken away. While we were waiting there, some British scouts on motor-cycles came up and said that down the road in the forest there was an ambulance that had been fired upon by some snipers, whose idea was, no doubt, to dispose of the wounded and take the ambulance to escape by its means. Just at that moment a little automobile squad came up, went into the wood, and shot the five Germans. When they told us, I asked them if the Germans had been taken prisoners. They said that men who shot at an ambulance could not be taken prisoners.

A little further on we met a taxicab which had evidently been "requisitioned" by a farmer who did not know how to drive an automobile; in it were five calves who were sticking their heads out of the windows, and a cow hitched behind; they were making very slow progress and a woman and two boys seemed to enjoy the humor of the scene.

At a bridge, of which one span had been blown off, we saw an automobile partly out of the water: three German officers hastily fleeing from a hot fire had not noticed that the bridge was broken and had dropped down fifty feet. They were under the automobile. I asked the men if they were trying to get the bodies out; they said, no, they were trying to get the automobile.

We now took a circuit; we had started for La Ferté but we found that some of the bridges were blown up and that we could not get across, so we went back to Meaux and Dammartin and from Dammartin to Betz. This road for some thirty miles had been the scene of the fiercest battle, and the field was strewn with dead horses; we saw many fresh mounds where soldiers were buried, and on both sides of the road, with their faces turned up to the sky, were lying dead German soldiers waiting to be buried. At Betz, where we arrived at about sundown, quantities of arms, guns, and ammunition had not yet been gathered up from the field; one of the hottest fights had taken place there; the people said ten thousand Germans had been killed. I do not think there were quite so many as that but the number was very large. It was a gruesome sight.

It was raining very hard. We returned to Paris at high speed, most of the time at fifty miles an hour, and sometimes the road was very rough. As we drove on we saw enormous motor trucks carrying supplies and ammunition, bearing the signs of firms in London. These motor trucks had been requisitioned in England and they were immense affairs carrying tremendous loads. I was greatly impressed by the excellent organization displayed in everything. We met many wagons, drawn by eight or ten horses, carrying ammunition to the front; it was a great sight, and all the way to Paris we were constantly meeting wagons, trains, and trucks; everything well organized and moving with perfect regularity, as it has been all the time.

At one place where we stopped there were two English

soldiers who said they had fought all the way back from Belgium; there had been about twelve hundred men in their regiment and when they at last were separated there were only three hundred left. . . . These boys were with the French soldiers; we gave them cigarettes, chocolate, etc., and I asked the two English lads if they were in need of money; they answered that they had just one franc between them which they were saving up. I gave them an English sovereign, at which they were very happy. The boys said they had been told by their colonel that it would be necessary for them to be made a sacrifice, and they said: "It gave us a jolly shiver and we said our prayers; when we found that we were not dead we shook hands with ourselves." The English soldiers are fine-looking fellows.

Then we drove into Paris, being constantly stopped by the sentries. Lépine was in the automobile back of us and I was with the officers in front; we had to slacken speed well before we came up with the sentries, because if your automobile goes full speed and comes up abreast of them they are liable to fire upon you. The French soldier who was driving was a good bluffer; he did not have the password but he had all his papers; they demanded the password but he cried out in every instance: "*C'est la voiture de l'Ambassadeur des États-Unis*" and in nearly every instance they gave way and saluted. The one back of us simply cried out "Lépine," whom they all knew.

You would hardly recognize to-day the approaches to Paris. Everywhere they have thrown out breastworks, trees have been felled, chevaux-de-frise laid down, roads barricaded with *pavés*, and all sorts of obstructions set up.

I was quite nervous about being kept out so late because of your mother, who naturally was rather anxious. I arrived at about ten o'clock, soaking wet and tired; I changed my clothes, had a hot bath and a good dinner, and felt very much refreshed. This trip was the first rest I have really had since the war; it was most inspiriting and invigorating. . . .

Sunday, General Gallieni and Aristide Briand asked me to go with them to visit the hospitals, the Val de Grâce and Saint-Martin. Their staff accompanied us. They were pleased to show me how the German prisoners were being taken care of exactly the same as the French, receiving every attention. They said to one German officer: "Now that you are wounded and helpless here, you are no longer an enemy, you are only with friends where you are being nursed back to health." "We shall never be friends," he replied. "I am always your enemy."

After we had finished the visit to the French military hospitals, I said to the party—we had started about eight, it was then about ten—"go with me now to the American Ambulance. I shall not advise them of your coming, we shall take them by surprise." We arrived there and found everything spick and span as I expected; Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Munroe, and many others, in nurse's uniform, received us and we found the hospital and the officers in perfect order. There were German, Algerian, French, and English soldiers. . . .

This hospital, which it was my pleasure to initiate and which caused me some anxiety in the beginning, is going to prove one of the blessings of the situation. It is in the hands of the best physicians in the world, Dr. Blake and others caring for the wounded in a masterful way. All want to go there; its reputation has already gone abroad in the army.

The tension has now been a great deal relieved in Paris. There was a period when we feared it was only a question of days when it would be invested, and people wore solemn faces, because the French had determined to defend Paris by the outer and inner forts and in that case the chances were that the town would be destroyed or very much damaged. While the danger of invasion of this city has not passed, it is now quite far away and the next two or three days will determine whether the Germans will come here at all. I am inclined to think now they will not.

I feel from the way things look in America that I should be there with you now. I suppose our fortune will be very much reduced, but that we can accept with fortitude, because that is of little consequence when you think of the terrible calamity that has befallen the people of Europe.

At this time Mr. Herrick received a letter from the President, dated August 27, 1914:

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

I have a friend in France, Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigné, 25 bis, rue de Brancas, Sèvres, the brother of a very dear chum of mine over here (the American form of the name being Dabney) and he has fallen upon very hard fortune in these war times, because he is a teacher of singing by profession—was once in the Grand Opera himself—and naturally singing lessons are suspended in these days of stress, particularly because his pupils were chiefly from this side of the water. He is in no special trouble or danger now, of course, but I wanted to give his name and address to the embassy so that if the war should girt Paris about he would not be forgotten in the round-up and succor of Americans.

May I not express my warm appreciation of the way in which you have been handling a very difficult and trying situation? All who return from Paris speak your praise.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

"I tried to find M. d'Aubigné," said Mr. Herrick, "but his house was closed and no one knew where he had gone. I wrote to the President to tell him this and I seized the opportunity offered to thank him directly for having permitted me to remain in Paris instead of going to Bordeaux, and for his complimentary references to my work."

On September 10th the President again wrote to him:

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

Thank you for your letter of August twenty-eighth. I hope you fully understand our plan and wish with regard to Mr. Sharp. It is as far as possible from being our wish to shorten your stay or interrupt the admirable work you are doing in Paris. We merely thought that it was fair to Mr. Sharp to let him go and see what arrangements he could make for himself personally and that while he was there it would make his stay more interesting and tolerable if he as a private individual could be of some assistance to you.

Everybody speaks in warmest praise of what you have done in this critical and perplexing time.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Mr. Herrick wrote to Mr. Wilson from Paris on September 24th:

"I was very much touched and gratified to receive your letter of September 10th, for which I thank you.

"I think it hardly possible for you to appreciate the value of the profound satisfaction with which your statement as to this crisis being no child's play was received here. In this connection I am enclosing you an article from the *Figaro* of this morning.

"There is no doubt that all these warring nations expect and desire that the United States should in the end play a great rôle and exert a restraining influence in the peace settlements. Any movement to mediate at the present time is bound to prove abortive. The French temperament is such that premature suggestions of settlement and of peace, though prompted by high purposes on the part of neutrals, are looked upon with suspicion and regarded as unfriendly in intent.

"It would seem that the Battle of Battles now being

fought is destined to be most important and decisive in this terrible war. Should the Allied forces be vanquished, it is probable that the Germans will return to Paris. The spirit of the armies, their confidence and determined purpose, is reflected by the people here."

XXIII

GALLIENI

"The day after the government left for Bordeaux General Gallieni, the military governor of Paris, came to call on me, bringing a staff officer with him, Joseph Reinach, I think it was. He told me he wished me to understand that he and his headquarters were at my disposal, and if I wanted anything, to telephone him and it would be done. He was extremely kind. We talked a little about the situation at the front, of which he gave me some idea. The Germans were near Compiègne to the north and were crossing the Marne to the east. The general explained all this in a perfectly businesslike fashion, making few comments and no predictions. I do not know whether the conception of the great surprise attack on the German flank he was going to order two days later was then in his mind; in any case, he said nothing about it.

"In getting up to leave, Gallieni remarked in a casual way, 'I wonder if you would like to take a drive with me? We can get a little fresh air and perhaps I might show you some of the arrangements for the defence of the city.' I accepted with alacrity. His car and mine were in front of the chancery. Mine was that little open victoria I was so fond of. Gallieni suggested that we take it instead of his army car, so we started off with my little fox terrier, Billy, sitting on the box by the chauffeur. The general gave the directions as to the route to follow. We didn't see any forts or any defences or any soldiers, but we went through the most populous quarters of Paris—what in New York would be the East

Side. In fact, it was the east side of Paris, the Faubourg-Saint-Antoine and out in that direction.

"The streets were very quiet, terribly quiet, but we were recognized; at least the general was; people took off their hats and many cheered. When we got back to the chancery, Gallieni said he hoped I would forgive him if he had appeared to play a little trick on me, but he wanted the population of Paris to see me, see us together. It would encourage them after the gloomy feeling which followed the government's departure.

"The next day I went over to the building opposite the Invalides where Gallieni had his headquarters and returned his call. After that there was constant communication between us, and anything I wanted was done immediately. The staff officer we most often saw or telephoned to was Joseph Reinach or, as Bliss always called him, 'Polybe.' That was the name he signed to the articles he wrote every day in the *Figaro* telling about the operations. Another was Monsieur Doumer, now president of the French Senate.

"During the Battle of the Marne Lord Robert Cecil came to see me, bringing with him his sister. She had heard that her son had been killed near Villers-Cotterêts; she could get no confirmation and they wanted to go there and try to find out something for themselves. Lord Robert said there were no British authorities in Paris to whom they could apply for a permit, not even a consul; could we do anything? Bliss called up 'Polybe,' we gave Lord Robert one of our requisitioned American cars, and in a few hours he and his sister had their pass and were en route. He was rather impressed.

"The British G.H.Q. asked us to furnish them a daily list of all British officers and men who had been taken to the hospitals of Paris or who had died there. This was not easy, but one of my officers was finally ordered to visit every hospital in the region twice a day. A card index was made, and we could give accurate information about any man in five minutes. Lord Robert, on returning from the front, examined

this system and obtained authority from his government to create a similar one. This he did with a large staff which he ably directed; eventually he took all the British work off our hands.

"One day 'Polybe' called up to say that General Joffre requested my military attaché to make a visit to the front and see for himself how the Germans made war. Bliss also wanted to go on the trip. This being readily agreed to, he and Colonel Cosby started with a staff officer for Chalons, stopping at Joffre's headquarters at Châtillon. What they saw they repeated to me, and it seemed loathsome. However, we were not used to these German practices at that time and the impression was vivid. Unfortunately, as the war went on, everybody got blunted with the daily repetition of old horrors and the invention of new ones. It was at this time that the Germans gained for themselves the appellation of Hun, and I only wish that now, after all these years have elapsed, some proof could be found which would enable the world to revise the judgment it then passed on a great nation's conduct.

"While at Joffre's headquarters, Bliss and Cosby, by mere chance, rescued Richard Harding Davis, Fisher Wood, and one of our army officers who had permits to visit the front but had gone far beyond the line set down for them. They had been arrested and brought in as possible spies. We got them out, but they really did not seem to understand that they had been in a serious fix.

"At this time Mr. Bryan was much agitated for fear the American Hospital in Paris was not strictly neutral. He cabled to know whether it was caring for German wounded there as well as Allied. You see, the newspaper correspondents were crying for copy to cable, and as they were not allowed to send much news of what was going on at the front, they filled up with stories about work at the hospital—how all wounded British officers were sent there, how efficient it was, what great service it was rendering the French, etc.

Excellent propaganda for the hospital but disturbing to Mr. Bryan's sentiments about neutrality.

"When his telegram came, unfortunately there was not a German case in the Ambulance, so before replying I sent for Lieutenant Greble and told him it would be a good thing to have some German wounded there before night. He started out in an automobile for the front, picked up three Germans somewhere near Meaux, and started back. When he got halfway home, near Claye I think it was, one of the wounded men died. Greble laid him out on the side of the road, knowing he would be found and buried, and hurried back with the other two to the American Hospital, reporting to me their safe arrival. I immediately telegraphed Mr. Bryan that wounded Germans were being cared for in our Ambulance. These two men were well nursed, and recovered. They never knew what probably saved their lives.

"There was a curious sequel to this incident. When the French discovered this dead German so near to Paris, they did not know what to make of it. No fighting had taken place so close by and it gave rise to all sorts of theories at military headquarters. When I got wind of this I told Gallieni how it happened.

"I last saw the general when he came to bid me good-bye at the station on my departure late in November. I attended the unveiling of his statue on the Esplanade des Invalides in 1927, and as I sat there all these tragic times came back to me. What a strange thing is the military profession! Here was a man whose whole life had been spent preparing for one supreme moment. Fortunately, when it came he was ready.

"These recollections of Gallieni make me think of another great general whose death in all the fulness of his magnificent vigor caused me the deepest sorrow. I mean Mangin. I did not meet him till my return to France after the war. It was he who conceived and carried through the beautiful idea of the monument which all admire in the Place des États-Unis, erected to the honor of America's volunteers in

the Great War. His speech on that occasion is one of the finest tributes ever made by a soldier to comrades of another land.

"Three years later I was led to look up his history—not his work during the war, for everybody is acquainted with that, but what he did in Africa long years before, and the kind of people he came from. His grandfather had ten children, several of whom were soldiers; his father, like himself, had eight. His eldest brother was killed in Tonkin, the third son was killed in Mauretania, the fourth died of fever on his way to Tonkin, and the fifth was mobilized as a sergeant in Africa in 1914. It was to him that the general, his brother, sent the following telegram: 'I am asking that you be sent at once to France, for when fighting is on, no Mangin must be absent.' He came, was wounded, cited three times in orders, and, the war over, returned to Senegal, where he died of his wounds.

"Such a recital deserves a place along with the story of Paul Jones or Nathan Hale, and I like to remember that in one of the greatest battles of the war, where our troops took a decisive part, they were commanded by General Mangin."

The eight children left by the general in 1925 had almost no means of support, and a committee was formed to raise a fund to educate them. When Mr. Herrick heard of this he wrote the following letter:

My dear Marshal Joffre:

The untimely death of General Mangin has brought vividly to the minds of the whole world the patriotic service which he so faithfully and unselfishly gave to his country, and which, undoubtedly, served to shorten his life. The universal wave of sympathy and affection which has welled up will find expression in a spontaneous response to the appeal made by you and your noble committee for funds to educate his eight children and establish them in life. It is no charity, but rather an opportunity, loyally to care for the legitimate

wards of a grateful nation. Therefore, my dear Marshal, permit me, as an admirer and friend of this great soldier, to make a small contribution to this purpose, and, also, to add that it is not possible for the distinguished gentlemen who compose this committee to know the depths of the confidence and affection in which they are held, not alone by their own countrymen, but by countless millions outside.

I am, as ever,

Your admiring and faithful friend,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

In addition to taking care of German and Austrian interests, including soon those of Turkey, Mr. Herrick fell heir, after the diplomatic corps established themselves in Bordeaux, to all the nationals of Great Britain, Japan, Serbia, Guatemala, Nicaragua, etc., etc. The representative of Liberia, with some naïveté, tried to make him a sort of Liberian minister, but this the State Department could not permit. The services he and Mrs. Herrick rendered to all these people were thoroughly appreciated and handsomely acknowledged. The following letter from the British ambassador is an example:

British Embassy,
Bordeaux.
October 4th, 1914.

SIR:

I have the honour to inform Your Excellency that Sir Henry Austin Lee has, by direction of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, returned to Paris to look after the interests of British Subjects there. The Consulate General is also to be re-opened, and Mr. Pyke is proceeding to Paris in the capacity of Acting Consul General.

I have received instructions from Sir Edward Grey to convey to you the most cordial thanks of His Majesty's Government for the trouble taken by you in caring for British in-

terests and their high appreciation of the great kindness shown by you to British Subjects needing assistance.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient,
humble servant,
FRANCIS BERTIE.

His Excellency,
The Honourable Myron T. Herrick.

The next day, Sir Francis (afterward Lord) Bertie, supplemented this with a personal note:

DEAR HERRICK:

For I think that to judge by your friendship to me you will allow me so to designate you, I am very grateful to you for your letter of October 2nd, most kind as regards myself and very interesting in other respects.

I have written to you officially to thank you on behalf of His Majesty's Government for all you have done for British Subjects during the absence at Bordeaux of the whole Embassy staff, and while expressing to you my gratitude for all you have done I tender to you all my apologies for the situation created and which gave your staff and your consular officers work which ought never to have been thrown on them.

If you dropped down in Bordeaux with no knowledge of what is going on north of Paris you would imagine that it was a time of peace and that there were military manœuvres in the neighbourhood, for the town is full of soldiers and military automobiles, carts, etc. The shops are all open and the streets gay.

There are many wounded in the hospitals and I fancy that the arrangements are not first-rate; but as to that you will no doubt hear or have heard from Mr. Garrett.

There is already talk of a return to Paris next month;

but unless and until the Germans have all been driven out of France it would be foolish to move from here for they might return to the neighbourhood of Paris and a second flight of the Government would be more than "regrettable."

My best respects and remembrances to Mrs. Herrick from

Yours sincerely,
FRANCIS BERTIE.

The Queen also wrote her thanks to Mrs. Herrick:

Buckingham Palace, London.
October 11, 1914.

DEAR MRS. HERRICK:

I have heard from various sources how exceedingly kind and thoughtful Mr. Herrick and you have been to the English people in Paris during this trying time, and I feel that I must write and let you know how deeply grateful the King and I are to you both for what you have done, and are doing, for their relief and comfort. I recall with pleasure our recent visit to Paris and the opportunity it gave me of meeting you both and I can assure you that this friendly and sympathetic action on the part of you and your husband is very highly appreciated both by the King and me, as well as by all the people of this country.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
MARY R

To this Mrs. Herrick replied:

"I have Your Majesty's letter and both the Ambassador and I are deeply touched by the kind words it contains. We feel that we are undeserving of such high praise, for our action was but the natural response to an irresistible appeal of the human heart. Who could witness unmoved the suffering of England's brave soldiers and not try to relieve the anxiety

of their grief-stricken parents? Truly, this dreadful war touches and saddens the lives of all of us."

Many times Mr. Herrick advanced money from his own pocket to diplomats unable to get funds from home. On September 17th the Paraguayan chargé d'affaires wrote him a long letter of thanks for $4,000 which he had loaned him when Paris was threatened.

"There was no time to lose," he says, "if I wished to prevent the detention in Paris of Paraguayan citizens during a possible siege and bombardment. It was at this moment that Your Excellency resolved to take upon yourself the responsibility to come to my aid, and ordered your bank to advance the amount I needed."

The files are full of letters from all countries expressing the gratitude of people for services rendered to their kind. The largest number are from Great Britain.

And then there were annoyances, small and great. On September 30th, the ambassador wrote to the State Department saying:

"On Sunday the 27th instant I made an inspection of the embassies placed in charge of the United States, visiting the German, British, Japanese, and Austro-Hungarian embassies in succession. I found these buildings together with their courts and gardens in perfect order, in all cases guarded by the police. At the German embassy I was much surprised to see that the American flag was flying over the portico of the building where it was visible from the upper windows on the opposite side of the street, although not from the street itself. As there was no sign of an American flag when the embassy was inspected on two previous occasions, I asked the caretaker left in charge on whose orders and by what

authority he had raised the flag; he replied that Baron von Schoen, the German ambassador, had before leaving directed him to do so.

"When this matter was informally discussed at the Foreign Office, the Minister of Foreign Affairs thought that an American flag over the German embassy might have a provocative effect upon the populace and would imply that the authorities were unable to afford adequate protection. Baron von Schoen also at the last interview I had with him had made a request for an American flag which I declined. Under the circumstances, therefore, I cannot regard this incident as other than a distinct breach of faith on the part of the German ambassador, as it was explicitly understood at the time of his departure that I could not authorize the display of the American flag over the German embassy unless instructed to do so by the Department of State."

The relief which Mr. Herrick experienced when the Germans had been halted and Paris saved showed itself in his desire to write to his old friends. He wanted to share with them his immense happiness and feel them closer, after living such long days with the thought hanging over him that possibly he might never see them again. On September 15th he wrote to his old partner and friend, Mr. Parmelee, as follows:

MY DEAR JAMES:

I very greatly appreciate your letter to which I should have replied long before. As a matter of fact, I have written almost no personal letters, except to Parmely, and these were very fragmentary. However, through him you have probably known something of our movements and of the situation here. It is only now since yesterday, when the immediate danger seems to be passed, that we realize the dreadful depression caused by the apparently pending doom of Paris. As you know, the Germans were really at the city gates

and for a time little doubt was entertained but that they would enter. All these days an awful pall was hanging over the town. You would see it on the faces of the people; there was an anxious, haunted look, and the only signs of mirth were shown by the little children, who did not understand and were playing in the streets.

The turning back of the enemy produced no joyous outburst; the anxiety was too great and too deep; but the faces of the people have changed and Paris seems to assume some signs of activity. Almost all the shops are closed, there are no motor-busses, very few people in the streets, the Champs Élysées deserted, the Bois closed and the preparations for the defense at the gates still continue. The streets are unlighted at night and the city is in absolute darkness excepting for the searchlights hunting for aëroplanes; but the people are quiet and calm and seem to appreciate that this is the crucial trial upon which depends the very existence of France. And now there is a feeling in their hearts that they will triumph.

We could not help but share that gloom, for we love Paris. Then there was always an element of personal danger involved, but we were all too much occupied to think about it. Meanwhile we had provided food and accommodation for a good many people in case we should have to offer them a shelter and keep them during a siege; we had also prepared to store and guard in our cellars several millions of valuables and money for the bankers. We have a row of safes in the cellar. Our flag might of course have saved the embassy.

I would never have thought it possible to accomplish the work we have had to do. I have probably thirty people to help and the ballroom at the embassy is an office fully occupied and we have been able to do everything that came in our way on time. The care of the property of our countrymen, the relief work, the many cables sent to all parts of Europe and to and from Washington, the many questions which demanded prompt decision have much concerned me, but I am constrained to believe that so far none or few mistakes

have been made. Bliss, Frazier, Laurence Norton, et al. have been at the chancery until after twelve o'clock every night since the war, except three or four times.

I have been over the battlefield, as I have written to Parmely, and am going again in a day or two. In their steady retreat, the French fought facing two or four Germans to one, and to look over the field is a most ghastly spectacle which I cannot attempt to describe. Such a scene of carnage! It is well that the newspapers were repressed, for I think it is not possible to publish the details of such horrible deeds.

The decisive battle may soon be fought which will determine whether I can leave France. I am looking forward with more pleasure than you can imagine to our return to our native land. I appreciate fully what has been taking place in America, that some fortunes have been cut in half and that others have disappeared: but that does not seem to concern me, for we shall have enough, and to reduce the scale of living and the point of view toward life and make a general readjustment will, I think, be better for our citizenship. I am willing to take my chances with the rest of them. I think it will be a good thing for us, both you and me, to do some hard work and planning again. We have Parmely with us and together we can pull things around.

The American Ambulance is doing fine work. The English have to-day said that their officers must not be taken elsewhere. As the representative of the British government, I am now looking after them in a way. I have a list of all hospitals and get the names of wounded English in them and am the means of communicating between England and Paris. Then add to this the Germans, the Austrians, the Serbians . . . and you will see the work grows instead of lessening.

Bliss went to bed to-day, Frazier is tired out, Harry Dodge and Laurence Norton look as pale and tired as the others. But fortunately I am now in fine health and able to do the work needed. The horror of it all! Can it be that this is really 1914, the age when civilization has reached the highest peak!

Shall we advance or shall we go back? This is the question which is being solved as barbarians solved it in biblical times, only science has provided instruments of warfare whereby blood flows faster. But with all, the old savage instincts seem to be as near the surface as ever.

Affectionately yours,
MYRON.

On September 16th he wrote to his son:

"This letter is very scrappy and fragmentary, and not very well put together; however, it keeps you advised of our doings.

"Mr. Sharp came in to-day and spoke about the future.

"I told him that as far as I was concerned the place was his at any time, that I was only remaining because the President had requested it; and then I asked him if he had any idea as to when he would like to come. He said 'about October 1st,' and I then suggested that we had better cable the government to that effect. He seemed pleased, and said he would do so. I cabled at the same time, saying that Mr. Sharp had called and suggested that he would like to take over the embassy about October 1st, and that therefore I would endeavor to sail on the *France* on the 26th instant, subject to the approval of the Department.

"While there seems to be a probability that the Germans will not come to Paris, the war is far from finished, in fact just begun! We should feel perfectly delighted to go, were it not for the great responsibilities here, and the knowledge that on my departure the work will fall back on the boys who are tired and overworked. The whole force has been perfectly fine in every possible way.

"I cannot begin to tell you the great number of touching things that are said and written and telegraphed about the work here. Such appreciation is full compensation for all the trials and perplexities that beset one.

"September 28.

"The usual grind has gone on for the last few days with nothing very special. I sent Whitney Warren with Major Cosby and Major Henry to Rheims in order that Warren might observe the Cathedral. They left on Saturday morning and have not yet returned, and as I hear that the Germans have been bombarding the Cathedral again I am a little uneasy as they are going into the dangerous zone. If they are not back to-day I may have to put a tracer on them, as they may have been arrested. Within the firing line, sentinels are so excited that they do not take the time to look at the papers of prowlers. In two or three instances I have had the persons released (whose papers were all right) as soon as I found out they were arrested. The French officials apologized for arresting them, but that does not assuage the feelings of the prisoners when they have had bad accommodation and are within their rights. Richard Harding Davis was one of the aggrieved ones, although he is a good soldier and does not mind; he talks back and wins his way out. I think he rather enjoys being arrested.

"Yesterday Billy[1] and I walked to the chancery between 10:30 and 11 A. M., passing the Prince of Monaco's house. A little later Frazier and I started to make the rounds of the embassies that are in my charge, visiting the German first. We passed again near the Prince's house. About ten minutes later a bomb was thrown from a German 'Taube,' killing an old man and badly injuring a little girl playing in the street about two hundred yards from the chancery. There was a big hole in the middle of the street, precisely where we passed; all the glass in the Prince's house was smashed and the iron shutters pierced; stone in all buildings near by chipped and many windows broken, etc. If it was the intention of the bomb-throwers to excite public sentiment in the United States, I think they would have been eminently suc-

[1]His dog.

cessful had the bomb dropped when Frazier and I were passing, for you know our people love their officials dead much more than living.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel are coming to luncheon to-day. I got them out of trouble lately; they were arrested coming back from Vichy. They have given five thousand francs for the American Ambulance. Mrs. H. E. Huntington has given thirty thousand francs for the same purpose.

"September 30.

"Our people came back from Rheims all right, and I enclose a clipping from the New York *Herald* of to-day as it gives an account of the damage done to the Cathedral. It is a great pity. Last year Colonel Mott, Laurence, and I visited Rheims on the occasion of an aviation meeting and we had so much admired the Cathedral. Warren, Cosby, and Major Henry stayed three nights in Rheims. The city was bombarded every afternoon and there was an attack on the town which was repulsed by French infantry. I think that their nights were not very restful. They said that eighteen citizens had their hands tied behind their backs and were shot without any reason being given for it. They gave other details but I cannot go into them now. They also said that every day the women and children of Rheims had to take luncheon and go into the country while the bombardment went on, returning in the evening.

"The American Ambulance is cutting a very considerable figure in this crisis. It is growing in importance on account of its efficiency and willingness to serve. While it did not occur to me at the beginning, I believe that from a diplomatic point of view, when the war is over, it will do more for our good relations with France and England than one could ever have expected. It touches the hearts of the French and English, who are most enthusiastic about it.

"The Reverend Dr. Watson is really performing a very great service; he is conducting the relief organization at the

Church and is one of the leading factors of the American Ambulance. The people of Ohio, especially of Akron, would be glad to know that his ministrations to the poor and the unfortunate are far-reaching and practical. He has won the admiration and respect of all classes and works in harmony with all.

"And so the war goes on, since the great battle is raging and upon its issue all will depend; during this time there is a great tension here in Paris which permeates the whole population. The spirit of the Allied forces is fine and their courage great. They are certain that they will win, and this is the spirit which helps most to win battles. This is the nineteenth day of the battle."

A letter from the embassy messenger on reaching London October 1st informs Mr. Herrick:

"Arrived in London with the despatches and the wounded officers you wished me to take charge of. On the train I met Lord Esher, who had been to the front to see General French and to look over the situation in Paris. I mention it so as to be able to tell you that I never heard such praise as he bestowed on you, on the American Embassy in Paris and the American Ambulance. He said that he would let them know in London the way the Americans were handling the situation and that you were doing as much for the English as you were for your own countrymen."

On September 26th Mr. Wilson wrote:

"Thank you sincerely for your letter of September 5th with its enclosure. Your conduct and discretion, not only in the matter of remaining at Paris, but also in all the matters you have had to handle in these days of supreme difficulty, have reflected the greatest credit upon you and I hear nothing but comments of the most complimentary kind from

those who have been in a position to know. I send you my most cordial thanks and greetings."

November 4th, to his son:

"I asked Mr. Bacon when he left here to try to find someone to finance the hospital extension to the extent of $200,000. He has been able to arrange it through Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. We will be able now to have a hospital under the auspices of the Belgians that will receive mostly Belgian wounded, but will of course admit wounded of all nations. This does not lessen the need for money, but simply enlarges the scope of the work.

"It looks now as though the Allies would prevent the Germans from entering Dunkirk, and in that event I think we need not expect them in Paris; should they take Dunkirk and Calais they may not come here, but it would prolong the war and make it very uncomfortable.

"Lord Rothermere and Lord Murray dined with us on Sunday. I sent them out with one of our service automobiles to look for the grave of young Pearson, the son of Lord Cowdray. Two young army officers accompanied them.

"I am going on Monday to Limoges and elsewhere to inspect detention camps, hospitals, and prisoners. We sent 2,300 interns through the lines to Switzerland from the detention camps yesterday; more to follow.

"November 5th.

"I had a cipher cable from Morgenthau, our ambassador in Constantinople, yesterday afternoon for Rifaat Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to France at Bordeaux, and transmitted it to him there. Of course I did not know what was in the message, but I see by the papers this morning that he left Bordeaux yesterday. So we have probably seen the last of Rifaat, whom we sincerely regret, as well as his wife. They were very nice; you know them. They had become good friends of ours. The entry of Turkey adds a new chapter to

the war; where and how it will all lead would be difficult to tell.

"The German ambassador to Constantinople said to your mother at a dinner last summer while visiting here: 'My government gives me a summer palace, a winter palace, and a yacht, all of which costs it more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. We think it worth while.' So it would seem. He is a very able man, evidently capable of carrying out the Kaiser's wishes.

"I recall also that Baron von Schoen wanted me to enter into an agreement with them to bring about a settlement of the Mexican troubles. Mr. Paul von Schwabach of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin came here to assist. I said that I was quite willing to talk with them and to know their plans. The first suggestion of the plan was the recognition of Huerta. I told them that we need not go further; my government had decided that Huerta must go, and whether this policy was agreeable to me or not was of little consequence, as it was my duty to aid in accomplishing what my President and government desired. They said that they believed that the majority of our people were in favor of the recognition of Huerta. I replied that I was certain that the President having once decided that he would not recognize Huerta, the majority of the people would not be in favor of his withdrawing from the position taken, right or wrong. That ended the conference.

"Sir Henry Austin Lee and his wife, the Spanish ambassador and his two sons, lunched here yesterday. The Spanish ambassador is an old soldier, and thinks that there is no doubt that the Allies will win in the end, but he is not sanguine for the present; he fears the German reinforcements of four army corps, which may be able to break through the lines. I am inclined to think that with the spirit which exists among the Allies this will not happen; the pressure is terrible and it is a question of endurance.

"I am receiving many supplies to distribute, goods, money,

etc., and am planning to organize a central bureau in order to keep a record of the supplies and material coming to France.

"Mr. Coffin sent $5,000 for the Ambulance. Mabel Boardman has sent $25,000. I am glad Agnes[1] is forming a committee; there is no limit for this work except the need for money. Dr. Du Bouchet is going to Havre to arrange a hospital for the Belgians. I gave him a letter for the Belgian Foreign Minister.

"While I do not mind this foolish talk about my being a candidate for the Presidency, you should say to my friends that I would not accept the nomination if it should be offered to me.

"I should like to be with you and working with you, for I am sure the responsibilities of this time are very great and I should share them with you, but as long as the situation is so strained here, to leave would be desertion.

"I received a very nice letter from Ambassador Jusserand yesterday.

"November 6th.

"For some strange reason we received no election returns until late last night, about eleven o'clock, except a telegram which Clarence Mackay sent to Charlie Carroll, in which he said there was a rapid landslide and that I was to be a candidate in 1916. Of course there is no objection to having them talk of me for a candidate; it is all very pleasant, but it has no allurement for me. I would rather spend a month at Catalina Island than be President.

"Philippe Bunau-Varilla has just called; he has been made a major and is building bridges. He tells me that he has built four bridges over the Marne and one over the Oise. Stephen, his son, who fought at the front until recently, has returned here in charge of the aëroplanes which protect Paris. His

[1]His daughter-in-law.

son-in-law, Vicomte de Rancougne, Gisèle's husband, is a prisoner at Darmstadt.

"November 13th.

"I have several evidences of the President's reluctance in letting me go. I leave with more sadness than I can possibly tell you; however, the idea of being home soon is a joy which we greatly anticipate.

"The cable from the President and the one to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and all things relating to the change are most delicate and touching and complimentary to me and I have no word of complaint for anybody.

"I have just received the book on Farm Credits and it seems to be all right. I believe it to be a fundamental work on the subject. I send you a few cards, so you can send copies to several of my friends.

"November 17th.

"A telegram which I received from Washington is most considerate and I greatly appreciate it. I realize that the President's hand is being forced. I do not care to stay, but to go on my own free will would be desertion.

"The work of receiving and distributing money and supplies is growing so rapidly that it is overwhelming the embassy and taking all of our time. I am therefore organizing a Relief Clearing House.

"The Turkish affairs which have been placed in my hands are giving us a lot of work. Our office force, large as it is, is now entirely inadequate.

"The lesson that we may learn from this breakdown in European civilization is that we may end in a few years by becoming a creditor nation if we will think more, talk less, and save more; for we have the brains, the energy and the people."

XXIV

THE AMBASSADOR ESCAPES BEING KILLED BY A GERMAN BOMB

"THE incident of the German bomb has been so much talked about that I had better give you the facts. As already mentioned I had taken over Germany's interests in France and the German embassy was under my protection, along with all other German property and prisoners of war. It was my duty to look after them and I did so to the best of my ability. One day late in September [1914] I had visited the German embassy and had started back to the chancery, crossing the river at the Pont de l'Alma and going up the Rue Freycinet. A few moments after passing the corner where the Prince of Monaco then lived and which is now the Papal Nunciature, a bomb from a German aëroplane fell, killed two people, and cut a girl's leg off. As I go by there now I often stop to look at the scars left on the houses. The spot where the bomb struck is only a little distance from the chancery, and everybody there of course heard the noise of its explosion. As I walked in just at that moment, my staff came in to hear what had happened and to see if by chance I had been hurt. We all realized that I had made a fortunate escape.

"When the story got around, a number of Frenchmen paid me visits of congratulation, some of them saying what a terrible loss it would have been to France if I had been killed, and all that sort of thing. It was to one of these that I replied, 'Oh, well, a dead ambassador might sometimes be more useful than a live one.'

"That is all there is to that occurrence, but people took hold of it and made a good deal of to-do about it.

"There is one incident, though, in connection with that bomb which I think ought to be recorded. It has to do with Denise Carter, the young French girl whose leg was horribly smashed by a fragment of the shell. When they picked her up the first thing she said was, 'Please don't tell mamma how badly hurt I am.'"

In the very middle of the Battle of the Marne the following interesting telegrams were exchanged between Ambassadors Herrick and Gerard. Mr. Herrick refers to them several times in his letters.

From Gerard, dated September 8th:

"No. 22. Extremely urgent. German General Staff recommend that Americans leave Paris via Rouen and Le Havre. They will have to leave soon if they wish to go."

There is nothing the Germans could have done which would worry Mr. Herrick more than getting Mr. Gerard to send this telegram. And Mr. Gerard, of course, dared not hold it back. Mr. Herrick was fully decided as to remaining in Paris himself, but if he published a warning or privately notified Americans, suggesting that they leave, panic might have ensued. And if he did not, and the Germans sacked Paris . . .?

Mr. Herrick replied the same day:

"No. 7. I appreciate your telegram. This embassy has for some time past been advising Americans to leave Paris and many have already departed. As, however, I represent many important interests here, I deem it imperative to remain, together with my staff. Under all circumstances I feel satisfied that should German forces enter Paris necessary measures will be taken to protect not only American property but other property entrusted to my care. Please communicate above to German Government."

The next day the ambassador had a carefully worded suggestion put in the *Herald*, and a number of Americans acted upon it and left Paris; but the French papers did not copy it and the danger of creating a panic was avoided. Then very soon the news of the German repulse arrived to comfort everybody.

On the 15th, in order to make sure that the telegram signed with Mr. Gerard's name was not spurious, Mr. Herrick telegraphed inquiring if he had really sent No. 22 of September 8th. Our ambassador in Berlin answered:

"I did send Number 22 as I was unwilling to take the responsibility and possible consequences of declining to forward to you the suggestions of the German General Staff. I received your answer Number 7 and complied immediately with request contained therein."

Another interesting telegram arrived October 7, 1914, from Mr. Bryan:

"In obedience to the proclamation of the President, the people of the U. S. assembled at their places of worship on October 4th and joined in prayer for the restoration of peace in Europe. The attendance was very large and there was everywhere a spirit of earnestness.

"Care was taken that nothing should be said of a non-neutral nature, the trend of the speeches being that God might so direct those in authority in the belligerent nations as to hasten the restoration of peace, and that the American people might be wisely guided in the exercise of such influence as they might be able to exert."

"At this time the French were much disturbed by the large number of German vessels which had been designated as 'hospital ships.' The French and British navies combined, although they were constantly at sea, had only six of these

vessels whereas the German navy, mostly blockaded in port, claimed to need dozens. Theoretically there was no limit fixed regarding such craft in The Hague Convention, but it appeared suspicious that so many were required by the Germans. Garrett wrote me about this from Bordeaux, in order that our government might know in good time the doubts existing as to the purposes lying behind the designation of these numerous hospital ships."

XXV

TOURISTS' TROUBLES—"ANXIOUS LETTERS"

"WHILE I and my famous committee and the French government were all trying to arrange to get Americans home, somebody slipped a plan past Mr. Bryan which I strongly suspected was devised in large part for German benefit. Two German ships were shut up in Genoa, liable to capture if they went out. We had four thousand Americans in Switzerland and Italy clamoring to go home. The ships were offered to our government for the use of these tourists, provided we obtained promises from the French and British not to capture them. Mr. Bryan instructed me to submit the question, claiming that these vessels could be considered as falling within the provisions of The Hague Convention relating to ships engaged in a philanthropic mission.

"The French Foreign Office seized the possible danger of such a ruling on their part and replied that it would be impossible to consider as belonging to a life-saving society merchantmen of the enemy, chartered by a third power to repatriate its nationals. Any other interpretation might lead to abuses by extending humanitarian protection to passengers who might claim it without deserving it. Moreover, ships blockaded in neutral ports might thus escape capture through subterfuge.

"The French government, however, readily admitted that every effort should be made to ensure the repatriation of

American citizens under the best possible conditions as regards comfort and safety, and it suggested as a simple and sure method the using either of neutral vessels or of French and English ships. The departure and arrival of the latter category was assured by Allied command of the sea.

"I was moreover informed that the proposition advanced by our government seemed no longer to have any practical interest, since the French government was then arranging to transport to the French coast the four thousand Americans stranded in Switzerland. These were the ones our State Department wanted to send to Genoa and put on board the German steamers *Moltke* and *Koenig Albert* then blockaded in that port.

"The British answer was also polite but very definitely, no.

"I sent army officers from my staff to Switzerland to escort these convoys of our compatriots to French ports, the French government furnished through trains as soon as the mobilization was over and the railroads were unblocked, and the movement was made with as little hardship as the difficult circumstances permitted. I can never forget the aid and comfort these officers were to me in this emergency. They organized everything and attended to it all in person. It was well done and I was grateful. I hope the refugees were also.

"I do not think this little slip indicated that Mr. Bryan was under Bernstorff's influence as some people said. He was not pro-German, or pro-anything else, except pro-peace and pro-American, and for this I honor him. But the trouble was there remained so little peace in the world at this time, and the only sensible thing, in my opinion, was to recognize this disagreeable fact, and on every occasion take such measures as would tend to shorten the crisis with which the world was faced. Talking and pleading certainly would not do it; the time for this had passed; action, vigorous, Rooseveltian action, alone could have had any effect."

In October the Prince of Monaco appeals to Mr. Herrick for help. He protests against the

"wild attempt which General von Bülow of the German army intends to bring against my properties in France. This general, holding my castle of Marchais, near Rheims, where not one soldier has been seen since the beginning of the war, has fined the poor village of Sissonne, situated five kilometers from my place, $100,000 because of some insignificant mischief supposed to have been committed there. The poor people are not able to pay and Bülow sent me two messengers to warn me that, if I did not pay, my castle and the village would be destroyed.

"Marchais is an old historical monument containing works of art, personal papers, and objects of personal attachment. There my childhood was spent, there my father died; therefore one can understand that such an enormity will take the meaning of a most barbarous character. I refused to give the general the sum, saying that as Sovereign Prince I wanted to treat that matter with the Emperor. Here is one of the innumerable and incredible facts that are daily occurring on the territory occupied by the Germans and, as the Chief of a State, I want to hand you this protest."

Mr. Herrick took this up with the Spanish ambassador and, through King Alfonso, Flotow, the German ambassador in Rome, was asked to get at the Kaiser. The house was not burned, but the correspondence would indicate that the German general at Marchais kept up his threats till well into December. He seemed to have clung to the hope of bluffing Prince Albert out of $100,000, but he failed.

Prince Albert also wrote to the Kaiser:

Monaco, October 22nd, 1914.

SIRE:

I forward to Your Majesty several documents relating to a very grave and urgent matter.

General von Bülow one month and a half ago caused my

residence of Marchais, situated at five kilometers from the village of Sissonne, to be occupied. The general has levied upon the fifteen hundred inhabitants of this poor, ruined village a war contribution of $100,000, of which they are unable to pay more than one quarter. Moreover, he has sent me two emissaries bearing a document in which he threatens to destroy my property as well as the villages of Marchais and Sissonne, if I do not myself produce the sum in question before the end of October. That is how a Prussian general treats a reigning prince who for forty-five years has been a friend of Germany and to whom all the countries of the world show respect and gratitude for his work.

In reply to the summons of General von Bülow, I have given my word of honor to complete the above contribution, in order to avert a horrible action accomplished in cold blood; but I have added that as a Sovereign Prince I shall submit this matter to the Emperor with the announcement that the said sum shall be paid when the Château de Marchais shall have been freed from the danger of intentional destruction.

I am, with great respect, Your Majesty's
devoted servant and Cousin,
ALBERT, PRINCE OF MONACO.

To this the German ambassador in Rome replied a month later:

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
Rome, November 20th, 1914.

MONSEIGNEUR:

His Majesty, the Emperor and King, my August Sovereign, directs me to inform Your Serene Highness, in answer to the letter Your Serene Highness sent Him through me, that His Majesty has Himself seen to it that the Château des Marchais remains unscathed. Your Serene Highness may be assured that from the German side His residence shall suffer

no harm. His Majesty also takes occasion to remind Your Serene Highness that during a speech made by Him before the beginning of hostilities, He firmly stated His decision to conduct the war in a chivalrous spirit. Unfortunately, the English, the French, the Belgians and the Russians have prevented His Majesty from carrying out this decision to the extent He had desired. The part played in this war by the civilian population, the use made of public and even ecclesiastic buildings for military purposes, have rendered necessary some measures that have been applied very much against their will by the German military authorities.

General von Bülow has been obliged to order the application of the measure in question because the population had tried to render impassable the road that the German troops were to make use of. Moreover it cannot be denied that the German army was extremely irritated by certain remarks attributed to Your Serene Highness by the French newspapers and which constituted a criticism, as harsh as it was unjustified, of His Majesty and His Army. These remarks seemed difficult to understand in view of the relations existing between His Majesty and Your Serene Highness and which were well known in the army. His Majesty the Emperor therefore noticed with astonishment the absence from the letter of Your Serene Highness of any enlightenment or denial of the said statements, the dissemination of which cannot have remained unknown to Your Serene Highness.

In making the above known to Your Serene Highness by Supreme Order of His Majesty the Emperor and King, I beg Him to accept the assurance of my profound respect.

FLOTOW
GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

There are hundreds of appeals which his secretary, Miss Singleton, labeled "anxious letters." One of these is from a lady in Chicago:

Ambassador,

DEAR SIR:

Have a son stranded in Paris, Mr. Leo X.——, lives at — rue du ——. If there is any way to get him to New York City will pay transportation at that end. Have tried in every way here to find out how and what to do to get him here. He has applied to you for help. In a letter to me he is without funds. Suppose you have many an appeal but do please do all you can for my boy he is young yet and does not know what to do. Please take care of this matter for me at once. Am a poor widow woman and have my own troubles but will guarantee to pay for him do not have it cost me any more than you can possibly help. All I can do is to give you my word that I will pay same. Am so worried and excited do not know whether you can get any sense out of this letter. Know you will do all you can for an anxious mother. Just him and I is all. Hope to hear from you soon or see my son, I remain yours,

By the end of November Mr. Brand Whitlock had evidently become disgusted with the over-running of Belgium by American sightseers. He urges Mr. Herrick to aid in damming this flow at the source—any other damning being left to discretion. He writes:

"Ever since the German occupation of Brussels there has been a constant stream of American visitors. These gentlemen we should be glad to receive at any time, but their visits have become so numerous that they are causing the Legation considerable embarrassment, for the reason that they expect special consideration at the hands of, and all sorts of favors from, the German military authorities—not only passports to tour Belgium but automobiles, gasolene, etc. Recently there has been a complete interdiction of all passports for automobiles and for the use of gasolene, and this makes our task all the harder. I have tried to explain the situation to

our visitors but they are not to be discouraged, since each one considers his own case exceptional. Thus, in order to obtain the special favors they so freely demand, I am compelled to use personal influence that could be devoted to larger needs. Many of these gentlemen come in the rôle of bearers of special despatches, but the credentials they present, on perusal, betray internal evidence of having been written, not so much for the purpose of bearing despatches as for despatching the bearers.

"It is hard to convince people that this is not the time for making tours of this stricken land; they cannot envisage a life in which all the conveniences to which they have so long been accustomed are lacking, and when each week brings half a dozen such tourists, with no reason for being here except that they are curious or adventurous, our problem becomes really grave. I am therefore constrained to ask that these visits be discouraged and if possible discontinued."

Our consul in Rheims was an American citizen, of course, but born in Germany. On September 15th he writes to the ambassador:

"The Germans arrived before Rheims on September 4th after greeting the city with a bombardment such as I and mine shall never forget. It was said to have been caused by error, but this error has caused more than fifty-five deaths and more than one hundred citizens were wounded, and the loss of property is enormous. Four bombs fell within thirty meters of each side of our house, killing two people not more than a hundred feet away. While the Germans were in total charge of the city and all public offices, the Commander, on September 7th, accepted a letter from me to Ambassador Gerard. I can only say that we are totally terrified and do not know what next will befall us. Cannonading has been going on around us and is going on yet since last Sunday, and should the Germans come back here again

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we only can pray that they may treat this city less rudely than they have done on their first coming and going. What I will do within a few weeks when all my money will be exhausted I do not know. It would please me best if the Department would close up this office, which for the time being is of no material use to anyone, and did find some ways and means to get me and my family out of the firing lines; however, if this cannot be done, I shall have to stay and try to make the best of it. I leave it to your good judgment and kindness to bring this matter to the attention of the Department in the most feasible manner. I am writing this letter myself and do hope, considering the nervous strain we had to live through lately, you will forgive me if the same is not composed as systematically correct as it should be."

Mr. Herrick annotated this letter:

"W. Bardel, German-born American consul at Rheims. Through the gloom and horror of these early days he moves with a quaint touch of humor. Ever conscious that this 'cradle was rocked in a land extremely unpopular with the French,' he brings his weary body and shattered nerves to the barbed wire for the sake of the consulate's shield that he represents. He really deserves a tribute. I don't know what has become of him."

The consul was authorized to go to Épernay and then to Troyes. That he waited for orders in every case is to his everlasting credit; and that only a rigid sense of duty kept him ever within the range of the guns and probably with nothing whatever to do except to listen to them, is evidenced by his other letters:

October 20th: "We are all tired of this nomadic life and would sooner hear a few bombs than to have to live among a lot of refugees who from morning to night bemoan their sad fate."

November 3rd: "I hope to find an opportunity soon to resume my post, although for the time being the prospects are very discouraging yet. To-day is the fiftieth since the commencement of the bombardment, and while for a few days last week it seemed to calm down somewhat, it is now raging as fiercely as ever and the sound of the cannon is heard here all day long. The two armies are now exactly in the same position in which they were seven weeks ago; the only visible change is in the poor city itself; more than one third of it is in ruins to-day."

XXVI

MR. SHARP ARRIVES

"As I have said elsewhere," Mr. Herrick resumed, "I resigned as soon as Mr. Wilson was inaugurated—indeed some ten days before. That was merely following the usual practice. But it was not until June 2, 1914, or a year and a quarter afterward, that I received notice that my successor had been designated. The President had chosen for the post Mr. William G. Sharp, a member of Congress from Ohio. After accepting the appointment, he went to Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, to take a cure, and when war was declared he had not sailed from America.

"It is customary for an outgoing ambassador to present his letters of recall and leave the country to which he has been accredited before his successor arrives. This I was most anxious to do for every reason. I had been kept on to suit the convenience of the government and until such time as the President and Mr. Bryan could satisfactorily settle upon a man to take the post; this, it is true, had not inconvenienced us or involved any sacrifice on our part; but the selection had now been made and announced, we were partly packed up, we had engaged our passage for August 8th, and my wife and I were looking forward impatiently to seeing our children, grandchildren, and all the old friends in Cleveland, when the events of the last week in July arrived and completely upset these plans."

On June 1, 1914, the Secretary of State had telegraphed,

"I am directed by the President to accept your resignation, submitted in February, 1913. You will be duly informed of the date of your successor's arrival, and you may either remain in Paris until shortly before his arrival, or you may take immediate leave of absence, your successor then presenting your letter of recall. The Department wishes to be informed as to which plan you will follow. I join with the President in an expression of the appreciation of your services to our Government in France.

"William Graves Sharp, of Elyria, Ohio, will be your successor. Please secure the *agrément* of the French government to his appointment as such. For many years a prominent lawyer and manufacturer in Ohio, he is now serving his third term in Congress. In the Committee on Foreign Affairs, he is the ranking member."

BRYAN.

To this Mr. Herrick replied three days later as follows:

"Your telegram of June 1st, 7 P. M. has been received by me, and I wish to extend to you my thanks for the choice which has been offered to me. I shall proceed to arrange my personal affairs with as much speed as possible and then shall probably ask the Department for leave. Invitations to dine at the embassy on June 23rd have been issued to the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies. In case Mr. Sharp plans to arrive before that date, I shall recall these invitations.

"I wish to avail myself of this opportunity to express my appreciation of the President's and your commendation of my services and beg that you will convey to the President the assurance of my gratitude."

HERRICK.

The formal letter of recall for presentation to the French President was received July 9th. It may be of interest to see the form of this document:

WOODROW WILSON
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC,

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

Mr. Myron T. Herrick, who has for some time past resided near the Government of Your Excellency in the quality of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, having resigned his mission, I have directed him to take leave of Your Excellency.

Mr. Herrick, whose standing instructions had been to cultivate with Your Excellency's Government relations of the closest friendship, has been directed to convey to Your Excellency the assurance of the sincere desire of this Government to strengthen the friendly feeling happily subsisting between the United States and France.

The zeal with which he has fulfilled his former instructions leaves no doubt that he will carry out this his last commission in a manner agreeable to Your Excellency.

Your good friend,
WOODROW WILSON.

By the President:
W. J. BRYAN,
Secretary of State.
Washington, June 23, 1914.

Under date of June 25th, Mr. Wilson wrote the following personal letter:

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

June 25, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. HERRICK:

I cannot sign your letter of recall, though I know you wish to be relieved of the duties at Paris, without expressing my

regret that the government is to lose your services and my sincere appreciation of the diligence and intelligence with which you have performed the very difficult and delicate tasks of that important embassy.

I sincerely hope that the future will bring you additional honor and satisfaction.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

Hon. Myron T. Herrick,
American Embassy,
Paris, France.

"To this I answered," continued Mr. Herrick, "expressing the thanks and appreciation which I felt most deeply. I then wrote to the Department stating that I wished to sail on August 8th and asking for sixty days' leave of absence. I added that should Mr. Sharp decide to arrive in Paris before the middle of July, when the French President was leaving for Russia, I could arrange to be out of France and leave my letter of recall to be presented by the new ambassador with his letters of credence.

"When the time arrived to take my proposed leave, events of grave importance had happened. Moreover, Mr. Sharp had telegraphed that he would not sail till late in July, so I remained at my post. Then, on August 1st, Mr. Bryan cabled me saying, 'Since the situation in Europe is so critical, will you kindly remain until Ambassador Sharp arrives? The Department is asking him to sail as soon as possible.' In the same telegram he desired me to ask Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page not to quit Rome even if Italy remained neutral. Mr. Page was then starting for America on leave and had already reached Paris. He took the first train back to Rome."

Mr. Bryan sent the following cable on August 25th:

"Date of sailing of Ambassador Sharp is to-morrow. It is earnestly desired by the President that, in view of the present

extraordinary conditions, the rules of European Courts, followed in ordinary times, be suspended on this occasion. It is the President's desire that you shall continue to hold office of ambassador until the time shall have been agreed upon for the transfer to Mr. Sharp. In the meantime, Mr. Sharp will come to Paris, remaining there unofficially until he can secure a house and make other necessary arrangements.

"The President desires that the change in ambassadors shall be delayed until the strain is passed; he appreciates very much the splendid service which you have rendered. After Mr. Sharp's arrival you and he may confer, and then communications can be exchanged as to the proper time for him to assume charge. We are anxious that all Americans shall return home as soon as transportation can be had and are very much gratified at the success you are having in getting our people out of France."

This was followed three days later by another cable saying:

"You may state that, in view of the unusual conditions in which the embassy is placed at the present time, the President desires you to remain until you receive further instructions and that Mr. Sharp has been asked to proceed to Paris but will not immediately assume the duties of ambassador. The date has not yet been fixed for the formal transfer of the embassy."

On September 5th Mr. Bryan again cabled:

"President fears, from a private telegram received, there may be misunderstanding in regard to Sharp's position. He will be engaged in personal matters such as renting and furnishing house, etc., until time arrives to transfer embassy. If he assists you it will be in the capacity of a private citizen and not officially. The President will desire to consult both of you in regard to the proper time to transfer embassy."

"I was much relieved by these instructions. From the moment I got word that Mr. Sharp was sailing on August 26th and that we were to confer together and arrange between us as to when he would take over, I became anxious as to the outcome. Arrangements like that never work satisfactorily, whether in business, war, or diplomacy. Under the conditions then confronting me—I got the second cable the day the Battle of the Marne started—I knew that any divided responsibility would be fatal. I immediately telegraphed this thought and my thanks, saying that in view of 'the difficult negotiations and complex problems constantly arising and requiring immediate decision, divided responsibility or even the appearance of it would be most injurious to the administration of the affairs of the embassy.'

"Two days after the French government and the diplomatic corps went to Bordeaux, I wrote a personal letter in which I explained to the President the circumstances of my remaining in Paris after their departure, and I endeavored to remove any fears he might have as to this act being misconstrued. I added, 'The entire French press seems to interpret correctly the sentiment of the people in its expression of satisfaction that the American embassy remained in Paris during this crisis. In all that has been said and printed, there has been nothing that would in any way grate upon the sensibilities of the other nations, or that is inconsistent with our position of strict neutrality.'

"Meantime, Mr. Sharp had arrived. It was on September 3rd, the day after the government had left Paris. On the 16th he informed me that he wished to take over the embassy about October 1st. I cabled this to the Department, saying that it was entirely satisfactory to me and that I proposed to sail September 26th, subject to the Department's approval. This brought the following reply:

"'The President desires to have submitted to him any arrangement between yourself and Mr. Sharp as to when the

latter shall take over the Embassy and that no action shall be taken until he gives his approval. You will show this telegram to Mr. Sharp.'

"This at least was definite and I settled down to work. It was evident that the President had taken hold of the unfortunate situation which had been allowed to arise, and I had entire confidence in the decisions he would take. Events showed that I was not mistaken. Among other proofs was a personal letter I received from him a few days later.[1]

"My predecessor, Robert Bacon, had also come to France, animated by an unselfish desire to be of use to the French people, for whom he had a deep affection. He worked night and day to that end, kindly offering me his services but never giving me any trouble. But the wags had to have their say, and it was often remarked that the United States now had three ambassadors in France. An old lady who had come to Bliss to get some paper or other authenticated even went so far as to urge that the signature of 'all three ambassadors' be appended to it. Whether she was a practical joker or not I never knew."

[1]See p. 175 for the text of this letter.

XXVII

MR. HERRICK RETURNS TO AMERICA

THE picture of Mr. Bryan's troubles during these trying days led the ambassador one day to the following reflections:

"It seems to me that the case of Mr. Sharp is full of instruction for the future. Nothing was more natural than that he should have wanted to sail for France and enter upon the duties of his office. After being appointed, he had delayed for two months in order to settle his affairs and take a cure for his health. There was at that moment no reason for hurry; I had already stayed in Paris for more than a year beyond my time and could readily be expected to add a few more months to this period without inconvenience. But by the end of August he was ready to start, and no one can find fault with him for doing so. It was here that the responsibility fell upon other shoulders, and the decisions taken were not, in my opinion, happy.

"While Mr. Sharp was recuperating at Cambridge Springs, a situation of unexampled gravity had arisen in Europe, touching us to a degree that had only one precedent, and that brought on the War of 1812. I found myself in the center of the storm, and had been forced to take decisions involving serious consequences. What I did had fortunately, so far, met with the generous approval of my government and, as Lincoln might have said, it was no time to swap horses. Certainly it was not the time to ride two. There was no occasion for considering my feelings or Mr.

Sharp's; the one thing in this vast emergency that was worth bothering about was the interests of the United States. A decision should have been taken with this alone in view. Either Mr. Sharp ought to have been sent immediately to take my place or he should have been held at home and I requested to remain on duty until the war was over (nobody then thought it could possibly last six months), or until its first critical phase was terminated.

"But this is exactly what was not done; no clear-cut decision was taken; Mr. Sharp was allowed to sail—as he wanted to do and had a right to do unless stopped—while at the same time I was asked to remain and coöperate with him. As a consequence, we had two ambassadors in France during all of September, October, and November of 1914. The one, by the very force of things, was irritated and unhappy; the other trammeled in his decisions, uncomfortable about his colleague, not knowing from day to day how long he was to remain.

"I have always believed that Mr. Wilson wanted to keep me in Paris at least until the emergency was over. The responsibility resting upon his shoulders was so vast that self-interest and common sense, let alone his keen intelligence, would have suggested to him that September, 1914, was a poor time for changing ambassadors in France. And the imperative telegrams sent in his name indicate a certain irritation at finding himself in a position which he seemingly deplored. I do not know what passed between him and Mr. Bryan, or between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sharp, though I have a few notions on the subject. One is that the sending of Mr. Sharp to France without at the same time relieving me was not inspired by Mr. Wilson. However, the President at this time had more to do than any one man could well accomplish, and what took place is chiefly a thing from which we might learn a lesson for the future.

"I am not led to this conclusion merely by the sentiment of gratitude I feel for him. This, of course, may have some-

thing to do with it. One can never tell. For he showed me a fine consideration and supported me in everything I did. I did not like his proclamation on moral neutrality, or what seemed to me his too great patience in the face of German insults to our country; and of course I fought him and criticized him during the presidential campaign of 1916; but he was a patriot and a gentleman, and I can never forget his attitude to me.

"November was now here, Congress would soon be assembling, questions would be asked, complaints made about the legality of two ambassadors drawing pay, and all sorts of annoyances were in sight, whose burden would fall upon the President rather than upon Mr. Bryan. I learned more about all this when I got home. Some of my too-zealous but devoted friends were getting ready to attack the administration for having me relieved; partisans of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sharp were no less prepared to find fault with keeping a Republican in an important post for so long a time—all the unfortunate play of personal and party politics.

"It is no wonder, then, that the President decided that the change would have to take place, and so on November 5th a telegram was sent me saying that the President believed the time was approaching when Mr. Sharp should assume the duties of ambassador, and that he hoped that December 1st would be a convenient date for me. I was asked to express informally to the Minister for Foreign Affairs how deeply sensible the President was of the confidence which the French government had shown in his representative, and how much gratified he had been to learn of the sympathetic relations which I had succeeded in establishing in the performance of my duties.

"I was also requested to say that the President had gone very far in his desire that the representative of the United States should be of service to the French people at a time of great anxiety and to explain the situation which might arise when Congress assembled. It was possible that ques-

tions would be asked on the floor and discussions provoked which might be misconstrued as having an unfriendly intention toward the French people. I was directed to point out that the President had kept me in Paris long after my successor had been appointed, solely because of information which had reached him to the effect that my retention there would be especially gratifying to the French Government.

"I acknowledged this telegram and thanked the President and the Department for their great consideration. After its contents had been communicated to the French government, I asked the State Department's permission to show it to Mr. Sharp, as I desired to sail November 28th.

"I have always considered that the terms of this despatch give ample proof of Mr. Wilson's sympathetic feelings toward France. In it he goes as far as any President—especially one holding his ideas about neutrality—could go, in an official document, to show this sentiment.

"I would have been glad to make a visit to Bordeaux for the purpose of saying good-bye to President Poincaré and to my colleagues, but this would have involved a trip of some days. With all I had to do, of an official and personal nature, before starting, every hour was precious, and I was not a little tired. I had almost forgotten how to rest during the past five months, and the thought of being on a ship, far from troubles and complications, seemed like heaven. I therefore turned over my office to Mr. Sharp, asked him to present my letters of recall with his letters of credence, and sailed for home November 28th."

Thanksgiving Day fell two days before the ambassador's departure. That evening the members of the staff, the rector of Holy Trinity, Dr. S. N. Watson, and a few other friends were assembled by Mrs. Herrick in the now bare and dismantled dining room of the embassy. A little American flag and a little French flag were at each plate. The ambassador would have no sadness, but insisted upon teasing and joking all in turn. The next night all met again at the home of

Robert Bliss for a last dinner, and in the morning Mrs. Herrick, the ambassador, and Laurence Norton, his private secretary, left for the United States.

Mr. Herrick wrote to the President on November 20th:

"I am taking this last opportunity, as the pouch closes, to again thank you for your expressed approval of my course as your representative here.

"Your letters of commendation are the most valuable souvenirs that I have of my public service.

"Whilst I would have deemed my departure in this crisis, of my own initiative, in a sense a desertion, I now turn over this embassy with a distinct feeling of relief, comprehending fully the circumstances which have rendered it practically necessary for you to make the change at this time.

"I am surprised and embarrassed by the undue importance that has been given my services during these eventful days when everything that is valued here is at stake. Our people and our newspapers are prone to give either undue praise or undue disapproval—they take no middle course. Having experienced both phases, I am quite inclined to think the latter phase—when one is conscious of being right—less embarrassing and easier to bear than the former.

"I have endeavored to carry out in fact and in spirit your desires in relation to Mr. Sharp since his arrival. If the incongruities of the situation in which we have been placed, and the intensity of overwrought people, have caused me to fall short of your expectations in this respect, I hope that you will consider that it has been my endeavor to meet your wishes to the fullest extent.

"I shall take the first opportunity on my return to America to pay you a brief visit.

"I am, etc."

A considerable gloom fell upon Paris when the news got abroad that Mr. Herrick was leaving. It is true that the

famous "race to the sea" had terminated in the discomfiture of the German plans and Paris was long since felt to be out of danger. Nevertheless, his going was a source of anxiety as well as of regret. The French saw in it the disappearance of a reserve force upon which they had learned to rely in moments of supreme peril; the Americans were left without the inspiration of his energy and smiling courage; and the latter were also robbed of a daily source of national pride. With quiet mastery he had gathered into his capable hands the direction of all their efforts; he was their guide in every new endeavor, their reliance whenever things went wrong. But above all, he was like a battle flag which in time of danger all could see and rally to.

At the station were gathered every notable that Paris held. The government and the diplomats were still in Bordeaux, but prominent men from other spheres and the soldiers were on hand. Chief amongst the latter was Gallieni. He and Mr. Herrick had grown to know and rely upon each other in the critical days of September, and if the military genius of the one had saved the town from the Germans, the calm courage of the other had stood ready to attempt its rescue in case that genius failed. An opportunity, fleeting in the annals of a lifetime, had come to each, and each had seized it with a rapid confidence which almost made one think they had anticipated and prepared for the emergency.

Two officers arrived at the station to bring the thanks of the wounded French who were now being cared for in great numbers at the American Ambulance. One of them, whose right arm was gone, handed Mrs. Herrick a bunch of chrysanthemums, saying, with fine gallantry: "Madame, I regret to serve you with only one hand, but all France serves you with her heart."

The following letters are taken almost at random from the large number that Mr. Herrick received on the eve of his sailing:

GOUVERNEMENT MILITAIRE DE PARIS
Cabinet du Gouverneur

Paris, le 26 Nov. 1914.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

At the moment of your departure from Paris, please permit me to tell you how grateful I am for the sympathy that you have shown in the course of the last three months, for our country, for Paris and for her governor. This sympathy has been a comfort to me and I shall never forget it.

If nothing prevents I shall go to bid you farewell when you depart.

Please accept, my dear Ambassador, the homage of my highest consideration and of my profound devotion.

GALLIENI.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
Affaires Étrangères

November 27, 1914.

DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

I was greatly touched by the letter which you wrote me, and please accept the expression of my liveliest gratitude.

I am sure you realize that those of my compatriots who have had the privilege of knowing you, and indeed all French people, have felt themselves drawn toward you by a sympathy which went out as much to the man as to the representative of a country to which so many ties bind us.

As for myself, you know how preciously I guard the memory of the relations which I have had the honor to hold with you. It is with joy that I note your promise to come back to France after the war. You will find, be assured of that, the same friends which you are now leaving, and who will never forget the services that you have recently rendered to the people of Paris.

I shall not fail to transmit to President Poincaré your re-

gret at not being able to make a visit to him before your departure.

Believe me, with the expression of my highest consideration and my devoted sentiments,

DELCASSÉ[1].

MINISTÈRE DES FINANCES
CABINET DU MINISTRE

Bordeaux, Nov. 22, 1914.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

The news of your coming departure leaves us with an impression of deep sadness—you have always been a sincere friend of our country and we consider your presence among us a great comfort.

You can at least tell your compatriots with what admirable gallantry and in what spirit of union the French stand this terrible fight and why they believe it will be followed by victory.

Madame Ribot sends greetings with mine, and I beg you to believe me, etc., etc.

N. RIBOT.[2]

Senator D'Estournelles de Constant, the discouraged yet faithful apostle of peace, wrote in his excellent English:

DEAR FRIEND:

We read, alas, in all our papers, that you are leaving.

I can hardly believe it.

I thought you would have been kept here forever as the good genius, the good friend, *the* extraordinary ambassador!

And now I feel so far from you,—thinking that we shall not see you any more in your hospitable home of la rue François Premier or at Créans or at Buc—flying in aëroplanes!!

[1] The French Minister of Foreign Affairs.
[2] The French Minister of Finance.

How sad!

Do send me anything you can about what you have done for the sake of civilization and for the love of France—I will write a souvenir of you. . . .

Poor France, She needs friends like you.

Believe in us, dear Herrick, as I will believe in you, forever.

Yours, with all my family—wife, boy and girl, Saul and Henriette,

d'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

Créans (Sarthe)
23 November 1914

A letter from Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary (now Lord Grey), dated October 6, 1914, says:

"I have lately seen more than one of our people who has been in Paris. They have as is inevitable many very sad things to tell about wounded soldiers and the sufferings of war.

"But everyone has but one thing to say about the American Embassy and the sympathy shown and the help given by its staff and especially by yourself.

"I wish you could overhear the warm terms of admiration and gratitude in which they all speak of you, and I want to send this line to tell you of it and to say how very grateful I feel too. From the national point of view alone the protection and help of your Embassy has been most valuable, but it is not that alone: it is the sympathy with which it is given that touches us so much in this time of struggle and trial, when all that we care for is at stake.

"I little thought when we met in that fine weather of April on the occasion of the King's visit to Paris, when everything seemed so peaceful, that this awful time was coming upon Europe."

Mr. Brand Whitlock wrote on October 22, 1914:

". . . I do not like to bombard you with compliments, as the French say, but I should like you to know that I have been exceedingly proud of the manner in which you have handled your high and delicate mission; I have been proud not only as an American, but as an Ohioan, and more than all, as a friend. I have heard in that curious way in which news spreads through the world in these times what you have done, and I congratulate you on it all. . . . Some day, when we meet again, though God knows when that will be, we shall have much of reminiscence to exchange. In the meantime I send you my highest regards and best wishes. . . ."

Monsieur Jusserand on October 23, 1914, sent him a charming letter from Washington in his wonderful English:

"Not a day passes without my blessing your name and wanting to tell you so. . . . I hope you know how I feel toward you, and how greatly and gratefully I admired how cleverly you were handling a most difficult situation. Letters from American friends at Paris are loud in your praise; here it is the same, and if the papers are to be trusted, and sometimes they are, you are in a fair way to become a prophet in your own country.

"Stay in the meantime in mine; you are too useful there to be spared; you must respect and obey, moreover, the orders of your own President who in his telegram of instruction said: 'the change in Ambassadors shall be delayed until the strain is passed.' Who could pretend that such is the case? I wish for my country's sake that there were no strain any longer; but there is.

"We returned here after a complicated journey, lasting three weeks, more picturesque to narrate than pleasant to perform. . . .

"All along our journey when we were in trouble we were

helped by Americans. The example you gave when we started, allowing your Embassy to be encumbered with our luggage, received since without one piece missing, was instinctively followed by all. Known or unknown, all, when there was need, offered a helping hand . . ."

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, wrote on October 29, 1914:

". . . Let me say that if ever I was proud of the work of an American ambassador all the sensation fell into insignificance beside my admiration for you. You won golden opinions all over the world. . . . Every refugee coming over speaks in the highest terms of the remarkable efficiency, courtesy, and effectiveness of our embassy in Paris. Others in other capitals have done well but the monument you are building for yourself in these trying times certainly rises higher than any I know of. . . ."

It is not possible to quote even extracts from a tenth of these letters. A paragraph of one from a business man must be added to those from official people and serve merely as a sample. It was dated October 31, 1914:

". . . I take off my hat to you from across the Atlantic, and beg to add my personal voice to the swelling chorus of approval of you and your admirably performed work. It is magnificent. I define magnificent as being the voluntary sacrifice of comfort and material things for the welfare of one's fellow-men, and for the enduring honor and glory of one's country; and it is in this sense that I speak of your work as magnificent. Only this morning while I was at breakfast, one of our engineers came to sit with me a while to tell me about the splendid treatment his mother had received at your hands. . . ."

Lindley M. Garrison, then Secretary of War, sent him a cordial note on October 23, 1914, enclosing a letter he had

received from a young woman of his home town. Her being "the beauty of the village," he said, may not add anything to her written word, but it does not detract from it, and he knows from his own experience how pleasant it is to receive occasionally some little recognition of what one has tried to do. The enclosure, addressed to Mr. Garrison, says:

"Ever since I returned from Europe I have wanted to put in my little word, as it were, and tell the government how splendidly Mr. Herrick has taken care of his Americans in Paris. I was there during those first terrible days of the declaration of war and the mobilization of the troops, and I, for one, being absolutely alone there in Paris, know how much his reassuring words and his untiring efforts to help all Americans meant to me. This is a little word of praise, but I did want to say it, because Mr. Herrick deserves it, and much, much more, and I know of no one better to say it to than you."

Mr. Herrick had sent Mr. John W. Garrett (now our ambassador in Rome) to Bordeaux to take charge of business which had to be transacted there with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, since all departments of the government had been moved to that city on September 2nd. Mr. Garrett wrote a long personal letter to the ambassador on November 17th giving him various items of official and semi-official news. Some of the paragraphs will indicate the way Bordeaux received the announcement of his coming departure:

"Sir Francis Bertie said to me last night: 'So Herrick is leaving on the first!' I asked him if he had had a letter from you and he said 'No' but that Delcassé had shown him the telegram from Washington, a translation of which you sent me for informal presentation to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sir Francis went on to tell me, very confidentially, that Sir Edward Grey had instructed Spring-Rice to say

something in Washington that would indicate how they felt about your leaving and that they hoped it might be postponed as long as possible. As I have already telephoned you, Jusserand has been instructed to endeavor, with all necessary delicacy, to convey the impression that it would be agreeable to this government if no change were made until its return to Paris. I get the impression that there is a distinct uneasiness and fear that a certain lack of confidence may come about after you leave. Of course they accept, as a matter of fact, the decision that you must leave eventually. It seems to be hoped that the military situation will permit the government to return to Paris about the middle of December but it is impossible to feel any assurance as to that.

"There is a certain amount of quiet and very interesting talk about the possibility of Austria opening negotiations for peace. If Austria cannot any longer see a definite victory ahead of her she can, it is argued, make fair terms now, whereas she has nothing but dissolution to look forward to if she holds on with Germany to the bitter end. There seems to be a disposition to prevent the disappearance of Austria as a great power in the future. February is given as the time when Italy and Roumania will be ready to take active sides with the Entente."

Having been unable to obtain, through discreet suggestions at Washington, the postponement of Mr. Herrick's relief, the British government decided to mark their sentiments in unmistakable fashion, and the following instructions to Sir Austin Lee, then in charge of the British embassy in Paris (Sir Francis Bertie being in Bordeaux), were sent him by the Foreign Office:

November 24, 1914.

DEAR AUSTIN LEE:

His Majesty's Government are anxious to present Mr. Herrick with a piece of plate or some other gift as a small

token of their gratitude for his untiring exertions on behalf of British subjects, both military and civilian, during the time when he had charge of our interests at Paris.

It will hardly be possible to get it to him before he leaves, but we should like him to know of the intention at once. Will you therefore take an early opportunity of mentioning it to him quite informally, asking him where he would like it to be sent?

Yours ever,
A. NICOLSON.

The piece of plate was later sent to Cleveland with the following letter:

Washington,
May 10, 1915.

DEAR MR HERRICK:

I have received a despatch from Sir Edward Grey, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which he recalls with warm appreciation the great assistance rendered by you when, as Ambassador to the French Republic, you remained in Paris after the departure of the French Government and the British Embassy and extended your protection to the many British who turned to you for aid and advice.

His Majesty's Government desire to ask your acceptance of this piece of old English plate which they hope will serve to you and yours as a memorial of the exertions which you so devotedly and generously employed on behalf of British subjects, both soldiers and civilians, in that time of stress and suffering, and as a token of the King's grateful recognition of the same.

I take this opportunity to renew to you the expression of my highest consideration.

CECIL SPRING-RICE.
British Ambassador

This souvenir has since stood in the dining room of the farm in the Chagrin Valley near Cleveland which Mr. Herrick dearly loved and where he spent all his summers during the last decade of his life. His house is joined to that of his son by a charming loggia; the exteriors of both follow strictly farm architecture; the interior presents a delightful succession of rooms, filled with beautiful old American and French furniture in perfect keeping with the idea of a simple country house.

While at sea, a wireless message had reached the *Rochambeau* informing Mr. Herrick that the French government had conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest distinction in its power to bestow. On reaching home he wrote to President Poincaré to express his thanks, as well as to acknowledge a cordial letter bidding him goodbye. He concludes by saying:

"Among the events of my ambassadorship, the one I shall always recall with the most tender recollection is the occasion when you summoned me to the Élysée to say farewell. The words you addressed to me, and the tone in which they were uttered, will be forever graven in my memory. . . .

"Although I am far from France, dear Mr. President, my heart is still with the people I learned to love so well. While obliged, for reasons you will understand, to give up my post, I did not desert the cause in which I am so deeply interested, and I trust I may still be of service in some small way. My friends in Paris know that they have only to call upon me for any assistance within my power."

Mr. Herrick received at other periods of his career honorary degrees of LL.D. from Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Western Reserve universities and the University of Nancy, France; also degrees from Miami, Union, and Kenyon colleges and Ohio Wesleyan University.

His return to Cleveland was marked by ceremonies that

attested the pride which Ohio felt in the fame of so gallant a son. All party lines were forgotten in this popular outburst, and from this moment on Mr. Herrick was beloved and trusted even more than before. His defeat for the senatorship two years later did not in any way alter this situation. He remained until his death preëminently the first citizen of Cleveland.

From the moment Mr. Herrick arrived home his mail was loaded with letters from many parts of the world and from all classes of citizens. Their quantity forbids the reproduction of more than two or three, and some of the more personal phrases are omitted.

Former President Roosevelt wrote on December 12, 1914:

"I greet you with heartiest good wishes and like every other American I feel that we are under a debt of obligation to you for what you have done. Good Lord, how I wish you were at the head of affairs in Washington at this time!"

A letter from Henry White, one of his predecessors as ambassador, was awaiting him,

"expressing the pride which I, in common with such of our countrymen who know anything about our foreign relations, feel in respect to your mission to France which has just come to an end, to our inexpressible regret.

"In my opinion you have added luster to American Diplomacy far in excess of any of your predecessors, save perhaps the first of them. But your position has been much more enviable than that of Franklin; for whereas he was a suppliant for favors which were certainly ungrudgingly accorded to this country through him, you have had the privilege of repaying much of that which France did then for us. And you have done so admirably.

"I felt sure that your career would be most successful as ambassador to France but I rejoice to think that it has

been so to a degree far exceeding anything which I could have imagined.

"I know how injured they must feel in France at your withdrawal, for reasons purely of domestic politics, from the important work you were performing, and your recall is the strongest proof I have yet encountered of the absurdity of this country's allowing any connection between diplomacy and home politics."

The German ambassador, Count Bernstorff, wrote on January 19, 1915:

"I am directed to express to you the most sincere thanks of the Imperial German Government for the valuable assistance you rendered to German citizens who were stranded in France during the war. The Imperial Government highly appreciates the friendly aid you so readily gave to Germans who found themselves in difficulties in the enemy's country when the war began.

"This letter was intended to be addressed to you when you resigned from your post as Ambassador of the United States in Paris, a post which you held with so much distinction. As you are, however, well aware, postal and telegraph communication with Germany is practically interrupted, and I was consequently not able to address this letter to you before to-day."

The great philosopher, Henri Bergson, was one of Mr. Herrick's most treasured French friends, and a number of letters were exchanged between them after Mr. Herrick came home. Two of these follow:

MY DEAR DR. BERGSON:

I was very much delighted and deeply touched at the receipt of your charming letter, which has just reached me here.

I am disappointed that you did not conclude to accept the invitation to come to Cleveland. I hope you will decide to come over later, and in that event will be our guest. I am sure you have not the faintest idea of the high esteem in which you are held by our people, and should you visit America it would be difficult to find audience rooms large enough to hold the people who would like to hear you speak.

The sentiment for France and her allies continues to grow, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* caused a wave of horror to pass over this country such as I have rarely ever known. We have been greatly disturbed by the trend of events in the last two or three weeks, especially on the Russian front. We are steadily working on our relief organization and hope to continue to render all the service possible to the end, which I hope is not far distant.

As a result of the strain in Paris, Mrs. Herrick has not been at all well, and I have been in the South trying to restore her health, which, I am happy to say, is steadily improving.

We remember with great pleasure our visit with you and your delightful family, and we often wish we were back in Paris where we could give our services to the people whom we love. We are to visit the Lowells during Commencement Week, where we shall often think and speak of you.

Mrs. Herrick joins me in warmest regards to yourself and all your family.

Yours very sincerely,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

Malbuisson (Doubs).
September 24, 1915.

DEAR MR. HERRICK:

I cannot tell you how affected I was by the letter which you were good enough to write to me and by the kind invitation which you sent me. How glad I would have been to accept it. But it will be impossible to come to America this year or probably as long as the war lasts. I am engaged in

occupations and affairs which are too pressing for me to be able to go away from France for so long. America, however, attracts me very much, as you may well believe, and I would have gone to San Francisco and also to Cleveland if it had been at all possible. At least, I did try to do what I could for your Exposition by writing for it a résumé of French philosophy, and I will be glad to send you a copy when I return to Paris. Other résumés have been made concerning the other branches of science by other authors, and the result of this combination is an outline of French science from the beginning which has been drawn up especially for the Exposition in San Francisco by the Minister.

Major Henry Lee Higginson's letter, of which you were good enough to send me a copy, is excellent. I have read it several times, and I am going to have it read to some of my friends. The attitude of America, as you describe it to me, has only confirmed the opinion which I have always had of Americans and which I have taken occasion to express publicly here. It is that America is fundamentally idealistic, and that it will always be one in heart with those who are struggling for the highest ideals of civilization. In this she merely remains faithful to her early origins. For the United States furnishes us with the example, perhaps the only one in history, of a nationality which was founded upon one pure idea, without material interests, by men who expatriated themselves in order to attain justice and liberty.

Will you give our regards to Mrs. Herrick, thank her for her kind invitation, and tell her how much we wish we could see you all soon again, whether in America or in this Paris which retains such an ineradicable memory of you?

Please accept my most devoted esteem.

H. BERGSON.

When the United States declared war on Germany the British ambassador acknowledged a letter from Mr. Herrick as follows:

April 21, 1917.

My dear Colleague and Friend:

I am most grateful for your charming letter, which expresses so admirably the feelings which animate both our countries at finding themselves brothers in arms, united in the great struggle for freedom and civilisation. I feel sure you will have been deeply moved—as I have been—on reading this morning of the stirring events in London yesterday. It was a happy day for us here too, when for the first time in history the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack flew from this Embassy side by side.

I trust you will let me know if there is any chance of your coming on to Washington, as it would be the greatest pleasure to see you again and discuss the momentous events which have taken place since we last met.

With renewed thanks for your generous words and all best wishes,

Believe me, sincerely yours,
Cecil Spring-Rice.

XXVIII

THE AMERICAN RELIEF CLEARING HOUSE

MONSIEUR POINCARÉ paid an extraordinary tribute to the work of the American Relief Clearing House.

"Never in the world, within memory of man," he declared, was there such an outflow of sympathy and solidarity. Neither distance nor the ocean could prevent the hearts of our two peoples from feeling closely drawn together. Our wounded soldiers, the widows and orphans, our hapless countrymen driven out by the invasion and seeking refuge in the uninvaded regions, felt the immediate benefits of this soul-union.

"But underlying cold figures, our memory easily discerns the warmth and activity of the indefatigable affection evidenced for us. The American Relief Clearing House was fully worthy of its illustrious founder, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, who gave us such striking proof of his friendship for France in 1914 and who, even when temporarily absent, has never lost sight of us.

"By an ingenious combination, the Clearing House of Paris was linked to a similar organization with headquarters in New York, founded also by Mr. Herrick. This latter mobilized and raised relief; while the former received and distributed it. The more necessities increased, the more inexhaustible seemed the sources of supply. Clothing, linen, food, material, aid for the maimed, funds, flowed uninterruptedly across the ocean; and American charity con-

stantly assumed forms ever new, ever more ingenious, and ever more touching.

"Never, never will France have the ingratitude to forget that."

The story of this organization has been written by Mr. Percy Mitchell in a volume as interesting as it is honorable for the American people, and while no extended account of its beneficent operations can be given here, it would be unpardonable to describe Mr. Herrick's activities in 1914 and not briefly tell what the Clearing House was. For he not only conceived the plan but he threw himself into its accomplishment with an intense ardor that never diminished. He loved what he was doing; he felt competent to decide the many questions that arose; and then, as the horrible years of the war drew to a close, the memory of his wife became associated with this work as it was with that of the American Ambulance. Wherever Mrs. Herrick had trod, his heart forever lingered, and this is one of the reasons why the Ambulance and the Clearing House remained for him in after life surrounded with such tender sentiment.

Very soon after the war started, organizations of every sort were formed in America for sending aid to the suffering in Europe, civilians and soldiers alike. Most of the supplies contributed were specifically given for the Allies and a great part of them for France and Belgium. Individuals and societies sprang up, both in France and the United States, which collected funds, purchased goods, and endeavored to deliver them where needed. Very soon confusion began to threaten, and in some cases abuses and waste were visible. As the business grew and huge sums became available, the possibility that something worse might arise led Mr. Herrick to step in. He had in view the protection of those who had given their money, the interests of the sufferers for whom the supplies were intended, and the guarding of America's good name. He wished to take no chances. Much of the material as well as the money was being sent addressed to the

embassy, which was in no wise equipped to receive, account for, and distribute the tons of freight arriving, and the danger of loss or peculation was evident. Mr. Herrick therefore decided that in the interest of all it was imperative that a competent body, independent of the embassy, should centralize and be responsible for this American work of rescue, and about the middle of November, 1914, he convened a meeting of Americans in Paris to discuss the matter. Those present included: Mr. H. H. Harjes, Professor J. Mark Baldwin, Mr. Whitney Warren, Mr. James Hazen Hyde, initiator of the exchange professorships between France and America; Rev. Dr. S. N. Watson, Mr. M. Percy Peixotto, Mr. Elmer Roberts; Mr. C. Inman Barnard and Mr. Henry Cachard, lawyers; Mr. Edward Tuck, philanthropist and Mæcenas of the American colony; Mr. J. Ridgeley Carter, former American Minister; Mr. Junius S. Morgan, Mr. W. S. Hilles, Mr. L. V. Twyeffort, Mr. William S. Hogan, Duc de Loubat, Mr. Randolph Mordecai, Mr. Charles Carroll, Mr. Charles R. Scott, and many others.

Mr. Herrick presided and in his opening remarks outlined the question before the meeting. America, he said, was making a powerful effort to help France. As a matter of justice and humanity the movement should be encouraged and stimulated. That could best be done by expediting the distribution of the relief supplies received from the United States. Order must be brought out of the chaos produced by unsystematized shipments. The task was too big and too delicate to be grappled with by any individual. The relief movement must be protected from possible abuses or dishonesty. The distribution of the aid must be under the control of a central organization, approved by the embassy and empowered to see to the faithful carrying out of the intentions of the donors.

He believed that the most effective safeguard and collaborator in this business would be an institution corresponding in charitable work to a clearing house in banking, and

he proposed that such an organ be created and that it be called "The American Relief Clearing House." He declared that it would find plenty of work to do, but all that was necessary to success was the coöperation of business ability and public spirit. In both these respects the American colony was rich.

Mr. Herrick's appeal hit the mark. After a searching discussion his solution was agreed to be the best, and the work of practical realization was at once begun. Offices were established at 5 Rue François I., the owner, Comte Gérard de Ganay, placing the building, rent and taxes free, at the disposal of the committee, and the Duchesse de Talleyrand—*née* Gould—provided a commodious edifice for a warehouse.

Mr. Herrick's departure for America had already been decided upon when this meeting took place, and he had sailed when the formal organization was perfected on December 1, 1914. One can perceive his solicitude for the success of American efforts to aid France in his determination to get this matter well started while still ambassador. He did not desire to leave to others a matter so near to his heart and whose value was so clear to his businesslike mind.

He was elected honorary president, and on reaching home he devoted his influence and time to Clearing House affairs. In this he drew to his aid an old friend whose marvelous ability was equaled only by his modesty. Mr. Herrick could never mention the Clearing House without telling of the work done for it by Mr. C. A. Coffin, president of the General Electric Company and "the soul of War Relief." In an extraordinary letter, he speaks of the impossibility of getting any statement from Mr. Coffin as to his endless activities for that cause. "I merely did my day's work," he said, "and a far less personal contribution, proportioned to my situation, than was that of every boy who went across facing disaster and death. I feel that what we did was essentially clerical work." This from a man who practically quit his great business for several years to work for war relief.

XXIX

WHY HE WAS NEVER NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT

I HAVE often heard Mr. Herrick's closest friends say that he might very well have been nominated for President, either in 1916 when Mr. Hughes was the candidate or in 1920 when Mr. Harding was elected. They usually coupled this assertion with the remark that if nominated on either occasion he would have been elected. In 1920, they declared, whether the Republicans presented Harding or Herrick, the result would have been the same. But what about 1916? As regards that campaign they said, even leaving out his chance to win in other states, he would certainly have carried California and hence the election. He was on the closest terms with all the factions in that commonwealth; Senator Hiram Johnson, the Crockers, and the railroad people were all his friends; his oft-tested ability to smooth over difficulties, the warm geniality of his character, his entire separation from the bitternesses of the 1912 campaign, in addition to the respect and admiration felt for him throughout the country, all point to the probability of his carrying at least what Mr. Hughes did, plus California.

This of course was interesting, and I therefore once asked Mr. Herrick to tell me what he thought about the matter and whether the political leaders had approached him with the idea of making him the candidate.

"That," he answered, "is a rather complicated story, but

I will give you the reason which prevented me from ever encouraging in the smallest degree those enthusiastic friends who thought I had a chance to become President. You know how often one's friends suggest such things, and when I came home from France some of mine were generous enough to broach the subject. I had little difficulty in proving to them that my candidacy was out of the question both on my own account and the party's, and the reasons I can give you now without raking up things which at one time gravely distressed me.

"In 1901–2, I was a member of the syndicate which bought the Western Maryland railroad and built it to the Atlantic seaboard. After the Wheeling & Lake Erie road went into bankruptcy, I was appointed its receiver. At this time George Gould was trying to connect his ambitious western system through to tidewater and he wanted these two railroads for that purpose. To do this he needed a charter to construct a bridge across the Ohio River and reach Pittsburgh. This an act of Congress gave him. The Wabash Terminal Company was organized to build the bridge and the piece of road necessary to connect Gould's Wabash system with the Wheeling & Lake Erie and thus get into Pittsburgh. At first I was 'syndicate manager' of the Wabash Terminal; later I resigned all connection with the enterprise; eventually it came to grief and was thrown into the hands of receivers.

"In going over the affairs of the company, the receivers could find no trace of vouchers covering expenditures amounting to something like twelve million dollars, and the members of the syndicate, old and new, could furnish no information bearing on the entries. The receivers demanded an accounting for this money, and it bothered me greatly.

"When the Wabash Terminal Company went to smash, General Fitzgerald was president of the syndicate. His office was in the Equitable Building in New York, and as it had burned down and General Fitzgerald was dead, the only

explanation we could advance was that all of these papers had been burned during the fire. Naturally this was not sufficient for the receivers, and suits had been begun in the courts for the recovery of the money. This was the situation when I came back from France in December, 1914.

"The question of a Republican candidate to run against President Wilson was already occupying the attention of party leaders. A number of these had conferences with me after my return and suggested that I run. Henry Cabot Lodge was one of them. He said to me: 'You are the logical candidate and you can be elected hands down. You have been absent nearly three years and fortunately you have not been mixed up in all the rows of 1912. Everybody knows you and everybody is for you.'

"I was in no way indifferent to these suggestions, but I was thoroughly alive to the dangers which my nomination would provoke, both for myself and the Republican party. I answered Senator Lodge substantially as follows:

"'You forget about that lawsuit of the Wabash Terminal, but I do not. Look at all the political capital that would be made out of it—the connection with Gould and the unaccounted-for loss of a big sum of money—just the sort of mess the Democrats would revel in. Yes, yes, I know there is no truth in it. I know I had sold out long before the transactions in question took place, I know that all I got was my fee as manager; but the public would be made to see in it only the theft of twelve million dollars. No, I would not try to get the nomination even if I believed I might be successful. The things which would inevitably be said during the campaign, and to which I have no convincing reply, would be humiliating.

"In 1920 there was again some talk of my being the candidate. Senator Harding came to me and said: 'Myron, if you will run, I will not raise my finger to get the nomination.' I told him I did not want it and I told him why. Exactly the same situation existed as four years back. Nothing had

changed. The Wabash Terminal suit had not been settled and the vouchers not yet found. I did not want to try for the nomination, though I was convinced that Harding and the others would throw the weight of their undoubted influence to me. I know that my decision to refuse was right. It would have been shouted from one end of the country to the other that I was a thief, and however my friends might have defended me, such assaults would have had their effect on the public and they would have wounded me to the quick.

"However, a few years ago this whole matter was cleared up. When he came to Paris some time before his death, Alvin Krech gave me all the details, including an account of his two hours on the witness stand testifying as to those vouchers. What had happened was this: After General Fitzgerald's death and the Equitable fire, the Mercantile Trust, of which he was president, was sold out to the Bankers' Trust and all of Fitzgerald's papers were transferred to the basement of that bank. Among them was an iron-bound trunk in which eventually were found all the vouchers pertaining to those twelve million dollars of the old Wabash Terminal syndicate. Fitzgerald had put them in with the accounts of the Mercantile Trust and nobody ever thought to look for them there. Everything was in perfect order, every dollar accounted for. If Fitzgerald had been alive when the suit was started or if he had not put the accounts of the Wabash syndicate in his books with those of the Mercantile Trust, the vouchers would have been discovered many years ago and no possible accusation could have hung over my head."

Naturally, when he reached this point, the ambassador and I talked for some time as to what strange little accidents often determine the course of important national events. "Don't you remember," he observed, "in one of Bernard Shaw's books he proves that the battle of Lodi was really won by a lieutenant's horse? Some ingenious fellow might amuse himself by showing that the Republicans lost the election in 1916 on account of the Equitable fire. Yes, I sup-

pose that except for those vouchers being mislaid it is within the range of possibility that the nomination would have come to me. If elected I would have been dead long ago, that is sure; so perhaps it is just as well, after all—at least as far as I am personally concerned."

XXX

1915—1921

THE "Rip Van Winkle sleep" which Mr. Herrick had promised himself before leaving Paris did not last long. During the year 1915 he was in demand for every organization that had been created to aid France or the Allies. He served on many relief committees, made speeches, worked for the Clearing House and the Ambulance, received visits from prominent foreigners and American politicians. He enjoyed being with his family and old friends as never before in his life, and the change in the business outlook created by the war required that he once more devote a small part of his time to his personal affairs. He was fully occupied and very happy.

As the presidential campaign of 1916 drew near, some of the Republican leaders approached him with the suggestion that he become the candidate of his party. This idea he rejected for reasons which have already been explained; but the pressure to have him run for the Ohio senatorship was too strong to be resisted and he accepted the nomination. He threw himself with ardor into the campaign, but his personal popularity could not overcome the forces arrayed against the Republicans. A large part of the population of Ohio was of German origin and Mr. Herrick's known sympathy for France naturally made no appeal to these men, many of whom in other circumstances would probably have voted for him. The cry that Wilson "kept us out of war" was used with great effect in Ohio and the President swept the state, carrying with him all the Democratic candidates.

Mr. Herrick felt this defeat keenly, and even the consolation of seeing the nominee of his party elected to the Presidency was denied him. But these disappointments were soon forgotten in the satisfaction he experienced when Mr. Wilson at last decided to enter the war. Then in 1917–1918 two terrible blows fell upon him in succession. His eldest grandson, a charming boy who bore his name, was run over and killed by an automobile. Less than a year after this Mrs. Herrick died.

These two bereavements broke his spirit for a time and, indeed, he never fully recovered from them. He loved Mrs. Herrick with all the ardor of his younger days. She was his unfailing consolation in every trouble, his companion in all his joys, a counselor upon whom he constantly relied, and her death left a gap in his existence which never was filled. Among all the circumstances which molded his nature and left their impress upon his work, none was more powerful than the unbroken happiness of his married life.

Since the close of hostilities he had wanted to make a visit to France, but family bereavements and a sense of delicacy had prevented the indulgence of this desire. At last, in the summer of 1920, he felt able to carry it out. Its realization brought him an immense pleasure and was influential in reviving his spirits and improving his health. It could hardly be otherwise, for no one was more susceptible to the stimulation which comes in an atmosphere of affection and approval. All France welcomed him as a friend, French statesmen and his old colleagues among the diplomats were delighted to see him again, the American colony fêted him, and the city of Paris organized a magnificent reception in his honor at the Hôtel de Ville. His letters show that he was entirely unprepared for the fervor of the reception which awaited him, and had he realized the demands which this enthusiastic welcome would make upon his recently recovered strength, it seems likely that he would have hesitated to undertake the journey.

On July 14 he writes to his son Parmely from Paris:

"I returned last night from one of the most active four days that I have had in a long time. I will not attempt to give you the details of a visit to the battlefields, Verdun, Rheims. . . .

"The journey, from start to finish, was full of the deepest interest, and I only wish it were possible for every citizen in the Allied countries to see what we saw, even after all this time since hostilities ceased. It would make them more sympathetic with France.

"We were under the guidance of Colonel Philippe Bunau-Varilla, and a more fortunate guide in some respects we could not have had.

"We began in the morning at eight and ran until about nine or ten o'clock at night without stopping for dinner. We would then find a restaurant of some kind, and anything that we had to eat was awfully good!

"Philippe, with his peg-leg, bid fair to outdo us all, but I suppose the reason for that is that one leg being wooden he did not get tired as quickly as we did with two. (He lost his leg at Verdun.)

"I am too fatigued to attempt any description. I am sending you some clippings which tell the story of Rheims most interestingly. A large déjeuner was given in the Hôtel de Ville, which is a wreck. Two or three hundred people were present. Léon Bourgeois spoke. Some time I shall tell you all about it if you care to hear.

"This afternoon I am to speak at the Club House of the Knights of Columbus—Marshal Foch is to be presented with a flag from the ladies of California, etc.

"I am called on to do so very many things here that I find Paris harder on me than the trip—hard as that was. Public reception and other things planned, and while it is all most gratifying, I shall be glad to get over to London, where I hope it will be rather quiet. I am going to enjoy all this in retrospect—but it is hard to keep the pace.

"The thing that I constantly wish is that you and Agnes could have been with me."

In a later letter he says:

"I have never been so occupied in my life. It is not possible for any human being to be as good as these people think I am, therefore I am leaving as quickly as possible.

"I am going to Coblenz to-night. Mott is there. General Allen has asked me; they will have a motor for me. I shall go to Strasburg. They want to give me a big reception there, but I shall not be able to accept it.

"I lunched with the Castellanes yesterday. The British ambassador was there. Had a delightful reunion with Princess Murat, the daughter of the Duc de Rohan; last evening Madame Benoist d'Azy came to dine with me.

"The last three weeks have been so full of events, so kaleidoscopic, that I cannot begin to enumerate them. Mails are slow, and no chance to write much. I shall soon be home."

He drive over much of northern and eastern France, looking at the battlefields and the devastated regions, stopping above all at Rheims, for which place he had a profound sentiment. I accompanied him on the journey along the Rhine, and when at Coblenz we stood watching the Stars and Stripes floating over the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, we seemed to measure the vast distance between the America of Mr. Herrick's boyhood years and the nation whose armies, after crossing the Atlantic, had marched through half of Europe and now stood guard with French and British troops along the Rhine.

No American who did not visit the occupied regions in those days can imagine the effect of that spectacle. We stood on the point of land where the colossal statue of the old Emperor William proudly overlooks the stream. Ancient

houses, the familiar bridge of boats, policemen in German uniforms, all that, as travelers, one had seen in years gone by, was there unchanged; but as the eye inevitably swept across the wide rush of water to the prodigious battlements rising on the other side, it fixed itself with startled gaze upon the colors of our country, crowning their topmost peak and at first inviting more of wonder than any other emotion. Suddenly, all that it meant burst upon the consciousness. Pride, a thrill of patriotic awe, and then a sense of utter happiness—happiness in the power it told us of, the mighty protection it signified for everything we loved and hoped for. In that one glance we could see, crowding behind this symbol in the German sky, millions of soldiers pouring into France, millions more panting to embark, a vast land marshaling its untold energies for the sweet business of righting a stupendous wrong.

As a young soldier I had watched the Spanish colors lowered on the citadel at Manila while our own flag floated slowly out in the faint tropical breeze, and an irrepressible gulp had risen in my throat. But how poor was my emotion then as compared with this! Here was no decaying empire whose crumbling fragments fell off beneath our blows, but the stoutest foe the world had seen in centuries squarely met on the battlefield and broken by a fiercer energy. Only twenty years separated these two pictures, but they had written a whole century of attainment.

While Mr. Herrick was in France on this visit arrangements were completed for dedicating the monument to Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, where he had made his historic flights. Mr. Herrick was asked to be present, and in a letter home tells of what took place when Baron d'Estournelles de Constant in 1913 started this plan for a monument:

"I gave a déjeuner to some 50 Frenchmen at that time and the matter was well under way; then came the war, and all turned from thoughts of the dead to the horrible business of

killing the living. It touches me strangely, after all these years and the many things that have happened since, to be again on the point of going to Le Mans to attend the dedication of this monument. It is a shaft, on the summit of which is a man, kneeling; he is straining, with uplifted arms as of yearning prayer, to the Great Blue to lift him, take him up from the earth into the vast spaces of the sky. And his prayer was answered.

"I don't know why, but there seems to be something in the very air of France that draws to her shores from all parts of the globe the dreamers and thinkers that are struggling to wrest from the unknown some new gift for the world. It must be that here they find the quick intelligence and the ready sympathy that softens the pain of failure and ever stimulates them to new effort. Here, too, they find in such large measure the true instinct of the sportsman—for the Frenchman is the first to recognize merit in a new thing and to step forward with the hand of good fellowship and congratulation. It is typical of them that the first move for the erection of this monument to Wilbur Wright should have been made by a Frenchman—Baron d'Estournelles de Constant."

In another letter he says:

"I have asked Miss Singleton to keep you advised of what is going on. I really have not a moment for myself.

"To-day at luncheon, at the S—— P——'s, I met Baron G——, who said he knew you and sent best regards. Next to me there was a very interesting and beautiful Russian Countess . . . who escaped from the Bolshevists last year. . . .

"Later I called on the Queen of Roumania, who seemed intent on making a journey to the United States. I think I was successful in convincing her that it would be better to wait until next spring. She is delightful.

"It seems to me now that the fatigue is having its effect.

If only I can finish up the next fifteen days here and then go away! Now, I feel as if I should never want to go through with this again."

The obedient and devoted Miss Singleton adds this:

"Your father is a miracle. No crowned head could have received a more splendid welcome, and he is carrying it off beautifully. He is the type that the more you load on him, the better he stands it. However, I shall try to get Barlow to give him salt rubs—they are most strengthening. The only thing is I don't get any support. They all agree with me in whispers that he ought to do this and ought to do that, and then he rolls his eyes at them and they quail. To meet an extraordinary emergency you must use extraordinary means. That's military. But he doesn't want to do that. He thinks he can pull through this siege with no more care of himself than the ordinary routine of a quiet day in Cleveland. . . .

"I wish you would write him a firm letter to London telling him he must take care of himself and do all he is told to do. You know London—those people *begin to live* at 2 A. M.!"

And so it went until the climax was reached on July 26th. On that day the city of Paris gave him an official reception in splendid Hôtel de Ville. The Prefect of the Seine, the mayor, and others made eloquent speeches recounting the ambassador's services to Paris. In closing, Monsieur Corbeiller addressed these words to him:

"When you left France in November, 1914, the President of our Municipal Council, knowing all that you had done for us, desired that you might take away from Paris some symbol of her gratitude. At the railway station he took from his pocket a case containing a poor little medal—the Mint was no longer in operation—on which he had caused to be cut these words: '*À Myron T. Herrick, Ambassadeur des États-Unis d'Amérique en 1914, la Ville de Paris reconnaissante.*'

"He asked you to excuse the modesty of this offering and to wait for better days when it could be replaced by a souvenir more worthy of you and of us. This souvenir, Mr. Ambassador, I now offer you. The case is richer, the medal more beautiful, but the inscription is the same; and in its eloquent simplicity it faithfully expresses an unchangeable sentiment, the gratitude of Paris to you."

He then handed him a finely executed medal, on one side of which is shown the Hôtel de Ville with an allegorical figure of Paris, and on the other the inscription just quoted.

Mr. Herrick did not have time to write to his children more than the briefest notes after this, but in one of them he says, "Miss Singleton will tell you the rest." She did. And in her own way. What she wrote has a flavor difficult to convey by mere extracts. She describes at length what took place at the Hôtel de Ville so that one sees every detail of the picture: the speeches in Mr. Herrick's praise, his reply, how he bore himself, "the unstudied charm that men of great personality possess, the spark they have caught from the great hot heart of Nature, that knows no school"; the clothes the women wore—"Mrs. R—— in black with cream lace helter-skeltering along it; Madame P——, a flower of bygone days, a strain of half-forgotten music; the beautiful Countess X—— and her sister, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of B——; Madame Poincaré, who sat beside him; the Marquis de Lasteyrie, the Rochambeaus, the Chambruns, and the Castellanes; no end of government people—Millerand, the Prime Minister, Pétain, Nivelle, Pau; Mrs. F—— (dear old lady) who said she could not see for her tears.

"They gave him a large gold medal. . . . Also a wonderful bouquet in a solid silver dish (I don't think tinware would come out of the Rue de la Paix, so I say it was solid). A child gave him a bunch of roses. The child got a kiss."

Then Miss Singleton adds: "However, what WE went through before this beautiful outburst of love and affection on the part of Paris no one will put into history. The presi-

dent of the Municipal Council, his cohorts and his legions, sashayed back and forth; then the formal invitation, then the formal acceptance; then the change of date so that the American ambassador could be present; then the notes to and from the American embassy explaining all this; then the list of guests to be invited; then more lists of guests who desired to be invited; then L—— N—— revamping the list; then the wrong first names found tied to the wrong surnames; the wait for the speech from the president of the Municipal Council; the receipt of the speech, and the rewriting of the ambassador's speech; the non-arrival of the speech of the Prefect of the Seine; the search for this speech that was said to have been sent three days ago; the telephoning; the speech found at the embassy; the boy scout waiting for the tip when there was no change; finally the franc found; then the writing of the rewritten speech; Mr. Norton cross, Miss Singleton still crosser; Barlow trying to get people on the telephone, and telephone girls who won't answer; Miss N—— wanting more invitations (just like a woman); the official interpreter, sick (shows his lack of humor to get sick at such a time); Mr. K—— taking the speech off to translate; the emissary of the Municipality trekking after to help; Mr. K—— very cross; Barlow sent to see him; tells Barlow to sit down and wait; Barlow won't sit down and wait but walks straight in on him (Barlow is British). Then the Hôtel de Ville, and the band and the buffet."

XXXI

HE RETURNS TO FRANCE AS AMBASSADOR

As soon as Mr. Harding was elected, the question of Mr. Herrick's appointment to France or to some other country as ambassador was naturally brought up. His closest friends were divided in their opinions as to his accepting such a post, although they were sure he would be asked to do so. Some thought if he went abroad again it should be to London; others feared that his health was not good enough to stand the work and that if he returned to Europe he would break down under the strain. Several of them talked to me about it, and as my ideas on the subject were definite I said what I thought unreservedly, indeed hoping it would reach him.

I was convinced that his going to London would be a mistake. All would be new to him, the effort would be greater, the surroundings unfamiliar; he would be at the start among strangers; whereas his coming back to Paris would be like the return of a traveler from a cold and tiring journey, who finds a bright fire going and his slippers warming on the hearth. Frenchmen of all classes would be delighted at his appointment, they would hail him as an old and tried friend, while the Americans in Paris would welcome him with joyful affection. Everything would be made easy for him. If his health was not good, nothing would stimulate it more than this happy atmosphere and interesting work. Indeed I had a theory that its unsatisfactory condition was more induced by his having nothing to do than by any other cause and that

congenial occupation in a sphere already familiar to him would build him up as nothing else could do.

The event proved the fairness of this reasoning. With every month after his arrival in Paris he grew stronger physically and keener mentally, and after a year had passed it was astonishing, the amount of "punishment" he could stand. In 1924 he had a very serious illness and for a few days he himself believed his end was near. During his convalescence some of those very close to him suggested that if he continued at work he would shorten his life and that in his own interest he ought to resign. "If I quit," he said to me at this time, "I would go home and simply sit down and wait to die. If I keep busy I may last quite a while yet. But I don't want to hang on if I am merely a senile encumbrance. Am I? That is the question. What do you think, frankly?"

He put in five years of work useful to his country after that, and at the end it was his body that gave out; his judgment remained firm and his mind keen to the very last. He was one of those rare men who understood himself as accurately as he estimated others.

Telling of his being asked to go back to France, he said:

"I was chairman of the Ohio delegation to the national convention of 1920 when Harding was nominated and I worked for his candidacy. He and I had long been friends and political associates and of course all Ohio was strongly for him. Before he was inaugurated we had a little argument about Harry Daugherty. He discussed that appointment with me before it was made and I spoke against it with a plainness which rather tiffed Harding. However, that was only a warm discussion as between old friends, and he informed me that he wanted me to go to London, Paris, or any other post I might prefer. I thanked him but told him I was not very well and I had to think it over. I was on my way to New York at the time, and I finally wrote him from there saying that I had decided to go to Honolulu for a rest and please not to

consider me for any appointment. I assumed that would be the end of the matter, but after I got back to California, while up at the observatory on top of Mount Wilson, Tod Ford called me on the telephone from Pasadena and read a telegram from Harding in which he asked me to go to France as ambassador. He was so generous as to say afterward that he believed everybody in the United States was expecting him to send me there.

"Mr. Root was in the Mount Wilson party, and I shall never forget him as he was that evening when I told of Harding's offer. Henry Smith Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation, William Benson Story of the Atchison Road, Parmely, and Ulysses Grant were all sitting around a big fire, and Mr. Root began to talk about the League of Nations, the World Court, and the vast financial problems facing all countries. For a long time none of us spoke, we were all so afraid he might stop or branch off. Finally I said, 'What do you think about my accepting?'

"'You must by all means go,' he replied in his terse, definite way.

"I left California," continued Mr. Herrick, "with my mind still not quite made up and went to Washington, where Harding was then installed. Nobody could have been kinder than he was when I saw him, and I learned with pleasure that Mr. Hughes was also strongly in favor of my selection. After talking to them both, I decided to accept, I only made two requests, indeed conditions. One was that I could have Sheldon Whitehouse as counselor; the other that you would remain my military attaché as long as I was ambassador. Both of these were agreed to."

Before he started for France, Cleveland gave him an imposing "send-off" to which he refers in a letter written from the ship to Mr. Samuel Mather:

"I never was so completely surprised and overwhelmed as I was by the good-bye from my friends in Cleveland. I could

not in any adequate way meet such expressions of friendship and praise in my embarrassed attempt to reply.

"I wonder if you would send me what you have written introducing me. I would like Parmely to have it to keep.

"I've been 'the lonesomest beggar in all the world' for three years nearly, and began to feel that my friends were fewer; but your eloquent words of approval and praise not only made me want to remain at home but 'bucked' me up for France."

This idea as to the inspiring value of friends' approval recalls another paragraph in a letter written years before to Andrew Squire:

"Unless one has warm and devoted friends willing to overlook his mistakes and weaknesses and give large credit for good intentions, life is not worth nearly so much. The invitation of your committee I construe to mean that I have more of these than I had thought, therefore, am glad. I've always known that I had you and a few others for all emergencies."

Mr. Herrick's arrival in France in 1921 was attended by circumstances so unusual as to constitute a new precedent in the history of diplomatic relationships. A glance at the speeches of public men and the editorials in all the newspapers of the land, big and little, will show that his coming was hailed as an event of prime importance to France. Time did not diminish this feeling, and during the eight years which followed everybody became so accustomed to the happy situation that it was taken for granted he would remain as long as he lived.

As though chance also wished to take a hand in marking the dramatic element of his return, it happened that he arrived on the great French national holiday, July 14th. The Prime Minister went to the station to meet him, which was unusual; what was far more so is that an enormous crowd

of people from every walk of life filled the streets on his passage. The seven terrible years that had intervened since his departure had not blurred their memory, and all wanted to prove it.

The next day Stephen Lausanne in the *Matin* said: "Le Havre, Rouen, Paris, and all France gave yesterday to Mr. Herrick such a welcome as has never yet been accorded to any ambassador, however eminent he might be or however great the people he represented. This is because a friend, and a very dear friend, has come back to us. I have known him for ten years and each time that I have found myself in his presence during all that period it has seemed to me how perfectly Brantôme's phrase applies to him: 'He is a man whose heart rises to his lips.'"

Monsieur Poincaré wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, after referring in affectionate terms to the events of 1914: "He is one of those who can most contribute toward making our true frame of mind known in America, showing us as we are and defending us against German calumnies. He is also one of those best able to inform us as to America's thoughts and save us from occasional optical illusions." Subsequent events proved how accurate was the prediction of this great statesman.

The *Dépêche* of Toulouse asserted: "He is resolute, courageous, and elegant. There is no concealment in his language, no affectation in his manner. He comes of a race which brings its native rectitude to bear in international affairs and offers sane solutions for the problems of life."

The *Intransigeant* declared: "Such a friend of France as he is can do much to serve us in serving his own country. . . . Mr. Herrick will be the well-informed witness of our fears and our desires."

The *Journal des Dêbats* said: "Few ambassadors have given more proofs of their capacity to fulfill their delicate functions than Mr. Herrick has already shown. He is equal to all the duties his office imposes upon him and, what is rare,

he accomplishes them in a way to satisfy everyone. He arrives at a difficult moment. France expects very much of America, and it would seem that politically America is not in a position to give France all that she hopes for. It is comforting for the true friends of America and for all of France to think that Mr. Herrick will be there to intervene, as no one knows better how to do, for the best interests of both countries."

There was probably not a newspaper published in the whole land which did not comment in grateful terms upon his arrival. And then, in April, 1929, after eight years of office, during times more difficult than those of the war, these same papers with one accord praised his later work as fervently as they had applauded his earlier services; a thing almost unheard-of in the annals of journalism.

Hundreds of letters arrived, many from those he did not know. Children as well as grown people wrote. One of these from Le Bateau, a village utterly destroyed during the war, is evidently from a young girl:

"We were all so glad to read in the papers of the marvelous reception given you, the old friend of France, when you reached our country, so torn by the most terrible of all wars. God is just: He weighs kings and shepherds in the same scales, and He will reward you for all your goodness to those who suffer, and for whom generous American hearts have done so much.

Your kind face is like the spring to us and your words heal the trouble in our hearts. We thank the newspapers for telling us what little folks as well as big wish to know of your arrival. We ask God in our prayers every night to bring us peace and to bless our great friend Mr. Herrick."

His speech to the President, in presenting his letters of credence, abounded in terms unusual to diplomatic usage:

"From the moment I stood again on the soil of France yesterday, I have been made the recipient of a welcome that

has touched me more deeply than I can express. You may imagine my emotion when at Havre I was greeted by the orphans of men who gave their lives that their children might live in peace. At Paris, the President of the Council came, regardless of diplomatic formality, to welcome me as a friend. With him were so many others whom I had grown to know and esteem that it seemed to me almost as if I were among my own people.

"I am told that I have really won the love of France. If that be true, I am blessed beyond the measure of good fortune, for the things I have done which have brought me this sentiment are also the very things that have won the confidence and approval of the people of my own country, whose love for France was never stronger than it is to-day. President Harding expressed it when, in offering me this post, he said: 'I believe that the people of the United States expect me to ask you to return to France. It is also my desire that you do so.'

"I bring from my government and people to the government and people of France the same affectionate friendship and desire for coöperation in the solution of the problems of peace which animated America when she came to your side during the war and I return to my old post with an abundance of hope, but with no illusions that the task will be easier than it was in 1914, when a visible enemy was at the gates of Paris. . . . The outstanding peril to civilization from the war has been the ruthless violation of international law and the criminal attempt to break down moral precepts. Providentially that failed. Reconstruction, both moral and material, and prosperity can come only through hard and incessant labor and economy, and upon this foundation only can be built practical idealism. The call to arms is happily now no longer heard; but the call to work and the call to service sound more clearly and with more imperative insistence than ever."

Commenting upon this speech, the *Gaulois* said: "Under

the immutable protocol and the apparent coldness of an official ceremony, Mr. Herrick could feel vibrating the ardent sympathies which the statesmen and people of France have unanimously vowed to great America and to the man who best represents her generous idealism and her faithful affection for France." Other papers all over the country discussed it in a similar tone. In fact, his arrival was hailed with delight by all classes and, as he acknowledged himself, he was treated like a national hero returning home after a successful campaign.

While waiting to find a house in Paris he took a cottage at Garches, and began his work. It was midsummer and unusually hot. Paris was empty, apart from tourists and the working classes (among the latter being included, of course, government officials and embassy staffs). Except for this fact Mr. Herrick might have been killed with hospitable kindness before he got a good start. One banquet given at the Ritz in his honor by the American Chamber of Commerce remains in my mind. Its president, Laurence Benét, I think it was, made a speech in which he said (I quote from memory), "We have tried various brands of diplomacy in our country; there has been what was called shirt-sleeves diplomacy, there has been dollar diplomacy, and just plain, old-fashioned, conventional diplomacy; but it remained for Mr. Herrick to invent the diplomacy of the heart, and I leave it to you to judge what the measure of its success has been."

Everybody knows with what tireless patience he continued his efforts to induce our government to buy an official residence for its ambassador in Paris and how at last he succeeded in the face of every obstacle. His first weeks of duty brought home to him in vivid fashion the intolerable situation which existed in that regard. The house occupied by his predecessor, Mr. Wallace, was no longer available and there was nothing for Mr. Herrick to do when he arrived but go to a hotel or hire some temporary residence. The latter

solution was decided upon before he sailed, but the place selected was in the country, and when the Prime Minister, after greeting him at the station, said, "I am going to drive you home," there was no home to drive to. I suggested my apartment, so Monsieur Briand conducted the ambassador there and left him. Later in the afternoon he went out to his new suburban home at Garches.

Again, when with the usual pomp he went to present his letters of credence to the President, this ceremony had to begin from his office and end there. This was intensely disagreeable to his sense of national pride. He thought that the United States ought to have as proper an establishment in Paris as other nations. A man more genuinely simple in his tastes and democratic in his ideas than Mr. Herrick did not exist, but when a question arose which concerned his country's dignity, or even the appearances attaching to that dignity, he was as sensitive as a hen over her chickens.

Before the summer was over he had succeeded in securing as a residence the handsome *hôtel* of the Prince de Broglie; here he established himself in the autumn, and he lived there for several years. He regretted his old home in the Rue François Premier which he had occupied from 1912 to 1914, and which was associated with all the gayety of his first two years in Paris and the tragic events of their close. Here the outbreak of the war had surprised him in his preparations for returning to America; here he had so often assembled with the distinguished men who had become his coöperators in great undertakings; here he and Mrs. Herrick had organized the vast relief work which was to be such a blessing to France, and here he had come back so often at midnight to tell his wife all the anxieties of his long hard day and whimsically extract for her benefit something amusing from its tragedy. But this house, like Mr. Wallace's, was no longer for rent.

Paris was still far from normal. To the feverish enthusiasm which marked the first year of restored peace there had suc-

ceeded a reaction permeating all classes, and a harrowing uncertainty replaced the earlier confidence. The war had brought up new problems of finance and reconstruction in which our leading men of affairs took a keen interest, and many of them came to France to get in closer contact with the situation. These all sought out their ambassador, and his house was the center of much entertaining intended to bring these men into contact with their French confrères.

Mr. Herrick's long experience as a banker now came usefully into play, called upon as he constantly was to discuss financial reconstruction with visitors from home, with French officials, and with his own government. His letters and despatches dealing with this problem would fill a large volume. They are permeated with his usual sound sense and unruffled good humor, to which is added an astonishing mastery of all its intricacies. His contribution to the efforts made to solve it is as great as that of any other man and constitutes one of the most signal services rendered to post-war financial restoration.

It can be understood, then, how difficult, in many ways, were those first years after his return. The hard times of 1921 were in full swing at home, the readjustment of business had not taken place, Germany seemed sinking into ruin, carrying an important American market down with her, Americans as well as Englishmen were abusing France, accusing her of imperial designs, and to a certain extent sympathizing with her great enemy. Finally Germany refused to pay, the Ruhr was occupied, and Europe was in a turmoil.

The resulting situation annoyed Mr. Herrick unendingly. He once outlined his ideas on it:

"The world is tired out. Everybody is disappointed. They all thought—at least the victorious nations did—that the end of the war would settle everybody's troubles. They forgot that all which had been destroyed during four years had to be rebuilt and that as much energy and self-sacrifice would be needed after the conflict as during it. There is one distinct

comfort I get out of the situation; it ought to be ten times harder to start up another great conflagration. They say governments, like the old kings, never learn anything, but I believe the people do, and the people are now everywhere running things. I do not believe that they are going to soon forget that after any big war, whatever the technical outcome, there are no victors: all are the vanquished. They are vanquished in this sense, that when hostilities are over the victorious suffer just as much in trying to recover as do the beaten countries. I have in mind all the time the people, not the governments, and of course a government is nothing but the business organization of the people it directs. I don't say rule: governments don't rule any more; they only execute—more or less accurately—the people's desire."

During the negotiations over the Briand-Kellogg Pact these ideas became more crystallized. "I believe that war," he said, "can be prevented by public opinion and by no other means. All these agreements are a good thing. They make war more difficult and the Kellogg Pact is one of the best of them. But they only help public opinion to become fixed and to express itself. They constitute the most effective machinery that governments can devise for delaying war and making those bent upon it see that it is not going to pay; but the only force that can really definitely prevent war is public opinion. I believe we have made steady progress in this direction and it is going to keep on."

Two letters to his son soon after reaching France show his solicitude over the financial situation at home and his firm belief that it would quickly adjust itself:

"August 17, 1921.

"I am improving in health and strength all the time.

"On Monday the British Ambassador[1] came to pay us a visit. I had suggested that he come most informally and he stayed to lunch. He drove his own beautiful Rolls-Royce and

[1]Lord Hardinge.

spent nearly all the afternoon, it being a holiday. He is a charming man and I got some new sidelights on the situation, especially in regard to their ambassador and ours, which were quite interesting. He was very much interested when I told him Geddes[1] was the plural of 'god' and therefore, he must be all right. . . . I hope you will let me know as soon as you get to Cleveland how things appear there. I think there is no real occasion to be downcast. We will go through some hard financial stress for a time, but things will come out all right. I had a much harder time during the panic of '93 and the years that followed, and then we did not have the assets to cope with the situation that we have to-day."

"September 6, 1921.

"I have been deeply distressed over the financial situation and the fear that a great burden was being placed on you. However, I have such faith in our country that I know if we can successfully mark time for a year, everything will come right again and the world situation will be by that time on the road to readjustment. . . . I think I have made a considerable gain in my health, which of course was not very bad at any time, but the strain of arrival, after my illness at home, made me rather uneasy as to whether I could meet the fatigue or not. However, I seem to be doing it rather well. It is a pretty steady grind, of course, and it is hard to keep a stiff upper lip when there seems to be so little sunshine in the world. . . . I am planning to go to Coblenz, leaving on the train Monday night with Agnes and the boy, spending a day and a half with General Allen, and then motoring to Mayence and Wiesbaden. I think it would be a journey that little Parmely never would forget, and Agnes is quite anxious to go. Mott will accompany us."

Moments of depression would sometimes creep into his cheerful nature, and while they never lasted long, when they

[1]Sir Auckland Geddes had recently (1920) been appointed British ambassador to the United States.

were on he would turn to old friends and contemporaries, those who he felt could best understand. There is always pathos in these letters and they give a glimpse into the secret chambers of his being. One often sees, too, that he is thinking of Mrs. Herrick and missing her more acutely than usual. But even as he wrote, the old optimism would return; he would brag a little over beating Norton or me at golf, recite his many occupations, and wind up with the realization that if he could do all that, he was perhaps a stouter fellow than he had thought.

Here is a letter to Mr. James Parmelee of Cleveland sent in May, 1922:

DEAR JIM:

Every day I think of you and I am sure that the newly discovered forces which are doing all sorts of tricks in the air, almost revealing the innermost councils of men to the public, carry the thoughts to and from those who love each other—those whose lives have been so closely and understandingly bound together as yours and mine.

Dear old Andrew[1] has been here and has gone. When I said good-bye, the thought came to me that we might not meet again. How intimately his life has been interwoven with ours! He once said to me, "I have no other purpose than to serve those I love and be useful to the end." I hope this trip will buck him up.

Sam[2] is here—dear old Sam—getting considerable out of the last lap of his life. A good and rather warm heart he has; he has shown it to me, but to most he has kept it concealed inside his puritanical armor. He proudly wears his insignia of the Legion of Honor which he so richly deserved.

So we of the old guard are wending our way through these last hard years, each in his own way trying, like Andrew, to

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[1]Andrew Squire.
[2]Samuel Mather.

make his life useful where the world needs him most. Fate seems to have again placed me in the running and to have given me a hard stunt. Frankly, I thought that I would die soon in the harness; maybe I shall, but I am not unwilling. Strange as it may seem, with the intense pressure, my health has returned to a point equal to my age, and I am "facing the day" with confidence and enthusiasm. I begin at eight-thirty and rarely end before midnight. I have the confidence and love of these people, and Harding and Hughes tell me that I have the confidence and respect of my own people; that helps no end.

Although I have the blessed memories of my beloved and lost ones, there is always with it that loneliness and heartache which sometimes is almost too great to bear. But I have my dear boy and his dear little boy, the wife and mother of them, who love me and help me and without whom I could not strive. Youth, it has been so often said, is sometimes unknowingly and unthinkingly cruel. One generation does not differ from another. I thought my father, at my age, had had his life; he in turn, told me that his great sorrow was that he had thought in the same way of his father. So each successive generation goes on, learning its own lessons and repining over the same errors when its time comes.

Laszlo has nearly finished my portrait for the Chamber of Commerce, which requested it and employed him. Manship, your friend, has also nearly completed a bust in clay, as a gift to Parmely. I think it will be a fine one. Then, the Panorama of the War wanted a lifesize figure standing with Pershing, to replace a poor representation from a photograph. So you see that I've had an endurance test equal to a life in the trenches superimposed on this daily grind.

To-day I stole out with Laurence Norton and played a round of golf, putting him down six holes; came home and have written you this long letter. After the work of the chancery, a sitting for Laszlo of two and a half hours, and a speech at the inter-Allied with Marshal Foch—not bad for a half holiday.

I did not mean to write all this, dear Jim. I was so delighted to hear the good news of you and Alice.

My love to you both,
MYRON.

In a later letter to Mr. Squire he laments the death of the Marquis de Lasteyrie:

"He and his wife were among our first friends here in 1912. They had a charming château at La Grange (the home of Lafayette, his ancestor) where we spent many delightful hours. The Marquis de Lasteyrie was one of the few remaining 'grands seigneurs' of the old régime and one of the most distinguished and delightful Frenchmen it has been my pleasure to meet. He was in the diplomatic service years ago in London under his uncle, the Comte de Jarnac. I had talked with him just the day before he died. His going closes a chapter of one of my most delightful friendships here."

In another he makes this prediction:

"I am deeply disturbed over France's dilemma. It furnishes much proof of the inadequacy of parliamentary government in a crisis. We should also take heed, for if the Farm Bloc continues in our Congress, we will become as ineffective as France in the solution of problems."

XXXII

THE "EUROPEAN MESS"

THE sentiment at home against taking any hand in the adjustment of Europe's troubles, which became so pronounced at the close of 1923, the bitterness of the newspapers on both sides of the water, the criticism of America and the hard words thrown at France, were a source of much unhappiness to the ambassador. Knowing the difficulties which confronted the two governments, understanding the intensity of the feelings which an eager press was exciting in both nations, loving France and cherishing America, he earnestly desired to do something which might help both sides. He felt that France, bleeding and impoverished, needed and deserved our aid; but America was his own, and while he would have preferred a more sympathetic attitude on our part, he recognized the power of the sentiment then existing at home and he knew that his government had to respect it. But one thing which he could not tolerate was the accusation that we had forgotten the war and why we entered it, deserted an old friend and turned our sympathies toward her enemy. This idea revolted him, and he took an opportunity to combat it—combat it for home consumption more than through any desire to please the French.

General Gouraud had invited him to come to the dedication of a monument to French and American soldiers who had fallen during the last great battle in Champagne, and had asked him to make an address. He acccepted, determined to seize this occasion to speak his mind, though he knew it

would invite criticism of him from many Americans. But as he had no instructions which could be construed as preventing it, he determined to say exactly what he thought.

"We are here to-day," he began, "to lay the corner stone of a monument which will be raised in honor of the men who fought during weary years in this region and who finally triumphed—Americans as well as Frenchmen. The deeds of these soldiers will best be told by their leader and fellow-sufferer in the long and bitter struggle; but it seems to me fitting that we others who incurred no danger and yet who profit by the sacrifice of these dead men should ask ourselves, as we stand upon their battlefield: have we faithfully executed the trust which they have handed on to us?

"Many thousands of Americans fought around this front: two millions of them arrived in France eager to fight, ready to die. What brought them? How did they come to be here?

"We declared that we went to war because Germany had created an intolerable situation in the world—intolerable for us as well as for France, England, Belgium, and Italy, as intolerable morally as it promised to be materially; and victory on her part threatened not only our self-respect but our commercial and physical welfare. Like the intelligent and courageous people I believe we are, we acted while yet there was time, jumped into the fray, and helped to bring the hateful business to a successful conclusion.

"The situation in Europe this minute concerns America as profoundly—though far less tragically—as did the condition of affairs from 1914 to 1917. Our continued well-being depends largely upon the settlement of Europe's affairs, and calls for the exercise on our part of that same common sense and business judgment which decided our government in 1917 to give full play to the shocked morality of our people and the longing for self-sacrificing action which burned in their hearts.

"If we are to stand aloof from what many call this 'European mess,' when it is apparent that the balance cannot be

redressed without our help, then why did we come into the war in 1917? Were we mistaken then? Were the government and people wrong in their almost unanimous decision to act? I answer, No! No such disgraceful verdict upon this case will ever be rendered by the American people. We have put our hands to the plow and we are willing to run the furrow through, for we now know that if the present problem is not solved, and justly and quickly solved, then truly America will have fought the war in vain and the victors will continue to suffer no less than the vanquished.

"This whole question rises far and away above the clamor and strife of partisan politics, and whosoever seeks to use it for political advantage sullies the memory of the dead we have come here to honor."

Mr. Herrick had just returned from a summer spent at home, he knew what was being said there, and it took rare courage for a statesman and diplomat to fling these bold words at a country which seemed decided that "the mess" in which Europe found herself was none of our concern. Some of the American papers announced that the State Department had disavowed the ambassador, some that his recall was imminent. There was no disavowal and he was not recalled. The clamor, of course, reached him, and while he would have preferred a chorus of approval to these indications of dissent, he was entirely unperturbed. He had said what he thought ought to be said, and he was glad it had reached the American public. For that was his purpose.

The editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* took up the cudgels most effectively for Mr. Herrick during the storm aroused by this speech, and two years afterward, when he asked for a message about Ohio, the ambassador sent Mr. Carr a letter from which I take the following extracts:

"It is difficult on my holiday to write as you suggest, on 'What Ohio means to me.' I am trying to make Ohio mean to me a summer holiday. I haven't the temerity to attempt

to send you a really serious article for I well know that your readers are fed on better stuff than I can, in the circumstances, turn out. However, I feel such a sense of gratitude toward the *Monitor* that I am inclined, notwithstanding, to try to fill your order.

"Some two years ago, I spoke at the dedication of a monument erected in honor of the American soldiers who fought around Rheims. There were some eighteen hundred, as I recollect. It was coincident with a statement made by an American in Europe that: 'We are well out of this European mess. We have no part in it.' This prompted me to ask: 'Then why are these young Americans buried here on the Champagne battlefields if we have no part in the rehabilitation of this broken world?' I answered: 'They were sent here by the American people, and our obligation did not cease with the Armistice. We have put our hand to the plow and we are willing to follow the furrow through.' To my surprise, this unimportant speech of mine created some hot protests throughout the United States. It was then that the *Monitor*, in most powerful editorials, defended my contention and awakened a general discussion which I believe has proved helpful."

XXXIII

FRANCE'S DEBTS AND HER SECURITY

MR. HERRICK'S sentiments regarding France's debt to the United States might be stated in this way: As an individual he wanted to see the question treated with that generosity which he had always shown in his personal dealings with people who owed him money; as a business man he considered that it was to our own interest to fix the amount at a figure which France could pay; as a politician he recognized that any President who went too far in cutting down this sum would have a most difficult time and would probably invite disaster to his party; as a diplomat he stoutly defended, both officially and in private conversations, the attitude taken by his government.

Like almost everybody else, he felt that the question of debts between Allies ought to have been settled at the Peace Conference. Inextricable difficulties had resulted from leaving it to future discussion by parliaments and the press, thus opening the door for the play of partisan politics and appeals to ignorant prejudice. The matter was difficult enough without these complications. Once he put it this way: "If a number of men accustomed to deal with the daily business problems of debtor, creditor, and reorganization could have assembled around the same table, this affair could have been arranged in no time. Probably everybody would have found the settlement unsatisfactory at first, but it would have been a settlement, and we would have gained eight or ten years. By now the whole unhappy business would have been forgotten.

Above all, as far as America is concerned, the assertion that we were hard creditors would not have been so often repeated as to fix that idea in the minds of a vast number of other people besides Frenchmen. This has injured our moral authority in Europe most unfortunately and unjustly. We are every bit as good people now as we were ten years ago when everybody was proclaiming our virtues; but they don't talk about us that way as much as they used to, and it hurts. I am sorry, but it isn't all our fault.

"That we do not deserve these accusations of being hard-fisted is apparent to any man who takes the trouble to examine the facts and has the business capacity to comprehend them. Bankers the world over understand them and some newspaper writers do. Witness the leading article in *Le Temps* of July 18, 1926. But most politicians and most newspapers treat the question from the point of view of their own interests, and unfortunately what they say attracts more attention than do dull columns of figures.

"I studied the question for myself in 1926. Some of my conclusions I felt at that time would be unfortunate for France if spread abroad in America, for they show most clearly to my mind that in effect we are only asking France to pay us the sums we loaned her since hostilities ended. All the money our government raised for our own needs and to lend to the Allies during and after the war has got to be paid by our own people, and nobody is going to wipe out a dollar of their obligation. They may be rich and able to stand it, but that in no way makes it their duty to do so or justifies the accusation that we are exacting his last penny from an impoverished friend for money spent to win the war. As a banking proposition, we are only asking to be paid back, roughly, the equivalent of the sum we advanced France after the war, to enable her to buy food, cotton, copper, steel, tobacco, and other raw materials for her factories, plus the amount represented by the war stocks she wanted and we sold her.

"I will give you two figures as an indication that what I say is a fair statement. Of the total debt of four billion dollars as settled in the Mellon-Béranger agreement, France owes us 1,655 millions for money loaned her after the war closed. The present value of the settlement at the interest rate agreed upon is 1,681 millions. Therefore, it is evident that, as a cold financial fact, the Mellon-Béranger agreement requires France to pay only the equivalent of what she received from us, in money or war stocks, after the war ended."

In 1925 Mr. Herrick advised that negotiations for the debt settlement be reopened, even though there seemed small hope of coming to an agreement at that time, "because, first, it would tend to prevent the French people from thinking we were Shylocks, and second, because it would prevent the impression from becoming fixed in America that France intends to repudiate her debt. If matters are allowed to drift, I fear, on the one hand, that our moral authority in Europe will become damaged, and on the other, that public opinion at home will become harder in regard to France." It was these considerations which induced him to try to pave the way for an invitation from France for our debt-funding commission to send representatives to that country for the purpose of examining her financial situation.

As to France's security from future attack by Germany, Mr. Herrick often said he believed it not only something to which she had a right but that it was a matter in which we had a material interest and a moral obligation.

"A sufficiently strong France is necessary to a balanced Europe and a world of peace. I was here when Germany summoned Belgium to allow her to pass and when she invaded that helpless little country. I was here when the first rumblings of the coming storm were heard; I know of my own personal knowledge that France no more started the war than America did; I was not only an eye-witness of events that occurred but a well-placed observer of both popular and official sentiment; I saw that France was not ready for the

war, was surprised by the war, and was afraid of the war. Her whole political system made aggressive war an impossibility for her, and nothing but invasion could cause her to fight."

He never got over these first vivid impressions, and they were fortified by what he saw and learned from 1921 to 1929. He has talked to me by the hour about these things and what I set down is a condensed but faithful expression of what he has told me. He used to laugh about being called a sentimentalist. "Thank God, I have got my share of sentiment," he would say, "especially about right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty. I had a hard youth, and during a long business career I was all the time struggling with the practical things of life; if being sentimental carried me through, and brought me such successes as have come to me, maybe sentimentalism has its practical value after all.

"My affection for France has been naturally increased by the friendliness of everybody here toward me. It is pleasant being a sort of adopted hero. But I think I adopted them before they adopted me. Except for the war, I would not feel toward France as I do, and Frenchmen would not feel toward me as I think they do. The war did it. Germany's decision to take forcibly what did not belong to her, her ruthlessness in carrying out her plans, the methods she pursued, not only in France and Belgium but in our own country, outraged me as a man and as a diplomat. I did not wait till 1917 to decide that we ought to oppose her with something more than words; and until we went into the fight I suffered intensely. The repetition of what happened in 1914 should be made impossible forever.

"France is still fearful of German aggression, seriously and pitifully so, and I would like to see her, through her own efforts combined with those of her friends, relieved of this nightmare. We refused to guarantee her by treaty against this danger and I think we were right; just as I think Mr. Wilson made a mistake in promising it. But if any other way

could be found to give her easement I would like to see the United States do their share. There may be some sentiment in this attitude, but there is business sense in it also. France is not and never can be our rival in any problem that much concerns us. She is one of the assets of civilization. Her disappearance or weakening would be a calamity to us in many ways. Why should we not see this in time?

"I know of course that the war is long over, that we are at peace with Germany and that it is a good thing not to revive old quarrels. But the fact remains that we fought Germany after contemplating her crimes and accepting her insults during two long, ignominious years. That was time enough in which to form an opinion. We did not fight France, or ever have the smallest reason for doing so. That makes a difference, I think."

Another time he expressed this idea: "The Germans carefully planned the invasion of France through Belgium, chose their own moment and started the war. It was chiefly through our decision to stop her that she failed. Now, if the German people, after they gained their freedom from the military despotism which ruled them (and which as a matter of fact we effected for them), had ever expressed regret for the bad faith and useless cruelties of their old government, had clearly shown their desire to make amends for a course they disapproved of, I would be the first to say let by-gones be by-gones, and I would urge the French to wipe off the slate and make a fresh start. But how can any sensible man do this in the face of the German people's attitude under the new liberty of their republic and during eight long years? I do not see how France can disarm until the Germans have shown that they disapprove of what the military autocracy did in 1914 and that they have no intention of allowing its repetition."

Then he added, "What a pity it all is! How lacking in common sense as well as vision the Germans have shown themselves to be! Just imagine what a difference it would

have made, not only for France but for everybody, if they had come right out for the full and faithful execution of the Treaty, frankly disarmed and shown a willingness to pay for the destruction they had wrought! The sympathy and respect of the whole world would have been with them, and if France had tried to squeeze them, she would have been the one to suffer. What have all these years of trying to escape from the obligations of the Treaty brought them? Chiefly a feeling of grave suspicion on the part of us all, a fear that if Germany is allowed to get all her strength back she will try to use it as she did in 1914. I believe that this thought exists in the minds of British and American statesmen just as it haunts the French; only we are far away and France is next door. I think Germany ought to be big enough to feel sorry and to show it. When that time comes all Europe can disarm down to bed-rock necessities, and America also."

XXXIV

HE ANSWERS CRITICISM OF AMERICA

IF MR. HERRICK was willing to take a risk in saying what went counter to prevailing public sentiment and official fears at home, he was also ready to read a lesson to his friends in France when he thought they needed it. There is no doubt whatever that he enjoyed being popular. He liked the French and it was delightful to him to find himself surrounded by their affection. His warm heart responded to this universal sentiment, whose sincerity no one has ever questioned. His name, and to a great extent his face, was known in every village and his arrival was often the occasion for some little scene of grateful remembrance. Even in Corsica in 1928, when we went into a curio shop in Ajaccio, the old proprietor guessed who he was, and almost fell on his knees to him when I said, "Yes, he is Monsieur Meeron 'Errick."

During all the winter of 1925 an acrimonious discussion of our attitude toward the debts had gone on and in the spring of 1926 it seemed to have reached a climax. The word "Shylock" was on every page and the abuse reached a point which seriously concerned the ambassador. He had been asked to go to St. Nazaire to inaugurate a monument commemorating the landing of the first American troops in France. He decided that the time was a good one to recall to Frenchmen a few things they appeared to have forgotten. After relating the history of the monument, the work of Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, he paid this tribute to our men:

"With a great artist's insight, she has here depicted the American soldier borne on the powerful wings of a nation's changeless purpose, landing sword in hand upon these shores of France. There is religion in his attitude as well as warlike prowess. He looks—as later on he proved himself—fearless, confident, and kind. What his coming meant to friend and foe, history has amply related. No flaw has ever been discovered by the most malignant in the purpose which brought him or his conduct on arrival. He was matched against a mighty foe and proved himself his equal; he served beside the most gallant and they gave him their constant admiration."

He then went on to answer the criticism of our country which at that moment was at its height:

"A few years ago we were hailed throughout Europe as leaders in the realm of idealism, pioneers in its application to world affairs; we have lately been proclaimed as materialists whose influence in the family of nations rests upon our financial power. But I often ask myself, I ask you now, if the last statement be true have we thereby forfeited all claims upon the other? I think not. The essential characteristics of a vigorous nation untouched by any catastrophe do not so quickly change. If we were rash idealists in 1917, have we lost that attribute to-day? If rank materialists now, is it possible that a few years of praise from without and prosperity within have been able to effect this harsh reversal of our character? I find these exaggerations repulsive intellectually and harmful practically.

"As a nation we have always been introspective, constantly critical of our own faults, eager to know the judgments of others, keenly sensitive to praise or blame. There are people who have taken advantage of these peculiarities of our psychology to sow doubt in our own as well as in others' minds regarding our intentions when we entered the war. Reversing all history and starting with the assump-

tion that we are forever solely animated by a careful regard for our pocketbooks, they would make it appear that not only now but ten years ago material considerations were the determining factor in the decisions which we took at that time. Every American should take pains to scotch this lie. The American's capacity for willing self-sacrifice in any cause he holds dear was not suddenly born in 1917; it has been his dominant characteristic for at least two hundred years. It is as much alive in our people to-day as it was when we declared war, and we all know full well that during the three horrible years which preceded that date it was neither dead nor sleeping.

"Very soon after the great European struggle commenced our people began to comprehend what was happening on this side of the water. Through the blaze of passion and the clouds of deception, the every-day American soon perceived what was at stake upon the battlefields of France; he saw that human liberty and elementary justice were hanging in the balance, and from the very start he had but one fixed idea and that was to take off his coat in his good own homely fashion and enjoy the satisfaction of striking a blow in defense of common decency. That he would also be coming to the rescue of an old and valued friend added the force of gratitude to indignation. Whether it was to his personal interest or not he little cared; whether his country would be weakened or fortified by it, he bothered not to consider; a fight was on that stirred every fine instinct inherited from his sturdy ancestors, and all his soul was in the conflict.

"It is high time, then, that a fiction which arose through the gratitude of our Allies and became fixed by repetition, be cleared from the European mind—I mean the fiction that our unwilling people had to be adroitly inflamed to self-forgetfulness and lashed into action by much repeated insult before they could be made ready to stand behind a government long since anxious to act. It is not true; and it is unfair

to that American idealism of which my countrymen are sanely proud, unfair to our sturdy sense of right and wrong, a slur upon all the dead who fell in the Revolution and the Civil War as well as those of yesterday, to allow this dangerous theory to go unanswered.

"It is hard enough for any country to understand a near-by neighbor; it is more difficult still for Europeans to comprehend far-off America. We have at various times encountered their cold indifference, suffered from their lack of esteem, appreciated their enthusiasm, been happy in their praise, refused to resent their abuse. We acknowledge many of the mistakes laid at our door, but we have a right to inquire whether they were made with the desire to injure or humiliate other nations; we acknowledge that our faults may be numerous, but I find that as yet no one has suffered from them but ourselves. Americans now ask only that those who wish to judge us, if they cannot come and study us at home, at least take the trouble to search the history of our international conduct in the last one hundred and fifty years. If during all that time they find we have been selfish, mean, or grasping; a bad neighbor or a lukewarm friend; if we have cringed before the strong or ravished the weak, then confidence in our purposes is misplaced and the faith we demand in our intentions must be refused; then indeed the American soldiers who landed at St. Nazaire, at Lorient and Bordeaux, had better have stayed at home, and the host which stood ready to follow them were wasting their time in wishing to meddle in the family quarrels of another continent.

"I do not believe that the verdict of history will be rendered in this sense; I do not believe this verdict will find that our attitude toward other countries since our entry into the family of nations has been marked by humility when we were weak or by arrogance when we were strong. We look all other peoples to-day squarely and frankly in the face; proud of an unblemished record of fair dealing with all nations in the past, and calmly determined to continue this course

in the future, we say to them, as Byron said to Tom Moore:

"'Here's a sigh to those that love me
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for every fate.'"

XXXV

PERSHING AND THE AMERICAN ARMY

A STRONG friendship grew up between Mr. Herrick and General Pershing. He greatly admired the general, and this was natural, apart from the ambassador's feeling that the country owed him a vast debt; for the two men were made of the same stuff. So widely apart in their trades, so separated in the work each was called upon to do for his government, they had had the same experiences as country boys and youthful school teachers and they met on the common ground of straightforward simplicity, dislike of pose, and a splendid courage.

"Just imagine," the ambassador once remarked, "what it would have meant to us if Pershing had not been the man he was. Think, if the President's choice had fallen upon some general whose personal ambition had infected his patriotism, who had less character, less common sense. I am no judge of his technical military attainments but I do know the task he had in being obliged to create a whole vast mechanism and fight at the same time. Picking out untried men for a myriad of difficult jobs was alone enough to kill an ordinary man with responsibility. Nobody else, anywhere, had such a problem to face. And suppose he had failed at any point and had had to be replaced; not only the history of the war, at least our part in it, might have been changed, but all the prestige that has been permanently acquired by what our army accomplished might never have come to us."

The general was sent to France in October, 1921, to place

the Congressional Medal of Honor on the Unknown Soldier's tomb, and at a dinner offered him the ambassador declared that "General Pershing is the very symbol of America and in praising him I also praise my own beloved land. He is unsullied with ambition but devoid of fear; strong for his own rights, but respectful of the claims of others; the custodian of power rather than its slave or its instrument; seeking to be just; striving to be right; unswerving in the exercise of this power when executing this justice. I think this is the history of General Pershing's mandate in France, as it is the living spirit of America's purpose."

At the ceremony, when the medal was placed on the tomb under the Arc de Triomphe, the ambassador said:

"By this act it was intended to affirm the feelings of admiration of the people of the United States for the men of France who died defending their country against an unprovoked invasion, and our government has sent its most eminent soldier across the seas to place upon this tomb the symbol of our reverence.

"I think we would miss the full moral significance of this day if we did not seek from the past an inspiration for the future, and, as Lincoln said, consecrate ourselves to the unfinished work which these men so nobly advanced. . . ."

During the celebration at Chaumont in honor of the general, Mr. Herrick again declared:

"Time is affording us a fuller appreciation of the magnitude of the task before General Pershing and his little group of pioneer officers when they came here in the autumn of 1917. They had at that time barely two divisions in the field, but they brought with them the traditions of Washington and Grant, and they found in the undismayed courage of all France matter to stir their spirits and galvanize their energy. As Carnot had organized victory for the young French democracy, so Pershing was to organize victory for embattled America. . . . When a year had passed he had nine divisions engaged in the second battle of the Marne, nine divisions in

the St. Mihiel offensive, and thirty divisions fighting in the Argonne and elsewhere. Out-gathering strength had stood the battle test in a way which showed the enemy that we were as determined to do our part as were our allies.

"I mention this achievement as a proof of the power of Democracy aroused in arms. I say it in all humility, overwhelmed as I am when I think of France's fourteen hundred thousand dead and her numberless living victims."

He had something else to say about Pershing's men in his speech at the dedication of the monument to the Lafayette Escadrille in 1928, which goes farther than mere praise and reaches out into the field of world politics:

"I sometimes wonder whether our people fully realize all they owe to the men of Pershing's army. Had his soldiers merely done their duty, it would not have been enough; had our physical resources and weight of numbers alone determined the common victory, it might have been sufficient for our allies but it would have been utterly unsatisfactory to ourselves. It was essential for our honor and our future tranquillity that the whole world comprehend that the American was the equal of any other fighting man; that while rich, we were not soft; that while peaceful, we could also be warlike; that while our wealth had not been gained by the sword, we were fully able to defend it with the sword; that with our kindliness there also went a strong right arm. . . . Had any result less conclusive been attained, had the history of our men in 1918 been marked by any single case of faltering, we could not hold our heads so high to-day. And that is why we thank them—thank them not only for defending their country and the right, but for giving to the prosperous happiness our people now enjoy, the ineffable distinction of a high reward honorably won."

Another time, at St. Aignan, he spoke of our soldiers who had died in hospital there. Half a million had passed through the depots in that region and the kind people of the neighboring villages had raised a monument to them:

"Among the many cruelties of war, there is none more poignant than the fate of men who died as those you buried here, far from home, in heartbreaking loneliness, waiting for a pitiful end. The eight hundred and fifty brave fellows who sought a different death from that they found amidst these quiet fields deserve a pity and a praise beyond even that accorded their comrades; and to you, kind people of this little village, who have thought to honor them, I beg to express the thanks of every mother in America whose place you took beside their lonely sons. Their boys were many thousand miles away; no faintest picture of the land they were defending could animate their families' weary hours; even to follow them as they marched and fought was denied to their imaginings; indeed, for millions of Americans, their sons were already lost when the ship that bore them to this distant shore had sunk below the Atlantic's crest.

"It is well to recall this anguish of people sustained only by an unfaltering trust in a holy cause and girt with grim readiness for any sacrifice. That they could risk so much for it and place no thought of self in the balance against their spiritual convictions has brought them honor from all the nations of the earth. Surely such a glory has not been granted in vain, nor shall it ever be truthfully said that we sowed in righteousness to reap in corruption."

The combination of hastily trained but ardent soldiers under a leader such as Pershing was a subject Mr. Herrick often recurred to, and he liked to emphasize their share in assuring America's position in the world. Nothing was more agreeable to him than to hear Pershing praised, and in 1928, when I returned from America and told him of a magnificent compliment which Mr. Root had paid the general during a visit I made him in New York, Mr. Herrick was as much pleased as if it had been said about himself. "Did you tell Pershing?" he asked. "It does a fellow good to hear things like that from a man like Root."

The ambassador also considered that General Pershing

was the indirect cause of saving his grandson's life, and such an association of ideas left its agreeable impress. It was in 1921. The city of Paris had offered the general a brilliant reception at the Hôtel de Ville and Mr. Herrick attended it. He could not resist the temptation of taking young Parmely to see this ceremony and he was let off from school in the afternoon for that purpose. As they reached the embassy on returning, a terrific explosion took place upstairs. Some Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizer had sent Mr. Herrick, through the mail, an infernal machine done up in a package marked "Perfume." Blanchard, the ambassador's valet, had opened the box, the bomb exploded and wrecked the whole room. If Mr. Herrick had not taken the boy to see General Pershing "in all his uniform" he would almost certainly have been with Blanchard, as he always was at that hour. Like all children, he loved to open packages and Blanchard would surely have let him cut the string which set off the mechanism. He would undoubtedly have been killed.

Walter Blanchard had served during the whole war in the British army and he knew all about hand grenades and the sound they make when armed. As he cut the string he heard this familiar click, and without wasting a second, he dashed to the bathroom and threw the box in the corner; but he did not have time to shut the door before the bomb exploded and he was wounded.

In writing to his son Mr. Herrick gave some additional details of the evening:

"About 8 o'clock Agnes reminded me that we were dining out. It seemed to me it would be wise to keep this engagement for two reasons: it would take us out of the house, which was full of smoke, police, detectives, etc.; furthermore, it would show in the morning papers to you that we were not injured. The next thought was for the little boy, who had gone to bed. Agnes feared he might be disturbed. I went up, and he was perfectly calm, about to go to sleep. He asked me

to explain to him some of the details, of which, he said, no one seemed to have any time to tell him! After I had given him some explanations, he was willing to go to sleep. Before he dropped off he said, 'Papa, it won't happen again.' Then he asked, 'Papa, are you insured?' I felt after that we could go out to dinner without any anxiety on his account."

This attempt to kill Mr. Herrick caused wide indignation, and he received such a large number of letters that he was obliged to put the following notice in the papers:

"Since October 19th, when an attempt was made on my life with a bomb, I have received telegrams and cables, copies of resolutions of societies, letters by messengers, and letters by mail from all over France and from other countries, expressing indignation at this attack and congratulating me and my family upon our escape from death.

"It has been as yet materially impossible to answer, as my heart prompts me to do, all of these communications; but in the meantime I am sure that the thoughtful friends who sent these messages of sympathy will accept, through the courtesy of the press, my appreciation of the help they have brought me. For it is helpful to any man in public life to feel that people approve of what he does; and when this support is expressed with the touch of personal affection which runs through all these communications, one would be callous indeed not to be deeply moved. . . ."

For years after this the Red elements of Paris continued to assail Mr. Herrick because Sacco and Vanzetti had not been released from prison. It was in vain that he caused it to be explained that the federal authorities possessed no power to intervene in the case, even had they wished to do so, and that it would be useless for him to make any representations to our government on such a matter, supposing he were thus disposed. Demonstrations in front of the embassy were

stopped by the police, but delegations headed by important radical members of Parliament insisted upon being received by the ambassador and arguing the case. I have never in my life seen him as furious as on one of these occasions. "Your friends begin by trying to murder me," he exclaimed, "and then you come here and ask my help to free two assassins whose sympathizers have made this attempt on my life. And you don't even begin by offering excuses for this dastardly act. Sacco and Vanzetti at least had a trial, but you don't even give me that chance."

In 1927 when the two men were executed a mob swept Paris. Fortunately the police prevented their reaching the embassy. But for months a platoon of fifty policemen were stationed night and day before its doors. Then interest in the case seemed to die out.

Most men who have attained a conspicuous place in life and are known to be both generous and wealthy find their mail charged with letters begging for help of some sort. These were not absent from Mr. Herrick's correspondence, but it is an extraordinary fact that for every begging letter he received there were many expressing thanks for something he had done. It is noticeable that those which the ambassador has preserved with special care were written either by children or the very humble. A few examples must suffice. In 1922 he inaugurated a municipal library which Americans had given to a poor quarter of Paris, and shortly afterward he received a letter which is so exquisite an example of how the French people regarded him that I cannot refuse space for all of it:

MR. AMBASSADOR:

We are a very humble French couple, my wife and I, living at Belleville.[1] For a long time we have had an ardent desire to express to you our deep gratitude for your speeches, so

[1] A poor industrial quarter of Paris.

filled with affection for our country, and for your acts, so consistent with your speeches.

When we read in the newspapers that you were going to inaugurate in the Rue Fessart a library donated through the usual generosity of your compatriots, we thought that the opportunity for which we had been waiting so long had come, and my wife, too ill to accompany me, sent me off with the mission to go there and cry out to you, "Long live America, long live Ambassador Myron T. Herrick!"

As early as eight o'clock, therefore, I tried to gain admittance to the library hall; but alas, the door was hermetically closed; you had to know the magic password, that is to say, show an official invitation. So, for three quarters of an hour I paced sadly up and down on the sidewalk opposite, despairing of being able to accomplish my mission. By what subterfuge I succeeded in beguiling the door-keeper to let me slip into the hall does not matter. At any rate, I was able to hear your speech, which touched my French heart. Then the officials duly thanked you and the ceremony was over.

I, however, still had my mission to accomplish. Thereupon I had the daring to push my way through the throng of your fair compatriots, approach you, and cry out: "Long live America! Long live the American Ambassador!" And you were kind enough to smile at me and shake my hand. Then I went home. I said to my wife, "Look at this hand! Ambassador Herrick has clasped it." My wife kissed my hand! We are happy!

We are happy because we are good French people, loving our country, loving those who love it, loving those who, like you, know and say that it is not we who wanted the war, that it is not we who are responsible for all the blood spilled and for all the tears shed; that it is not the French mothers, often with an only son, who were willing to expose him to the dangers of battle; that at no price did we want the war because we felt that we were the weaker, because alas! we were the weaker! and that notwithstanding the heroism of our

soldiers, we would have been defeated at the first battle of the Marne without the Russians and the English, and that we would have been defeated at the second battle of the Marne without you, the Americans!

I thank you once more, Mr. Ambassador. The French people so calumniated, and often by their own countrymen, are deeply grateful to young and free America for having saved them, and I conclude in repeating: Long live America! Long live Ambassador Myron T. Herrick!

[signed]: A FRENCHMAN

I approve what my husband says.

[signed]: A FRENCH WOMAN.

The ambassador was asked almost every day of the year to preside at a banquet, lend his name to a committee, dedicate a monument, subscribe to a fund or be present at some reunion; and always with the expectation that he would "make a few remarks."

"If you notice me cackling to-day," he would say after some corner-stone ceremony, "it's because I've laid an egg." And he had to cackle very often. He went to as many of these affairs as he could; when it was impossible to go himself, he sent a member of his staff to represent him; sometimes to make a speech in his name or carry a message.

Among all of the organizations intended to raise money for the relief of the stricken, none was more dear to him than the one known as the Fatherless Children of France. He always attended its annual meeting, for whatever had to do with suffering children excited an instant response in his breast.

As an example of how these societies felt toward him, I shall quote a part of the annual report read at the meeting of the Fraternité Franco-Américaine in May, 1929. After mentioning that the orphans of French soldiers killed in the war had received thirty million dollars from the United States, the report goes on to say:

"What is chiefly in our hearts this moment is the sorrow of not seeing here one who, amid all the noble tasks he had set himself, brought an indefatigable ardor to a society which is the very symbol of what was most dear to him: helpful coöperation between America and France. Mr. Herrick was our best friend. As soon as he learned to know us, he supported us with all the force of his generous and beautiful nature. He loved the little children of France, and in our veneration of his memory there is an infinite gratitude.

"Each year on reaching Havre his first words were for the band of our children who always went to greet him; at Suresnes, on Memorial Day, he never failed to say some words of tender kindness to them. He was fond of us, also, because he knew that we carried to every tiny village of France a knowledge of the delicate generosity and the tireless solicitude of his own dear compatriots for people in distress."

American holidays were days of severe occupation for the ambassador. Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, etc., etc., involved not only a banquet and a speech, but visits to our cemeteries, to the Unknown Soldier's grave, to the Tomb of Lafayette, in addition to services at church. To these must be added a great number of other occasions on which Americans felt they had a right to his presence. He responded year after year, always cheerfully, usually with unfeigned pleasure.

In 1924 he received a letter from a group of students in Trenton, N. J., telling him that they had elected him as their "guardian" and asking him for "a message." His reply, addressed to Mr. S. D. Green, ends with a story about Mr. Rockefeller which has a most characteristic flavor:

"There is nothing in all the world so interesting to me as a young man or woman just starting in life, with his or her way to make, little appreciating that they constitute a very considerable part of their nation's greatest natural resources, and that what they and those of their time think and do will

largely determine the trend of their country. Such a thought is intensified in a land like France, where one generation of young men has been blotted out of existence by the war, a loss to the nation so great as to be beyond estimate. From time to time I pass bands of little children on their way to school, and I notice sad-faced French men and women who turn and look wistfully after them. I seem to read their thoughts while their eyes follow these precious, happy children; for can their hearts be elsewhere than with the hundreds of thousands of their very own who lie dead in the fields of France? I read in their eyes the unspoken question, Will the youth of to-day grow to comprehend the greater task that is to be theirs, the defending and saving of their beloved France?

"I would add from my own experience that for the boy or girl who strikes out for himself or herself, thrift, economy, and avoidance of debt are among the first essentials. Boys and girls who are not born with a gold spoon in their mouths and have their own way to make are really born into slavery, and the first great effort should be to purchase his or her freedom. Rigid economy with regard to the surplus of one's earnings, above the cost of living, deposited from time to time in a savings bank, puts one well on the way to the purchase of this freedom. The earlier it is accomplished, the greater can be one's contribution to one's own development and happiness and to the world generally. Fear of what the future may hold, fear of that proverbial rainy day, is unnerving and detrimental to the successful accomplishment of the day's work. To feel that one is free and independent, and able to meet one's bills although sick, forfends against illness and makes for efficiency.

"The Society for Savings, with which I have been connected for many years, built and occupied its new building in 1890, and there was found, in the course of the moving, a pass book which had belonged to Mr. John D. Rockefeller. This account had been opened in Mr. Rockefeller's youth

when he was a clerk on a small salary, and there had been a slow but steady accumulation of funds during a number of years until the sum of nine hundred and fifty-seven dollars had been attained. This account naturally attracted our attention, and, as I chanced to meet Mr. Rockefeller about this time, I asked him if he remembered it. He replied: 'Yes, indeed; I recall the long, painful process of accumulating that capital; also the balance when I closed the account.' He then quoted the exact figures. 'That sum,' he added, 'was saved from my salary.'

"He then turned to Mrs. Rockefeller and said, 'My dear, we must try and save up some more money and re-open that account in Mr. Herrick's bank, for it's a good thing to have a little money laid aside for an emergency.'"

The New York Bond Club gave a luncheon for Mr. Herrick in 1926 and Mr. Medley G. B. Whelpley in addressing him said:

"As citizens, we have come to regard you as a far-visioned statesman, and yet all of us here know you to be an extraordinarily able and successful banker as well. Indeed it is likely that our guest's unusual effectiveness in public life has been materially enhanced by his continuous participation in business activities. For many years an officer of the Cleveland Society for Savings, in 1921 he became chairman of the board. He has been president of the American Bankers' Association and continues to serve on the boards of several of our leading industrial corporations and life insurance companies.

"In the field of public service, he has found time to serve as a member of the City Council of Cleveland, was six times delegate to the Republican national convention, was a presidential elector, and was governor of the State of Ohio from 1903 to 1905.

"During the war he established the American Ambulance

Hospital, organized the American Relief Clearing House at Paris and its counterpart in America, became chairman of the American Committee for Devastated France, chairman of the Executive Committee of America's Gift to France, chairman of the American Agencies for Relief in France, and chairman of the Mayor's War Relief Committee in Cleveland.

"Representing American interests and defending American rights, he has given us a magnificent example of serving loyally his own country and yet winning and holding permanently the friendship of another people."

This drew from Mr. Herrick a speech in which he expressed his ideas as to the relations between banking and diplomacy:

". . . Banking and business experience help tremendously in any other vocation, and especially in diplomacy. This thought has come to my mind many times in recent years while I have been engaged with others in trying to solve some of the difficult problems over there. The application of simple business formulæ is a tremendous asset for an intellectual idealist to possess, and such an experience will serve to pull him through in many cases where he would otherwise fail.

"For the past six years, I have been an observer, as you know, in the Council of Ambassadors, and I think I may tell you a little of the happenings there, but not enough to do any real harm. By reason of this experience I have altered many of my preconceived ideas about the League of Nations. This change is largely due to my early training as a lawyer and banker, where everything must stand the test of being workable. It was one of my earliest observations, in listening to the multitude of questions which came before this Council, that the League of Nations had perhaps overlooked the prime essential of creating a sound financial and economic foundation upon which to build its great ideal. I have become year by year more confirmed in my opinion that this was a vital condition, since a strictly political organization cannot otherwise unite nations with any assurance of ultimate success.

"When the war finished, the leading statesmen of that period, full of optimism and confidence, proceeded to restore the broken world. Who would have believed that so many years would pass without these post-war problems being solved? Even now there are moments when we stand confused and as impotent as children! Much progress, however, has been made, and I am full of hope that the end is not far off.

"I began my attendance at this Council with a feeling of regret that we were not connected with the League of Nations. Now I can say frankly that I have been surprised to find my opinions changing as to the desirability of our being, even with the Senate reservations, a member of the League, thus giving us a voice in affairs in Europe. This experience has served to convince me that I had no accurate conception of what our relations to Europe really were, for not more than one per cent. of the questions that have come before the Council relate to the United States or are questions in which we should take a voting part. In fact, to have been obliged to vote on all the matters that arose there, regardless of our interest in them, would have resulted in irritations and entanglements which would have been most objectionable. . . . I am convinced that the moral authority our nation possesses if handled properly—and it does not require genius, but merely common sense—is a power far beyond our comprehension, and that, due to our isolation, our abundant resources, and the fact that we are what we are, and mean to do right, is of greater value than being a member of the League of Nations, even with the Senate amendments."

WITH HIS SON PARMELY

On the steps of the American Embassy in Paris in 1926.

MRS. MYRON T. HERRICK

The ambassador had learned to rely upon the wisdom of her counsel.

XXXVI

HOME AND OFFICIAL LIFE

FORTUNATELY Mr. Herrick was a sound sleeper, for he so frequently went out to dinners and banquets that he rarely got to bed early. But then he really enjoyed this side of life. He ate heartily, drank a glass or two of red wine with his meals, and smoked a big cigar afterward. During the last years of his life he always had breakfast brought to his room. He read the papers, discussed the arrangements for the day with Madame Salambier, who during both his terms managed his household, often saw his private secretary, and then he would dress.

His doctor had some trouble at first to obtain this concession in the matter of "taking it easy" in the morning; the ambassador yielded as much to circumstances as to advice, for he complained to the day of his death that they never gave him anything for breakfast worth going downstairs for! No buckwheat cakes, no hot biscuits, sausages that were only such in name, oatmeal that was glue, bacon and eggs dishonored as only a great French chef could dishonor them. His cook was one of the best in Paris, but Mr. Herrick was firmly convinced that this man was contemptuous of any dish that was not strictly French and too proud to learn. He had three men to assist him in the kitchen who might have been less haughty, but such was the ambassador's petulance over this matter that I do not believe he ever saw one of them in his life, except when he started home on his annual holiday; then all the servants were assembled, he

would shake each one by the hand, and give him an extra month's wages. A wider gulf than language separates the French from the Anglo-Saxon, and that is—what to eat for breakfast and where to eat it!

When Mr. Herrick could bring one or two visiting Americans home with him to a meal his enjoyment of them was contagious, especially if they were men who had done something in life and could tell a good story about it. One day in 1928 Mr. Charles Schwab came to lunch. Such a guest would put the ambassador in the highest spirits, and if others less human were at the table they would slowly fade into the distance, however distinguished they might be. The morning I speak of, Mr. Schwab and Mr. Herrick traded stories for an hour. Schwab said he had refused $100,000,000 offered him by the Germans to throw up his munitions contract with the British. When he went into the war he put all he had in him toward winning it. A lot of foreign governments decorated him; ours sued him for $25,000,000.

Sam, the porter of his private car, was a genius of hospitality. Schwab had Admiral Jellicoe as his guest at one time, and he impressed upon Sam the need of putting a bit of formality into his usual picturesque politeness. A few hours later he discovered Sam in the admiral's stateroom showing him how to shoot craps!

The ambassador countered with several stories about his colored messenger when he was governor. The auditor once brought him bills for two hundred dollars in long-distance calls to Tilly Blue in Cleveland. Tilly turned out to be the messenger's sweetheart. He explained that he called up in the governor's name because "I gits through quicker."

Schwab complained of his unending annoyances with the government when he was building the *Lexington*. Mr. Herrick was reminded by this of his only connection with naval affairs. He was nine years old and had been reading *Two Years Before the Mast*. Moreover, a hopeless love affair was gnawing at his vitals. So he started on foot for Lake Erie,

sixteen miles away, to enlist in the navy. When night fell he became less enthusiastic about the sea but more hungry. However, he went to bed under a straw-stack, and the next day plodded on. He came to "Ma Brown's" house and got a meal. He also repaired her leaking duck-pond, as he had seen it done at home when ground hogs had bored through. By way of reward she notified his father. The next day a buggy drove by him, stopped and turned. It was his father, who, pointing to the seat, merely said, "Hop in, son," and the navy lost a recruit.

Mr. Herrick used to stay with Edison in New Jersey. He once repeated to me the detailed account Edison had given him long years ago of the first time he heard his voice come back to him over the phonograph. The words were "Mary had a little lamb." He had been experimenting for hours, had forgotten to eat, and when he heard these sounds feebly but unmistakably repeated, he almost fainted. He was so frightened he said to himself, "If I am going to die, this thing must be known first." He left the house feeling dizzy, stumbled into a friend's office and told him what had happened. "If I fall ill, remember what I tell you. It can be done. It has been done."

Edison and Mr. Herrick were traveling together in England just after the former became so famous. They had been discussing Burbank's recent discoveries, when an English newspaper reporter, who had been following Edison and pestering him for an interview, asked him if he would not tell him what new invention he was then working at. "Well," replied Edison, "you might say that I am now in the midst of a new cheap process for electric lighting. I am going to cross a honey-bee with a lightning bug."

When Mr. James Stillman retired from business he came to live in Paris. He and the ambassador were already friends and the latter enjoyed telling stories on the old banker, who, he said, "was a wolf in New York, but here he is a lamb, full of goodness, charity, and generosity. One of the earliest

interviews I ever had with him was over the troubles of a copper company. Before we had finished I laughingly said, 'I have learned something new on this visit to New York. Out West we are content to fool the public, but here you rob each other.'

"During one of my conferences in his office a subordinate came in, and Stillman was so rough to him that I hated to see the poor fellow's humiliation, and I got quite angry. After he had gone out of the room, I said to Stillman, 'If you had spoken to me like that, even if I was your hired man, I believe I would have knocked you down.'

"Stillman did not like what I said, and properly so. It was none of my business. When I got back to the hotel I wrote him a friendly note by way of implying regret at my hastiness. I said I was sorry to find him in such a very nervous state, and I ventured to suggest that he take a vacation.

"Quite a long time after that Mrs. Herrick and I were asked to the marriage of Stillman's daughter with Percy Rockefeller. At the house, Mr. Stillman took my wife to one side and said, 'Do you know, Mrs. Herrick, your husband once saved my life. Just in the nick of time he suggested to me to go on a vacation. If I had not taken that advice I would not be here this minute.'"

Mrs. Herrick died nearly three years before the ambassador came to France on his second mission, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Parmely Herrick, presided over the embassy. Her husband spent several months of each year in Paris and their presence, with their little son, gave Mr. Herrick the home life without which he was absolutely miserable. He detested eating a meal alone, and, in fact, I never knew him to do so. He played bridge with great enjoyment after dinner, putting a good deal of the poker spirit into his bidding. Every Fourth of July about three thousand people came to the embassy for the afternoon reception. In the last years this was a severe ordeal, for fully half of them wanted to say something to the ambassador and he really wanted to talk

to them all. He enjoyed it, but three such hours on end was a great strain on any man and no rest was possible when it was over. For a banquet and a speech were still ahead of him.

It took many years to bring Mr. Herrick to put his foot down in the matter of these annual dinners on national holidays and exact that they be conducted according to the rules of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He enjoyed going to them and he was perfectly willing to make a speech, but it offended his sense of fair play to see old friends like Marshal Foch or Marshal Joffre or Monsieur Briand obliged to sit till midnight in a close room filled with tobacco smoke while eight or ten speeches were made in a language they did not understand. It depleted him, and he knew that to their exhaustion must be added a mortal ennui. It was not his idea of hospitality, and before he died he saw this weary custom modified.

Young Mrs. Herrick loved and knew furniture and pictures, and when at last the embassy in the Avenue d'Iéna was bought, she gave herself unsparingly to its decoration. If it is an unusually charming home, delightful to live in and perfect for entertaining, the credit is all hers. Fortunately she was there to second her father-in-law in his love of company. He liked gay surroundings and she was his excuse or his collaborator in gratifying this desire. I doubt if any other house in Paris ever saw, year in and year out, as many people entertained at dinner and luncheon as did his.

As has already been mentioned, the question of war debts comes up regularly about every two years in Paris. Society people have a wonderful capacity for getting re-excited over this old story, as though it had not already been threshed out *ad nauseam* in every Franco-American drawing room during the last ten years. (I fear we are about to start in on a new one of these poisonous periods.) During the last one, a lady at dinner having nailed Mr. Herrick to the cross on the debt question, he told her this story: A Negro went to court to get a divorce from his wife. The judge asked him what his

grounds were. The darkey answered, "She's too 'stavagant, jedge. H'it's a dollar here, and two dollars dar, an' five dollars 'nuther time, 'n I just can't 'ford it no longah." "What does she do with all that money?" asked the judge. "I dunno, sah; I ain't give her nun yit."

In 1924 a distant relative wrote to the ambassador asking if he would send her some details as to the early history of the family. To this he replied:

"My own family in America went to the West from Beverly Farms. My great-grandfather lived in Watertown, New York, and organized the first Presbyterian Church in that place. My grandfather was a soldier in the War of 1812 and at the Battle of Sacketts Harbor was made a prisoner and taken to Canada. His name was Timothy. After his release, he walked out to Ohio and located in Lorain County, making a clearing in the forest, building a log cabin, and salting down his venison. He then returned to Watertown for his family.

"I have visited Beau Manor Park, in Leicestershire, England, several times and have talked with Mrs. Perry Herrick, widow of William Herrick, who died during the war. The relics of Robert Herrick are in this house and a great number of Herricks are in the crypt of the church at Leicester which was built by William Herrick. The founder of the Herrick family's fortunes in England was a goldsmith and, as history recounts in the archives of the British Museum, 'was knighted for boring a hole through the Queen's great diamond, so that she might wear it on her neck.' This Queen was Elizabeth.

"Like you, I am deeply interested in the history of the family and am rather proud of its honorable record through several centuries."

Mr. Herrick liked Porfirio Diaz and thought his wife charming. During 1912–1914 they used to come to the embassy often. The ambassador once asked him why he got

out of Mexico. "You were an old hand at putting down revolutions; what was the difficulty with your last one?"

"It was disgust and an ulcerated tooth," replied the general. "I think, as you say, I could have handled the troubles, but I was sick of abuse. I was even accused of giving California to the United States. Then that tooth nearly drove me crazy, and in a fit of pain, irritation, and anger, I gave up and resigned."

"I know some people who would have traded a good many millions against that tooth," remarked the ambassador.

Few people could make out Mr. Herrick's writing, including himself. A lady once wrote him, "I enjoyed every word of your letter, especially the parts I could read." He wrote to me from the White House in December, 1928:

"I agree with you that I shall probably never write my memoirs, for in my days of convalescence I have proven that I was of so much less consequence than a worm that what I would write about myself would not interest anybody.

"Parmely and Agnes are at Mr. Mellon's and we all go home for Christmas. Merry Christmas and happy New Year to you and Georgette and love.

M. T. H.

"P.S. As the fellow said who was convalescing, 'I am all right, only in that accident I lost my mind; it's funny but I don't miss it a bit!'"

Most of us can call to mind examples of great personal charm emanating from men or women having not a single trait of physical beauty. This quality Mr. Herrick possessed, and had his face been unprepossessing, the attraction he exerted would probably have been the same. But he was unusually fortunate in his external attributes. He had a graceful and commanding figure, crowned by a head of rare nobility, whose curly hair was still thick and hardly gray at

seventy-four. His features were finely chiseled, and his jaw was cut with the square strength that marks the face of a Mangin or a Pershing. His eyes were full of the frankest kindliness. When he spoke they lit up with a sparkling vivacity behind which almost always lurked a faint twinkle that rippled up from a sense of humor ever lying just beneath the surface. He produced upon a stranger seeing him for the first time an immediate impression of aristocratic distinction.

No man was ever more natural. He must have realized his charm, for a thousand newspaper reports of interviews and editorials had described it; but no petty vanity ever led him consciously to put it forth. It surrounded him like a bracing atmosphere which all who came near him breathed and responded to without even knowing it. This unconscious influence seemed to go on increasing with his age, as did the strength and animation of his countenance. The photographs of 1928 shine with a finer light, exhale a firmer purpose, than those taken in the flush of his maturity, when governor of Ohio.

One of the great sculptors of Europe, Landowski, after watching him a long time at a ceremony, once exclaimed to me, "What a head! How I would like to carve those features!", and it is sad to think that Rodin was about to begin his bust when that great artist died.

He had the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in Europe, but I think he would have been surprised had anyone told him so. Like his manners and all that went to make up the outer man, his clothes gave the impression of a wholly unstudied appropriateness. He never spoke of them, never seemed to know what he or the person with whom he was speaking had on. He habitually dressed with a rapidity I never have seen equalled—not even at West Point; but when he came down for dinner, golf, or a day in the office, there was such a comfortable harmony as between him and what he wore that only a deliberate inspection revealed the completeness of every detail. Alfred Anson once gave him a

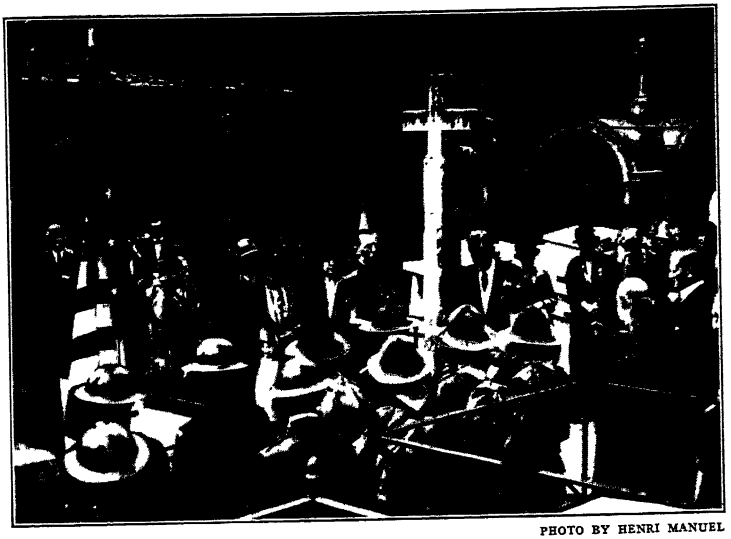
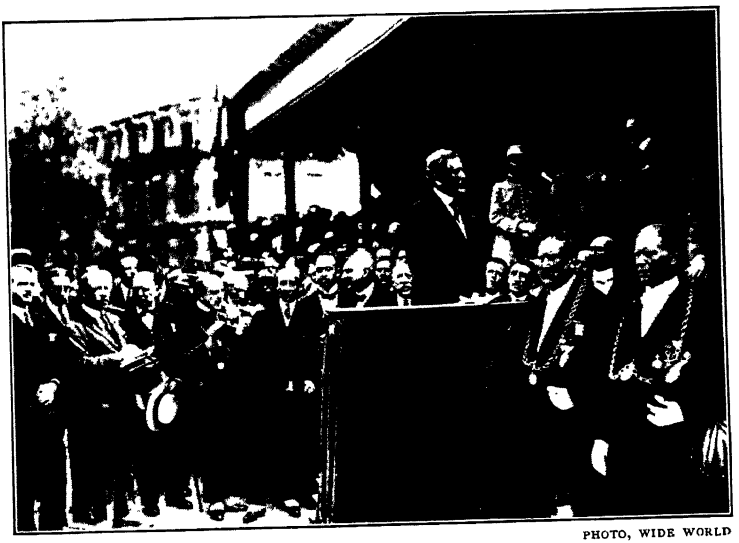


PHOTO BY HENRI MANUEL

AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE

With General Gouraud for an Independence Day Memorial Service.



PHOTO, WIDE WORLD

ANOTHER INDEPENDENCE DAY SPEECH

American holidays were days of severe occupation for the ambassador.

most hideous and unbecoming hat to play golf in; I took the liberty of telling him my opinion of it, but he continued to wear it because Anson had given it to him.

The only time he ever spoke or bothered about dress was when he had to go to some official function in the daytime arrayed in evening clothes, following the French custom. This, like all Americans in the diplomatic service, he loathed. He made unending jokes about the matter but he never got used to it.

In nothing did he more resemble Franklin than in the pleasure he took in the society of women, or the charm which, in his seventies, he exerted upon them. No tinge of the flirtatious ever marked these relations and it was perhaps because of this that he was so admired by all that was best and most brilliant in Paris society. For jealousy never stepped in to mar the delight his conversation brought these women. Like all properly constituted men he was most happy and stimulated by those who were pretty, and it is altogether remarkable that he should have remained so wholly unspoiled by the adulation they showed him to the day of his death. All classes and all nationalities brought him this tribute. Duchesses adroitly flattered him, the wives of the great sought out his society, the humblest women acquaintances considered him a personal friend; and young girls frankly adored him.

He was not above being amused by a dish of gossip, provided it left no acid taste on swallowing; but he always preferred the society of women whose charm proceeded from amiability rather than from their beauty. For they left him with renewed confidence in this so-called wicked world and with a stronger belief in the persistence of womanly virtues. The brilliant talk which excited a laugh at somebody's expense he never much enjoyed. His love of the amusing, his own innumerable contributions to the humor of his generation, did not lead him to witticisms that could wound their target.

An incredibly large number of visitors came to see him. The waiting room at the chancery was usually full of people who wanted "merely to shake hands." That they often stayed for much more than this formality was the ambassador's own fault. He never knew how to get rid of visitors, because he rarely wanted to. He always extracted some pleasure even from bores; they saw it and stayed. After the new embassy was ready for occupancy he fell into the excellent habit of receiving the more important callers in his library there, and this saved much of his time.

I have heard many old-fashioned American men say, "I never take any important decision without first talking it over with my wife." I do not know whether this is a conventional way of paying a compliment to one's spouse or how frequently it is the expression of a literal fact. Mr. Herrick used to say it and he lived up to it. I do not doubt that even in affairs of state one of the forms his reflection took was to go over the matter with Mrs. Herrick.

Under no circumstances that I could at any time discover did she ever "interfere." She had considerable timidity which she struggled against, and those who did not know her well could be misled as to the sound judgment and shrewd observation which lay behind this manner. But from the very start in their married life her husband had learned to rely upon her fearlessness in looking facts in the face and upon the wisdom of her counsel. He has often told me of critical moments when he followed her advice and found it good; he has never related any occasion on which an unfortunate decision was made because of her.

They were a most completely united couple. Each was wholly content to be with the other; neither had ever bored the other in forty years. She was the first girl he fell in love with; they waited over two years to be married; he gave his heart to her then, and all of it remained in her keeping until the end.

He liked to talk about her and her singing and how pretty

she was and all the fun and flirting and jealousy and despair of that summer at Wellington when they became engaged. Three weeks before he died he had periods of depression he could not shake off. Moreover, he did not feel well. Nothing interested him. On these occasions, sitting by his bed, I would start some recollection of Mrs. Herrick. Then we would revert together to the early days of their marriage. In a little while he was full of animation and would go on for half an hour telling me of his wife with keen enjoyment.

Mrs. Herrick was not very fond of visiting. Perhaps she had had too much of it in her life. She once told me she was going to write a book, but she had only gotten as far as the title; it was to be called, *The Prevention of Cruelty to Guests, or How to Be Happy Though Visiting.*

She died in 1918. Mr. Herrick never recovered from the feeling of despair and loneliness her loss brought him. Coming after the tragic death of his eldest grandson it was one of the causes which induced a temporary breakdown. His return to the congenial occupations of his second ambassadorship and the increasing sense of his usefulness to America and to France furnished the stimulant which restored his confidence and pushed him to new endeavors. This softened the sense of his bereavement; but he missed Mrs. Herrick every day of his life and he spoke of her unceasingly and with infinite tenderness.

The total chancery force of the American embassy in Paris, officers, staff, and employees, numbers 102 persons. This does not include the consul general's establishment, which comprises fifty-five more. The work of the chancery is divided amongst four offices: that of the ambassador, with his private secretary and the counselor and secretaries of embassy; the military attaché's office; the naval attaché's office, and that of the commercial attaché. All of these at present are housed in one building, the consul general's office being apart. The counselor might be called the ambassador's chief of staff. When the latter is present the counselor

supervises the work, relieves his chief from as much detail as possible and, as chargé d'affaires, replaces him when absent from the country. He is the ambassador's right-hand man and consultation between them is constant on all important matters.

It can be seen how essential it is, not only that the counselor have ability, but that he be the sort of man with whom the ambassador likes to work. It was this consideration which led Mr. Herrick, when he came back to France, to ask the State Department to assign Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse for that post. He had served with him as second secretary during his previous term, he knew and liked him, and he wished to make sure of this most important member of his official family.

Each ambassador, of course, arranges the routine of his office to suit himself. Some prefer that almost all business should go through the counselor, others like immediate contact with their subordinates. Mr. Herrick preferred the latter system, and he was accessible always to members of his staff and did a great deal of work directly with them. It may have taken more of his time, but he liked to be in close touch with everybody around him.

The old saying about no man being a hero to his valet did not apply to Mr. Herrick. The closer we got to him and the longer this contact lasted, the more we all admired as well as loved him. He expected a good deal from us, but he really gave us all far more than we ever were able to bring to him. If occasion arose, he stoutly defended us; if we made a slip he was the first to forget it. He was not afraid of responsibility and backed up subordinates who shouldered theirs. The feeling of affection and of pride which every clerk and messenger felt toward their ambassador was a commentary upon his attitude to them.

The immense pleasure he took in playing golf, especially during the last eight years, arose in part from the proof it afforded him—whenever the fatigues of his office and doubts

about his health had diminished his self-confidence—that he was still a pretty stout fellow. For a man who had learned the game late in life, he played quite well, and one year when he and Captain Johnson, the naval attaché, won the diplomatic cup, he was frankly delighted. He often beat Laurence Norton or myself, and the effect would last for forty-eight hours. I am sure this proceeded from the stimulation given to his waning confidence in the physical machine. He greatly liked the story I have repeated to him more than once of Turenne, who could not stop the shaking of his hands and the chattering of his teeth when he went into battle: "You are trembling, are you, you filthy carcass!" he cried; "well, if you knew where I was going to take you in a few minutes you would tremble worse than that!"

The ambassador's private establishment was kept down to the smallest scale he and Mrs. Herrick considered in keeping with proper dignity, for he disliked mere display. But it sounds large enough. There were twenty-three servants in the house. A chef and three aids were in the kitchen, a butler, his assistant, and three footmen took care of the dining and reception rooms. Walter Blanchard, who has been mentioned before, was the ambassador's valet, and he never left him wherever he went for even one night. The household was managed by Madame Salambier during both his missions, and Mr. Herrick had for her a great affection.

The business of sending out invitations and acknowledging those received, keeping track of visits and of cards that were left, of recording and returning them, was on a scale that few can imagine. It is surprising that more mistakes and omissions were not made, in spite of all precautions. Many Americans who come to Paris are convinced that it is their duty to call at their embassy—at least they often clearly indicate that this is their motive in performing that courteous act. Pleasure given or received, high privilege, or self-interest, would seem never to have much part

(for we are above all a conscientious race!). Many held the ambassador to a strict accounting for the return of these civilities, and if a mistake by chance occurred, they soundly berated any members of his staff they happened to meet for their presumed share in such grave delinquencies. If only these critics could know the effort that is made and the organization required for reciprocating these attentions they would be more tolerant of inevitable errors.

A formal dinner, however large, gave no trouble of any kind to Mr. Herrick, other than his being consulted as to who would go with whom and what persons he particularly desired to have invited. His household was admirably organized for attending to all the details of such an affair without disturbing him. As likely as not he would reach home just in time to dress and look over the list of guests. The dining room comfortably seats thirty persons, and dinners or luncheons of this size were frequent. On special occasions fifty could dine.

Mr. Herrick had a good time at his own parties. He was in his element, for he hoped he was bestowing pleasure and he knew he was receiving it. None of the usual preoccupation of a host distracted him from the entire enjoyment of his guests, and this was one of the reasons why such easy gayety always prevailed at his table.

Official life in capitals such as London and Paris differs greatly from what we are accustomed to see in Washington. There the government people and the diplomats make up society and the residents are only an adjunct. But in Paris it is the other way round, and the diplomatic corps is only a small part of the social world. This adds to both the liberty and privacy of an ambassador and his family. The newspapers rarely publish anything about the dinners, receptions, etc., he gives, unless a notice is sent to them or is authorized. The tradition of the French press has always been to respect the privacy of individuals who prefer it, and this

still obtains, even in what concerns the most eminent personalities; indeed, it especially applies to them.

A few years ago General Pershing came to Paris with the expressed intention of working on his book; he intimated that he wished to be invited nowhere and he asked that his incognito be respected. But of course he went to see his old friends Marshal Foch and Marshal Pétain. The latter remarked, "You will agree, I hope, that we are disciplined, as well as polite, in France. I am not going to ask you to dinner, and not one word about you has appeared in any French paper since you expressed the wish to be let alone."

Every country under the sun has its colony in Paris. Most of these colonies count in their ranks numbers of families having wealth or importance at home. Contrary to the prevailing idea, the British who live in France are far more numerous than the Americans. The Argentinian, Chilean, and Brazilian colonies are large and comprise many families of great fortune. The members of every embassy and legation on arriving thus find themselves caught in the hospitable temptations offered by compatriots, when it is in the interest of their official business to avoid these contacts and seek acquaintances and friendships amongst the French. Our ambassador has more calls made upon him by his colony than any other chief of mission, and when we add to these residents the tens of thousands who come on a visit every year, it can be imagined what the demands upon his time and attention must be. Indeed, there are many Americans who firmly believe that their ambassador is sent to France for the express purpose of looking after their interests or pleasure and that relations with the French government and French people could hardly be considered his chief concern.

XXXVII

HE BUYS AN EMBASSY

In 1924, when the franc had dropped till it was worth only twenty-seven to the dollar, Mr. Herrick suddenly bought $200,000 worth of francs and purchased a house. In a week the franc had risen so rapidly that he stood to make a large sum unless, as he hoped and intended, the United States government should take the bargain off his hands. This it did, and thanks to Mr. Herrick's maneuver, the United States owns an embassy in Paris to-day. The correspondence between the ambassador and Mr. Madden, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, merits a place in the annals of American diplomatic history.

It begins with a speech Mr. Madden made in 1923:

"This is the 4th day of March. We are going out of existence as a Congress in a few hours more, and yet we come here at this late hour of the night, or early hour of the morning, to provide palatial quarters for American representatives in a European city. We passed an act not very long ago providing not to exceed $150,000 for any embassy building anywhere in the world. This bill here proposes to double the limit of cost as to Paris. A $150,000 house is big enough for any American to live in anywhere in the world. I am opposed to these bills, and I am opposed to these princes of finance being sent abroad as American ambassadors because of the contributions they make to campaign funds, Democrats and Republicans alike. I want to see the time come when Amer-

ica will take its place as the foremost nation in favor of ambassadors who have brains, and I do not want the dollar to be the only qualification for appointment to ambassadorial positions. I want the man to be educated; I want him to be a gentleman; I want him to be a thorough American representative of America, fit in all the phases of American life.

"I do not want him to live in such palatial quarters that I, as an humble, common, every-day American, if by any chance I should find myself in Paris, would not dare to call upon him because of the luxury with which he is surrounded. I want to find myself, when I approach an embassy of America in Paris or elsewhere, at least on equal terms with the man who occupies the place. When I go abroad, if I should choose to call upon the American representative, I want to call upon a man who has the time to take off from cutting coupons from his bonds to give me consideration. I do not want an American ambassador to be so skilled in finance that he has no time for diplomacy."

When Mr. Herrick read this speech he sent to Mr. Madden a long statement full of statistics. These are not now interesting but a few of the sentences interspersed may be:

"I have read your remarks on ambassadors and embassies in the closing session of the Sixty-seventh Congress. I would not attempt to change your opinion on the desirability of government-owned embassies had not the bill introduced by Mr. Fairchild become a law. However, since there is now available $300,000 for the purchase of an embassy and chancery in Paris, I am writing this letter in the hope of relieving some of your apprehensions as to the wisdom of this appropriation. It is not any part of my purpose to attempt to change your poor opinion of ambassadors, for if any of them have been useful to their country in the past, or should chance to render any real service in the future, the record alone will suffice.

"Whatever prejudices one might have against providing suitable houses for ambassadors and ministers, I think you will agree with me that it is good business judgment for the United States to own its office buildings. As to the desirability of a government-owned residence for ambassadors, I believe you will agree that the millennium for which you long, 'When America will take its place as the foremost nation in favor of ambassadors who have brains,' and who do not rely upon 'the dollar as the only qualification for appointment to ambassadorial positions,' will be brought about sooner by providing ambassadors with suitable homes. For it seems to me that this is the only way in which 'ambassadors with brains,' who have been too much occupied with affairs of state to earn a competence, can meet the actual requirements of their positions.

"I cannot conceive of an American ambassador 'with brains' having so little self-respect that he would be willing to be a mere sponge: on this point, however, I need not dwell, for, as a Congressman in Washington, you are familiar with official and semi-official social amenities. Official life does not vary much from private life in this respect, except perhaps that it is more exacting."

This correspondence concluded, as such things so often do, with reconciliation and congratulations. A year later, happy in his success, Mr. Herrick wrote to Mr. Madden to announce it, and the latter replied:

"I think you made a very good bargain, and of course it was splendid of you to put your own money up to close the matter, pending the red tape which it is necessary to go through here before official consummation of any bargain is possible. Notwithstanding our former correspondence, I have always had an idea that we should have adequate facilities for the transaction of our business in important countries like France, England, Germany, etc., and I am glad to know

that we are moving toward that end. I told my friend Houghton, after looking over several properties with him while in Berlin, that if he could find something which his judgment told him would fit the case I should be very glad to coöperate from this end of the line."

What led to his buying the Grévy house Mr. Herrick related as follows:

"On April 27th, 1922, I called the attention of the Department to the property of No. 2 avenue d'Iéna. I revived the question in 1924, and as a result of my efforts a letter was obtained from the owners offering to hold the property for sale from March 5th to April 5th, 1924, for the sum of 5,400,000 francs. In the meantime the franc was steadily declining, two other countries were negotiating for the house, and a longer option was not feasible. Therefore, when the dollar had reached 27, I decided to buy francs on my own responsibility and take up the option.

"I made this personal commitment for the sole purpose of obtaining what I believed to be an unusual bargain for my country. In fact, this house which cost a million dollars I bought for $200,000. Inconceivable as it seems, the French as a rule do not measure the franc by the dollar or pound yardstick. Therefore, the family was content to receive about the same number of francs for the property as was originally invested."

There are two incidents which Mr. Herrick does not relate, but they throw a sidelight on the transaction. When he had decided definitely to buy the house, he arranged for a meeting with the representatives of the Grévy estate, who came to the embassy accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, President Grévy's daughter, Baron Cerise, and the other heirs.

The ambassador took out of his desk the option which had been signed on March 4th. "The value of the franc," he said, "has so depreciated since you signed this paper that it does not seem fair to hold you to the obligation. As you know, I

want to buy your house with my own money, but I hope it will be taken over by my government. However, the transaction must offer no possible grounds for criticism. It must not be alleged by anybody that the United States has taken advantage of an option signed by you when the value of the franc was so much higher; I therefore tear it up"—which he did. "Now, ladies," the ambassador continued, "there no longer exists an option, but if you want to sell your house for the price named in it, I will buy it."

The family conferred together for a few minutes and then President Grévy's daughter said: "We are anxious to divide my father's estate at once, and your offer makes it possible. Moreover, I would greatly prefer that this house become the American embassy than to see it put to any other use, so we accept your proposal."

The purchase of 5,400,000 francs by Mr. Herrick also had an unexpected influence upon exchange, which had closed in a panic on March 10th. When he telephoned his bankers to buy $200,000 worth of francs for his account at the next morning's opening, the exchange clerk asked whether he should follow the market and buy gradually so as to obtain the best rates.

"No," replied Mr. Herrick, "I want you to place my order at the opening of the exchange."

"Is this to be considered a secret, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Not at all."

"Very well, sir. Good-bye."

As soon as the Paris Bourse opened and a single block of 5,400,000 francs was bought for the account of the American ambassador, rumors that the United States government was backing the franc ran like wildfire among speculators in exchange, with results which can readily be imagined. Those who were long on dollars rushed to sell them and the franc rose immediately. The Secretary of State cabled Mr. Herrick: "Reports from Berlin published here assert that you are speculating in francs. What reply shall I make?" The *Matin*

came out with an article stating that the United States ambassador had scotched the speculators' ring, and one might have supposed that, single-handed, Mr. Herrick had stopped the franc on its downward plunge. Of course such was not the case; but buying enough francs to pay for that house, and buying them when and as he did, unquestionably had an enormous effect upon the market.

No idea of personal advantage animated Mr. Herrick in this operation. He could easily stand the expense of paying his own rent (which amounted to exactly his salary), and spending money never gave him any pain. In all the trouble and annoyance he voluntarily assumed during a number of years over this house question, he was moved by his strong feeling for the dignity and prestige of the United States, and also, doubtless, by his old innate desire to create something—create something permanently useful and do it well. He really never expected to occupy the house he took the grave risk of buying, but he liked the idea of seeing his successor walk into a suitably appointed embassy on his arrival and not be obliged to start out house hunting.

However, Mr. Herrick was uncertain whether a government-owned embassy and a large salary did not present some possible dangers to our diplomatic service. "You can see," he said, "that if, in addition to a well-furnished house, a suitable salary were given ambassadors, it would make it easier, indeed it might create a temptation, to appoint politicians who were merely seeking well-paid jobs. Of course, I know that wealthy men are not more capable than others and a man who was poor might make a better ambassador than one who was rich. But the question does not present itself just that way. Look at it in the light of experience. Our Presidents have constantly appointed as ambassadors men who have made their mark in the affairs of our country, and there will always be a large supply of such Americans, ready —as Taft said to me—'to go on a holiday.' That is, a holiday in which they would spend a lot of money they had made and

do a great deal of work, yet have the holiday just the same: the best kind of a holiday.

"Such men, if really first class, command the confidence of our business people; and that is a great asset. They are also in immediate contact with the affairs of our country and have a wide personal acquaintance with the men conducting them. They may not be trained diplomats but they are trained men, and if they have created a fair fortune by their own efforts they probably are pretty keen fellows. If the President prefers to go outside the regular 'service men' for some of his diplomatic appointments, he has a wide field to select from in the vast body of our able and successful men of affairs, and he need not give these places as a reward to what are frequently described as 'greedy politicians.' These probably would have had as little experience in business as in diplomacy."

The difficulties of keeping house with Uncle Sam probably are little known to the public. Nothing in history records that this gentleman was ever married, and that may account for his peculiarities when it comes to those little problems which have to be daily solved in every household. As proprietor of a handsome residence in Paris, he had some responsibilities that he was not used to.[1]

For instance, coal had to be bought to heat the place while the workmen were altering it, and a janitor had to be hired to take care of it. Who was going to pay for these things? Up to that time no such matters had ever engaged the attention of Washington, since the ambassador paid for everything out of his own pocket—rent, heat, light, concierge, servants, and all the rest of it. These matters soon got themselves settled, but that they could arise may be news to people who know nothing of the domestic complications of their own government.

The house Mr. Herrick bought has now been the permanent home of the American embassy for four years, and with each

[1]This and the two following paragraphs are taken from an article I wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post.*

season its charm and suitability for its purpose grow more and more evident. It faces streets on three sides; it overlooks the Trocadéro Gardens and the Seine; it is protected from any possibility of commercial invasion and is perfectly accessible. It constitutes an extraordinary acquisition.

He wrote to the Department in 1924, "Although it will not be possible to make these premises available for use during my term, I feel that my experience here would give me rather a good understanding of the needs of our government as far as its embassy and chancery are concerned." Happily no such injustice was allowed to be committed. Those unseen forces he so often liked to talk about (he sometimes called himself a Peter Ibbetson) saw to that, and he had the satisfaction of living for four years in this house and of seeing it grow into a beautiful home. I doubt if any ambassador ever loved an official residence as Mr. Herrick loved his. It was even hard for him to remember that it was not his very own. He had schemed and plotted for it, worked for it, bought and paid for it, altered and modernized it, furnished it. In every sentimental sense it was his, and the last smile that fortune shed upon one she loved was to let him die in it.

His enthusiasm about the place and the idea it represented was contagious; he would talk about it and take visitors to see it long before the plasterers were gone, and many of his friends who wanted to show their affection for him did it by making very handsome gifts for its ornamentation. These will remain there, a lasting proof of Mr. Herrick's extraordinary power to create in others the desire to advance whatever he had undertaken. Some of the most important of the presents came from Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Edward Tuck, Mr. Ogden Mills, Sir Joseph Duveen, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Thomas Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. George Widener, Mrs. Hamilton Rice, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. John Ridgely Carter, Mr. Charles A. Coffin, Mr. George Blumenthal, Dr. and Mrs. Homer Gage, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Saltonstall.

XXXVIII

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. A LETTER TO PRESIDENT HARDING

MR. HERRICK'S interest in politics and love for the Republican party made him an active participant in every campaign and a respected adviser in the party's councils. Nothing can more readily illustrate this sentiment than a letter he wrote to Mr. Harding in 1923, and for that reason, long as it is, I quote most of it. He had been away from home two years, the pre-convention campaign was still distant, and one might have supposed that he had little call to bother himself about an election so far off. But he did. He wanted the Republicans to make sure of winning and he determined to suggest the value of certain issues which were far from local and which might escape consideration on the part of leaders taking a more narrow view. He felt that his distance gave him a perspective which those closer to the picture might not have.

May 9, 1923.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I have lately seen a good many prominent Americans fresh from home and they have naturally given me their views regarding the political outlook. The consensus of their opinion seems to be that there is not at present any outstanding issue which the Republican party can safely present to the people. I mean an issue which, while avoiding the danger of dividing our leaders, is at the same time so simple as to be readily understood by everybody, and one having in it that moral essence so dear to every American heart.

These conversations have led me to look over the declarations which you and Mr. Hughes have made from time to time regarding Russia. The soundness of the position you both took has been amply proved by subsequent events; nevertheless I believe you will agree with me that, however unassailable your views were and however clear their statement, you would never have had all our people in agreement with you if your policy toward Russia and your method of stating it had not contained an appeal to the fundamental conception of right and wrong existing in the great mass of American voters. It was this which caught and held our people, and left them indifferent to the demand for Soviet recognition put forward by certain commercial interests and some demagogues.

On this side of the water your statements of principle regarding Russia have met with success exactly in proportion as the persons concerned were in the habit of being influenced in their judgments by moral conceptions rather than by commercial ones. For example, the policy of the British government has always been deeply influenced by considerations affecting the balance of power and the commerce of the British Isles, to the exclusion, or to the diminution, of consideration of pure morality. For centuries the British government has been maintained along these lines, and for the last fifty years the German government has been run in close imitation.

This has certainly not been the case with ourselves, and to a very great extent it has not been the case with France. However, I have no intention of making a historical essay, because I believe it unnecessary to endeavor to prove to you things which your own study of history and your vast experience in present-day affairs have made evident to you. Suffice it to say that in no foreign country has your attitude toward Russia met with a more universal and comprehending sympathy than in France. I believe that this is not all chiefly due to the fact that Russia owes large sums to France and

that your conception of Russia's duty involves, among other things, the payment of those sums; I believe that problems such as these are viewed by the majority of Frenchmen on their merits, and with very much the same conception of what is right and wrong as exists in the mind of the average American.

The present policy of the Soviet government to destroy all religion, the recent manifestation of that policy in executing Catholic bishops and priests, have furnished a conspicuous proof that your pronouncements regarding that government were not in any way exaggerated. I think this point can be a good deal insisted upon, and not only the Catholics but all religious people would be with you. As a proof of this, please note the immediate effect which the recent religious persecutions in Russia have had in England, where expediency has prevailed from the very beginning and every compromise made for the benefit of trade. These religious persecutions have suddenly turned all England against Russia, barring only the labor unions. The Anglo-Saxon mind had been dull and indifferent to this whole subject until there developed this definite design in Russia to destroy all spiritual and intellectual life. Nothing save the apprehension of strengthening the Labor party prevents immediate withdrawal of the British Trade Mission from Russia, and I believe it will be done presently in spite of that fact.

All this leads me up to the point I wish to make, which is, that among the campaign issues to be presented to the people, I think a great deal of stress could be laid on the unswerving attitude of the administration with regard to the Russian problem. I will go even further and say that we can make a very powerful appeal to popular sentiment in presenting the conduct of all our foreign affairs in the light of high-minded justice rather than touch upon its commercial aspect —and the two need not be at all in conflict. As long as we have been right, why not see that this is better known and understood?

I recognize that foreign affairs, while much talked of and filling a good deal of space in our newspapers, do not appeal to local politicians, affect state issues, or get votes for local candidates; but when it comes to the administration as a whole, I think that a great deal can be made of the moral side of our international relations and of the high standard which has governed the policy of the President and his Secretary of State in handling these matters.

At the risk of making this letter too long, I am going to relate something drawn from our recent history. In 1898, when Dewey's victory was telegraphed to Judge Day, then Secretary of State, he was staying in my house. He immediately said: "Unfortunately there is nothing we can do but give those islands back to Spain." This was the first idea of most people; indeed, holding colonies seven thousand miles away was so extravagant a proposal, involving such new and unknown responsibilities, that no mere advantage to commerce would ever have rendered the idea popular. But presently, some accurate thinkers began to declare that we had no choice, and that plain honesty required that we keep the islands; whereupon the Democrats howled "Imperialism." But McKinley, undisturbed by all this noise, took quiet counsel of level-headed men and finally decided we had no right to return the islands to Spain; and he said so. To our great surprise, his decision was soon supported by popular opinion, which, enlightened as to the facts, quickly realized that to do otherwise than as McKinley proposed was unrighteous and cowardly. The public's way of seeing things has not changed.

I presume that at the present moment, and especially with returning prosperity, most people at home are sick of the Reparations dispute, the Ruhr, and kindred topics; nevertheless, discussions of these questions will continue, and it seems to me that the simplest and most effective attitude for the Republican party to take regarding them is to maintain that the present situation between France and Germany is a mere

continuation of the contest which started in 1914. The instruments employed in the present war—for war it is—differ from those used before November, 1918, but the underlying principle of the fight is exactly the same; it remains essentially a moral struggle, a contest between right and wrong, and the attitude which the Republican party should maintain and can defend, during the next months, is exactly the one which it took and finally carried into successful action from 1914 to April, 1917. The leaders of our party regarded the war between Germany and the Allies as a moral one, and they demanded our intervention on moral grounds; and it was on these grounds that the American people did finally intervene and brought the first phase of the struggle to a successful conclusion.

I believe that political expediency, apart from other reasons, demands that the second phase be viewed from the same angle and met with the same arguments. This might not suit some business men (and please remember I am one), but it would satisfy the mass of voters by its simplicity and its appeal from the commercial to the moral. It would also give every speaker who wanted to touch on this subject perfectly safe ground on which to stand, and from which he would have every advantage in attack. Moreover, it is easier to defend a policy which is continuous than one which changes, halts, or seems reversed.

Of course, I know we cannot make our campaign on foreign policy alone or chiefly, but we are bound to be attacked on this point as on others, and I am convinced that we have in Russia and in the Reparations question not only good ground on which to stand, but safe topics on which our readers can talk to the average audience. It is very easy to assail a man upholding commercial interests, however respectable they be, but I have yet to see in our country the defenders of a moral issue put to rout.

You will remember that the great power of Bryan's appeal in 1896 lay in his making free silver a sentimental rather than

a commercial issue and we beat him at his own game by a better appeal of the same sort—the appeal for sound money and plain honesty. . . .

Of course there can never be another campaign like the one of the "Three H's"[1] but it is because of these memories that I presume to make some suggestions to my old friend of all the years. It is as important that you win this election as it was for McKinley to win his.

[1]This refers to the 1903 election of Herrick, Hanna, and Harding.

XXXIX

THE SOVIET RULE IN RUSSIA

To MR. HERRICK'S pity for the Russian people, his horror at the deliberate destruction of life and waste of property, was added a grave fear of the danger which the Soviet disease presented to healthy countries. The action of our government in refusing to have any relations with the Bolsheviks and Mr. Hughes's statement of the reasons were to him a source of considerable pride. He was fond of comparing our attitude with that taken by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, and he saw, not without satisfaction, that all these countries had failed to gain anything by recognizing the Soviet rule. But he knew how gravely opinion was divided in France, where Russia's repudiation had hit the poorer class of investors, and he noticed with concern the then unchecked progress of Communism in a land he loved next to his own. He therefore determined to express his opinion on the subject, but in such a way as could give no grounds for the accusation that he was mixing himself up in a French political controversy.

Memorial Day of 1927 was approaching and he chose this time to state his views. It was strictly an American occasion, held in an American cemetery; he would be addressing his own compatriots and invoking the memory of our own dead. To such an audience he was at liberty to say what he chose about Bolshevism and the present rulers of Russia.

After paying a tribute to our soldiers who had fallen in

the war and thanking the French for the share they took in honoring their graves throughout the national territory, the ambassador proceeded:

"There never was a time in history when this question of preventing war has been studied so earnestly as now. Modern methods of scientific research are being applied to it just as they are applied to the scourge of cancer, and this in itself is a hopeful sign. The Twentieth Century can best work with Twentieth Century tools, whether the effort be directed toward increasing the sum of human enjoyment or toward diminishing our inherited instincts for violence and conflict.

"In a speech last February I quoted Lincoln's dictum that the United States could not exist half slave and half free, and I added that I believed the world could not go on half civilized and half bolshevik. I said then, and I believe now, that 'the people in every country have got to choose between order and anarchy, between honesty and thievery, between every-day virtue and crime. Either we believe in orderly society or we don't; if we do we ought to use all the power within us to defend and advance it.' Since I used these words, like everybody else, I have been forced by events to think more and more about this matter. . . .

"For a hundred and fifty years civilized peoples have tenaciously struggled, not merely for political freedom, but for the widest diffusion of human happiness; and just at the very moment when they had reason to believe that this long contest had at last been crowned with success, they find themselves faced with the most oppressive, the most immoral, the most calculatingly cruel despotism that history records. That the masters of this new tyranny profess to speak in a great people's name deceives nobody, and need not be taken into consideration by the most hide-bound legalist. When in any properly policed community the man with hydrophobia is rushing about the public streets, you first shut him up and then you try to cure him; what he himself has to say on the

subject of his malady, nobody bothers about so long as he is still at large and biting people.

". . . We have no thought of attacking the Soviet regime; what it does in Russia is its own affair; but we do refuse to give it the means of poisoning us. We intend to protect our country as vigorously from Bolshevism as our ancestors defended it against oppression, and the fact that a government secretly sends against us the germs of a loathsome malady instead of openly despatching armies does not make the invasion less felonious or alter our duty to repel it. . . ."

This speech made a great furore in France. Some of the papers carried extracts from it for several days, and of course the revolutionary press attacked Mr. Herrick violently. He was thoroughly satisfied with the sum total of the results, and it may well be that the French government was not displeased. By a curious coincidence it was the very next day that the British government broke off relations with Russia.

XL

AMERICAN AND FRENCH SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT

MR. HERRICK once commented upon the burdens which French statesmen have to shoulder and he made a comparison between the French system and our own: "We are used to thinking of our President as the hardest-worked man in the universe, but he is spared at least one enormous source of worry and fatigue which I should think would wear out any man who was trying to govern France. Imagine if any day in the year our Congress, by an adverse vote on any act of the President, could cause him to resign! Yet that is just the situation which confronts the French prime minister all the time. And then, every French congressman is free to 'interpellate' the government on any of its acts or even, indirectly, on its intentions. Our President, if he chooses, can sit still and smile at anything a congressman or senator may say about him; but the French premier has got to appear on the floor and answer. If what he says is not satisfactory to a majority of the members and they express this sentiment by a vote, he is obliged to resign.

"It must absorb a prodigious amount of Monsieur Poincaré's energy to merely make sure each week that he is not going to be turned out of office. If you add this uncertainty to all his other cares, plus the executive work he has to do, it would seem enough to kill the strongest man. That the mortality is so small only goes to show that you can get used to anything. For French prime ministers seem to thrive on

the regime and live to the ripest old age, unimpaired in vigor and enthusiasm. One of the reasons for this may be the fact," Mr. Herrick added with a twinkle in his eye, "that they never waste any time taking exercise! That single lesson in golf which Lloyd George gave to Briand some years ago has doubtless settled the matter of outdoor sports for French cabinet officers during the next twenty-five years.

"Of course I think our system is best. We spend a huge amount of time, energy, and money over an election, but once it is finished, our President settles down to four years of office, and the country knows what it can expect during that period. In France, they are in a turmoil all the time, and even if this doesn't kill off their statesmen, which is a happy fact, it can't be good for the country's business. Our congressmen are expected to vote the laws and, of course, try to get reëlected; but a French congressman's chief concern seems to be to pull down the cabinet in power or else to prop his shoulder against a tottering one.

"A clever Frenchman once told me that his country had imported most of its free institutions from England—such as parliamentary government and the jury system—but somehow it had omitted to bring over the habits which make them work comfortably across the Channel. There must be some truth in this. In any case, I am glad the French Republic did not exist when we got our independence, for otherwise Franklin, Jefferson, and others who had filled themselves up with French political doctrines might have put some of them into our Constitution and made our government unstable by having our President insecure. Nevertheless, there is this to be said: criticize as one may the French system and the complications which arise from their dozen or more political groups, we have to acknowledge that almost any other country would have succumbed under it. That France goes right on in spite of carrying this weight is only another proof of what a virile, persistent race the French are. They say we waste enough money in one year to run any ordinary gov-

ernment and leave something to spare. I can answer this with just as good an exaggeration: the French Parliament wastes enough political energy in one session to run our Congress for six. If we are reckless over money they are prodigal with time and eloquence."

XLI

RELATIONS WITH HIS GRANDSON

MR. HERRICK's love of children and young people has been already referred to. Nobody knew better than he how to make companions of the boys and girls about him, and his intimate business and sporting relations with his grandson, from his earliest age onward, form a charming picture of this side of his character. The youngster wrote him from school when quite a little boy that he needed capital to enable him to go into business with a chum. To this his grandfather replied, in a very serious letter, proposing himself as a partner. The firm was formed and lasted a number of years. The ambassador's valet kept the books, and distributed the profits when the boy arrived on his holidays. Part of the capital consisted of the twenty-dollar gold pieces derived by "the firm" from directors' meetings, and all advances made to it by the senior member were set down and interest charged; but the "profits," by an ingenious method of bookkeeping, always found their way into the pocket of the junior partner.

Here is a letter that was written from the White House when Mr. Herrick was staying with President Coolidge in October, 1926:

"I just received a telegram from your Daddy and Mamma which reminds me this is my birthday. You see I am not quite as anxious for birthdays as you are. I am going to-day to Philadelphia to spend to-morrow with the Drexel Pauls,

then to New York to attend a New York Life Board meeting, in order to get another 'yellow boy' for my partner. You see I do not neglect the partnership.

"I must go now, for Walter says that I should get out if I am to meet my engagements."

In February, 1927, he writes to his grandson from London where he had "flown over for a few days":

"I started for here by aëroplane 12 M. yesterday; landed at Lympe, just this side of the Channel, at 2 P. M. on account of fog. Came up by train, arrived at 5 P. M. Record fog on the Channel. We rose 5500 feet above the clouds, beautiful sight, bright sunshine and a sea of white, billowy clouds below. Wish you had been with me. I came over for a few days and am with the Houghtons in the new embassy. I think I will get you a nice light-running aëroplane so you can fly over for week-ends with me.

"I dined with the Balsans Wednesday and Louis came in and asked all about you; wants to see you. I told him that he is invited to come to the U. S. to visit you. . . .

"I wonder if the little calendar that I sent you arrived. I motored 3600 kilometres on my trip to the Riviera and thought so often of my dear boy and longed for his company."

On January 25, 1929, having just left his grandson in America, he writes:

". . . It was a satisfaction to find you so improved and going on so splendidly each year. It is a satisfaction beyond anything that you can ever appreciate unless some day you are situated as I am with a splendid boy to absorb your thoughts, love, and affection. Leaving for Europe so soon after my attack I appreciated was an experiment and a hazard, but I could not abide the thought of postponing my sailing and remaining at the farm and seeing you return to

school. That would have left me in a very desolate situation.

"As it was, we arrived in New York and though the day there was rather severe and tiring I got through it very well. The voyage across the ocean was perfect as far as weather and sunshine was concerned and I therefore arrived here in good condition. . . . Dr. Maurange says it is necessary for me to be quiet and really have a convalescence from the 'flu' here, inasmuch as I had had none over there. I am therefore going through a rather unpleasant experience. I am spending part of the time at home in bed rather *well sunk*, but am quite sure that I shall be out of it ere long.

"As I look out of my window this afternoon and see the sun well up in the sky at four o'clock, I am encouraged to think that the days are lengthening and that it will not be very long now when I can begin to count the days before I shall see my good old 'pard' again."

In later letters he says:

"I am so pleased with your letters, so proud of you for your good work. Enclosed I send you a little dividend check from the partnership. It is difficult to do hard work (and you are doing hard work) but the rewards make up many fold for every earnest effort. I wasted a lot of precious time when I was a youngster and afterward. One can only store away things in one's mind when young. . . .

"I saw the Duchess of Trémoille last evening at dinner and she inquired most particularly for you. I will give her a good account of you. She says that the little Duke has grown tall like you and wants to see you when you come next time. . . ."

Again, on February 19, 1929, he says:

". . . I often try to picture just how you fill in all of your time, what you do and what you think, and whether you

are happy. I also try to imagine what your life is to be. Of course you will have some hard roads to travel, but I want to see you prepared for them. I wish that my daily life and work brought me all the time into some natural contact with you. It seems rather hard that the one person whom I love more than all others, with one exception, I am destined, by the nature of things, to see so little of.

"How fine it would be if you were one of my secretaries! Every day in the next room—all the time interested in the same things—having our fun together.

"How little we seem to be able to direct and control our own lives! Still, there may come a time yet when we shall be near each other and interested in the same things.

"The embassy seems to be a sort of a flu hospital. Mrs. Paul was ill one week, then Mrs. Parker Gilbert, then Mr. Parker Gilbert. The flu left its mark on me and it has taken a long time to convalesce; but I am getting on.

"Love no end, my dear boy and Pard."

Six days before he died Mr. Herrick wrote a letter to the head-master of St. Paul's school about this boy which one wishes could be read by every youngster in our land and by every youngster's father too:

Paris, March 25, 1929.

DEAR DR. DRURY:

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness and courtesy in keeping me advised of the progress of my boy, Parmely, Jr. Two years ago I feared that he might not succeed in obtaining his diploma from St. Paul's School and I told him that, in that event, I should feel very much like resigning my post, as the incentive for my work there came largely from my hopes in him.

Last summer I told him that it was important now, and especially after he entered Harvard, to begin to plan for his future occupation in life, and that I could see for him more

difficulties in the way to success than I encountered at his age. He was quite surprised and said: "I can't see how you figure that out, Pop!" "Well," I said, "it is just this way. When I was at your age complete success in life seemed to mean simply making a fortune, but in your case a fortune would not mean success because you will already have a sufficient fortune from the beginning and Mark Twain said that if one had accumulated enough to pay his bills he might as well gather suspender buckles after that. Therefore, in your case, my boy, you will have to justify your existence and make a place in the world for yourself by following another road, and the outcome depends on you alone. If you fail in this you will be a slacker. If your Daddy and I carry on as well in the future as we have in the past, you have got something of a background and will have something to live up to and you will have to equal or surpass all that if you are to succeed . . . and it is a hard job for you, my boy."

He looked very serious and from some things he said to me afterward I saw that he was quite concerned over this problem of his. I told him that if our country grew to be a great nation it was because from its birth its citizens put country before their business and personal affairs, but that there was a change in this attitude after the Civil War, when the greatest ability of the country was drawn into business, which was placed before country; but that now, since our position had changed so in relation to the world since the Great War, it became necessary for the young men to emulate once more the Fathers of their country and again place the nation first and business and personal affairs afterwards, and that we could not succeed as a nation in fulfilling our destiny, in justifying the great obligations and responsibility that had been placed upon us, in any other way.

You will pardon me for taking up your valuable time in talking about this boy but I am sure you will forgive me, as you know how much he means to me. In this connection it seems to me that your position at the head of that great

school which is performing such a fine service to our country has grown tremendously in importance in these recent years. The destiny of our nation lies in the hands of just such youngsters as are under your care and guidance, and of the generation or two that will follow them; with teachers like yourself forming these boys I do not think that there need be any fear for the future, for I am sure it is exactly the things which I have been reciting here which are being inculcated into their minds. In my humble opinion, it will be upon their thorough understanding of these principles that our country's success in the next fifty years will depend—and it seems to me that these are going to be crucial years with us. . . .

Hoping I shall see you during my visit to America this year, and with sincerest regards to you and Mrs. Drury, I am, as always,

Your faithful friend,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

XLII

LINDBERGH

"WE HAD all lunched with Mrs. Bernard Carter that 21st of May in 1927," said Mr. Herrick one day when the subject of Lindbergh's famous flight was being discussed. "Afterward we went out to see Tilden play in one of the tennis matches. Information had come in the morning that Lindbergh had started, but I confess it did not mean much to me. Probably that was because Rodman Wanamaker had been bombarding me with telegrams announcing Byrd's departure, and my attention was entirely diverted from the youngster who, so I read in the papers, had started from California on his way to Paris. California seemed a long way from the goal for any kind of a start. Nevertheless, I had made up my mind to go out to Le Bourget and wait for his arrival as soon as I had some indication to go on.

"During the tennis match a telegram was brought me saying that Lindbergh had passed over Valencia in Ireland. It seemed a little too good to be true, but we hurried home, had a quick dinner at half-past six, and started for the field. It was a good thing we did not delay another quarter of an hour, for crowds were already collecting along the road and in a short time passage was almost impossible. News had already reached Paris that Lindbergh had been surely sighted, and the whole population seemed bent upon being at Le Bourget to see him land. When we arrived there we were escorted to the big pavilion at one end of the field and found

it full of people. These were mostly 'Americans,' that is, South Americans. The open-sesame that night with police and aviation officials was the words 'I'm an American,' and our Southern neighbors had no reason for insisting upon which end of our continent they came from. Some of them, moreover, were our excellent friends, diplomats and others, and I carried away from Le Bourget visible souvenirs of their enthusiasm when Lindbergh landed. Many of the ladies kissed me on both cheeks, leaving rich traces of their emotions. For in the matter of red for the lips, Buenos Aires has nothing to learn from New York: Paris alone seems a bit backward.

"We had been at our post of observation only a little while, when a silvery plane circled the field and landed. Many thought it was the ship from Strasbourg which was due about that time, but an official whispered to me that it could not be so, the color was not right and that it must be our man. It was, and in a moment pandemonium broke loose—not the pandemonium the newspapers always tell about at political conventions, but the real thing. I certainly never witnessed any occasion like it. Soldiers and police were swept away, the stout fence demolished, and the crowd surged toward the aeroplane. That is when the kissing began. Then a little man in white kid gloves, bearing a tiny 'bokay' all fixed up in a white paper petticoat, came forward and presented his offering to me. I had noticed him there, looking so quiet and comical. He tried to make a speech, but of course not a word could be distinguished. He had brought the flowers for Lindbergh but his emotion got the better of him and he gave them to me instead. I never knew who he was.

"Presently—I have no notion of time as far as that night is concerned—a man half torn to pieces managed to get up to the terrace where I was and handed me an aviator's helmet. This man turned out to be a New York *Herald* reporter, who was close by when the ship landed, and to whom Major Weiss had given the helmet with orders to take

it to me. This was done to deceive the crowd and get them clear of Lindbergh and his ship. The ruse succeeded, and it only goes to show how quickly aviators have to think and act. The crowd rushed off after him, believing it was Lindbergh, and they nearly annihilated him in their enthusiasm. I went out on the balcony, where a searchlight began to play on me, and waved the helmet to the crowd below. They went wild with enthusiasm.

"Then after about two hours one of the French officers put us in his car and drove us to Major Weiss's office across the field. Here we found Lindbergh in a little room with a few chairs and an army cot. They told him who I was. I shook hands with him, and he handed me some letters he had brought. Three of them were from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, one addressed to me, one to Mr. Houghton, and the third, I forget to whom. These three were letters of introduction; the others were from people who had asked him to take them, thinking it was an interesting idea to send mail across the ocean in a day's time.

"I learned later that among the first to reach Lindbergh were Major Weiss, Sergeant Détroyat, and civil pilot Delage. Under cover of the diversion created by sending the reporter through the crowd with the helmet, these men slipped Lindbergh across the field to Major Weiss's little office at its far end. Here they put out the lights so as to conceal his presence from the crowd, which now surged madly in various directions looking for him. It was to this office that Colonel Denain took us.

"After shaking hands with Lindbergh and introducing him to my son and daughter-in-law I said, 'Young man, I am going to take you home with me and look after you.' He came up a little closer, saying, 'I can't hear you very well; the sound of the motor is still in my ears.' I repeated my invitation; to which he replied, 'I should like to, sir; thank you very much.' Then he added, 'I want to go over to my ship first and shut the windows; I left them open and

they will not know how to put them in.' I of course assented to this.

"While we were talking, one of the Frenchmen politely pushed a chair up and suggested that Lindbergh sit down. 'Thank you,' he replied, 'I have been sitting.' I perceived, then and there, that he was a boy who did not waste words. Somebody else wanted him examined by a doctor. It appears they had one out there for the purpose, but he was not on hand at that moment. Lindbergh absolutely refused to be bothered with any doctor. He was perfectly calm and did not seem fatigued; his face was rosy and not at all drawn.

"I then said to Major Weiss, 'Let us go down to our cars and get started.' As I spoke in English he probably misunderstood what I said, for when he, Détroyat, and Delage went out with Lindbergh, as I thought to close those windows, they never came back. Instead of taking him to his ship they bundled him immediately into their car and started off to Paris by roads known only to them. They had but one thought and that was to get him safely away from the crowd. I did not see him again until I got to the embassy some hours later. Lindbergh did not speak French and the officers spoke little English. However, on their way through the city he made his guides understand that he wished to stop at the Unknown Soldier's tomb. So a halt was made at the Arc de Triomphe. Lindbergh got out of the car and stood uncovered for a long time. The officers say he finally swayed a little, as though the fatigue of all he had been through was making itself felt. They then drove to the chancery in the Rue de Chaillot, thinking that was my residence. The policeman on duty told them where the embassy was; they went there, turned Lindbergh over to my servants, said good-night to him and left.

"My wanderings at Le Bourget trying to re-find Lindbergh are not worth relating, except for our experience at the hangar where they had sheltered the *Spirit of St. Louis*. The commandant of the field, Colonel Poli-Marchetti, was with

us, and in our search for Lindbergh we went to this place. A sentinel was inside, apparently with everything tightly bolted. The officer called to him and ordered him to open. He flatly refused. The officer then told him who he was, giving his name and rank and ordering him severely to come out. Still the soldier refused. I was thoroughly tired by now, but this revived me. I knew what was going on in that sentinel's head, for the colloquy reminded me of a darkey butler who was calling out the names at a reception in San Francisco. Three guests arrived together and one of them said, 'Announce Mr. Bean, Mr. Pease, and Mr. Oyster.' The darkey looked at him a second and said, 'You can't fool me; I bin at this business too long!'

"Nobody, not even his colonel, could fool that sentinel and get hold of Lindbergh's ship.

"After this our much-irritated guide took us back to the pavilion; but no Lindbergh. However, I had already sent a telephone message to the embassy telling the butler to have a room ready and something to eat for him, so that on his reaching there he was taken care of.

"We at last arrived also, having given up the search at Le Bourget; but it took what seemed hours to work our way through the crowds that filled the road. I found Lindbergh sitting on the edge of his bed, dressed in a bathrobe, my pajamas and slippers. They told me he had eaten an egg and drunk some bouillon, refusing the chicken and other things offered him.

"The street in front of my house was now full of newspaper men (it must have been about three o'clock). They had learned at Le Bourget that I was taking him to the embassy and had telephoned the news to Paris. I suggested that if he was not worn out, he let them all come in for a minute. To this he replied that he had a contract with the New York *Times* engaging him to give an exclusive interview to that paper, and he could not violate its terms. On hearing this, Parmely went downstairs and had a talk with Mr. Carlisle

MacDonald, who represented the *Times* in Paris. He told MacDonald that this thing seemed too big an affair to be made the exclusive news of any one paper and asked him to consent to having Lindbergh see all the reporters. MacDonald showed himself the high-class man he is, took the responsibility of waiving his paper's rights, and all the journalists came up to hear what Lindbergh would tell them. The New York *Times* approved of MacDonald's decision, which also was worthy of the great tradition of that paper. Nobody would expect anything less from Mr. Ochs.

"While he was talking to the reporters about the flight, he constantly said what 'we' did: 'We were flying over such a place; the fog began to thicken and we decided,' etc., etc. I finally asked him, 'What do you mean when you say *we?*' He replied, 'Why, my ship, and me.'

"At last the newspaper men left—or were shoo-ed out—and at four o'clock Lindbergh went to sleep, saying that there was no use to call him as he was sure to be up and ready at nine o'clock.

"In the morning the crowd began to gather at an early hour, and the presents commenced to arrive. Then the letters and the newspaper men. Finally, at two o'clock, we waked him. He seemed to think it was about eight. I had had inquiries made by telephone as to the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and the report came back that everything was satisfactory and the ship safe in the hangar. That relieved Lindbergh immensely.

"One of Lindbergh's remarks that most deeply impressed me was this reply to some congratulatory comment of mine upon his great feat. He said: 'You must remember, Mr. Ambassador, how much easier it is to fly from New York to Paris than it would be from Paris to New York.'

"The first thing we did was to pay a visit to Madame Nungesser. She was in a pitiful state of emotion over the loss of her son and begged Lindbergh to find him for her. A large crowd had assembled around the house and we had some difficulty making our way through it. Several girls tried to

kiss him. He was scared to death. Coming back we drove through the Rue de la Paix. 'Why, look at all those American flags everywhere,' he exclaimed. When I told him they were hung out in his honor he couldn't believe it.

"A dinner had been long ago arranged for that evening at the embassy. Fortunately it was a rather young affair and I hoped it would give Lindbergh some pleasure. I had seen enough of him by this time to want to give him any enjoyment I could. He was not able to get into my clothes or Parmely's, but Blanchard, my valet, with practiced eye measured his figure and soon appeared with two suits he had borrowed somewhere. He came down to dinner looking perfectly normal and comfortable in his borrowed evening clothes. He seemed to me normal and comfortable in every situation. He was so natural that nothing surprised him and he surprised nobody. It was only when we stopped to think, that the whole affair seemed so extraordinary. My daughter-in-law had asked some fifty people to come in after dinner to meet him and every one of them wanted his autograph. So, pads and pencils were brought, and he smilingly wrote for them all.

"That night, my dog Max, who always slept in my room, having made Lindbergh's acquaintance, decided he was a better man than I was and went in and passed the night on Lindbergh's bed, with his head on his pillow. You can't beat a dog's instinct—not a good dog's!

"The next day serious business began. The President wanted to see him, Monsieur Poincaré wanted to see him, the Aëro Club arranged a reception, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate both invited him to pay them a visit and suspended their sitting to receive him; a medal was struck in his honor, the city of Paris gave him a reception, he was decorated, fêted, and adored. He deserved it all, and it was fine to see him bearing himself throughout like the charming young gentleman he is. But all the time he was thinking about his ship and he wanted to see her more than he wanted

THE AMBASSADOR AND CAPTAIN LINDBERGH

Review a French air regiment at Le Bourget. "A good deal has been said and written," says Mr. Herrick, "about my coaching him [Lindbergh] on official occasions. There is almost no truth in any of it."

LINDBERGH, BLÉRIOT, AND HERRICK

"While we were talking," says Mr. Herrick [he is speaking of the memorable night at Le Bourget after Lindbergh had landed], "one of the Frenchmen politely pushed a chair up and suggested that Lindbergh sit down. 'Thank you,' replied Lindbergh, 'I have been sitting.'"

anything else. So, one morning he got up at half-past four and drove to Le Bourget and tinkered for an hour or so. Then he borrowed a French plane and sailed out once more in the air, doing some terrifying stunts. The people at Le Bourget, especially the French pilots who understood what was going on, were extremely frightened at seeing him do these hair-raising tricks in the air, for they knew how dangerous it was, and they felt their responsibility if an accident occurred while he was flying one of their planes. It is true he had asked if the ship they lent him was suitable for stunt flying, and they said yes; but I learned afterward that they never expected him to do any such tricks as he performed there, and which only very special planes are built to stand. The anxiety of these officers was intense and they made repeated signals for him to come down; but he either did not see them or did not choose to interrupt his enjoyment. I have an idea this was the happiest morning of his stay in Paris.

"When I went out to Le Bourget I had no plan of any kind regarding Lindbergh, not even the idea of asking him to stay in my house. I hardly even dared to expect his arrival. I merely went to the flying field on the chance that he would be successful in his attempt and I wanted to be on hand to congratulate him. But when I saw the crowd and the confusion and danger, and above all, when I looked at this fine boy and realized all at once what he had done and what he had been through, it naturally came into my head to take him home with me.

"A good deal has been said and written about my coaching him on all these official occasions, telling him what to say, and all that. There is almost no truth in any of it. I naturally told him who the people were we were going to see, what the occasion was about, and things of that sort. But I never told him what to say. He did not need to be told, as was demonstrated on every occasion. Whenever he was called upon to reply to the really wonderful speeches that were made to him by the greatest orators in France, it seemed to me that

he always said exactly the right thing in exactly the right way. Even if I had had any misgivings on this subject, it would have been inexcusable on my part to diminish any of the freshness of his boyish charm by suggestions which would have hampered him in selecting his thoughts or expressing them.

"But he was very quick to seize an idea that occurred in conversation and use it to advantage. His second day in Paris we lunched with that famous old aviator, Monsieur Blériot. A very pretty scene occurred here. The guests passed their menu cards to Blériot and Lindbergh, asking for their autographs. Then, as there were several of the most renowned French pilots present, they passed these cards for them also to sign. All refused, saying with one accord that they were unworthy to put their signatures beside two such names.

"We left this luncheon to go to the Chamber of Deputies. During the drive Lindbergh asked me what would take place there. I told him what it probably would be, adding that he would have to say something in reply to the addresses which would surely be made to him. I advised him—I think it is the only time—to wait quietly until all the applause, which would doubtless greet him when he stood up, had entirely ceased. 'Then,' I said, 'when you can hear a pin drop, begin.'

"Something now brought up Franklin's name—his statue, the street called after him, I forget what it was. I told Lindbergh about my great predecessor's interest in balloons when he was here. He liked that and asked me several questions. I then told him the story of someone's asking Franklin what was the use of a balloon, and his reply, 'What is the use of a new-born baby?'

"When we got to the French House of Representatives every one of the members, I believe, was there. They gave him a great ovation; the Speaker made an eloquent address all in his praise, everybody wanted to shake hands with him, and there was enough enthusiasm to upset an old head.

When he got up to reply there was long applause. He stood perfectly quiet and waited. He waited so long I became anxious lest he had stage-fright. For remember, this was the first speech of his life, and the room was charged with emotion. Finally he began, with perfect self-possession. His whole manner was quiet, simple, natural. After thanking everybody he said he was glad he had had the good fortune to make the flight successfully and he hoped it would be repeated frequently. He knew that it was natural for people to ask what use it could be, but the same question was put to Franklin in regard to balloons—and here he told the rest of my story. 'I suppose,' he concluded, 'when Mr. Blériot flew the Channel eighteen years ago they asked this question again. I hope that what I have managed to do will have its practical value just as what Mr. Blériot did has been followed by a daily air express between London and Paris.'

"This is the nearest I ever came to advising Lindbergh what to say. He seized the little story which I had related without premeditation, and applied it in a way which was appropriate, instructive, and agreeable to his audience. It was just one of the numerous things which went to prove what a very complete young fellow he was.

"Lindbergh's speeches were merely the unornamented statement of what he was thinking about, and in reading them now they sound so easy and natural that anyone except an experienced public speaker would say that their delivery was a very simple thing. Old hands at speechmaking of course know that this is exactly the most difficult part of the business.

"I believe it would be well to insert here this speech at the reception given him by the city of Paris in the Hôtel de Ville on May 26th. It is a fair example of all the others and it shows that several days of replying to addresses had not injured his method."

The following is the speech Mr. Herrick refers to. Four others by various officials had preceded it:

"I cannot adequately express my appreciation of the honor which you are doing me and my country to-day. I think I have already said everything I have to say with respect to my flight but I want to express one remaining desire. I hope my flight is but the precursor of a regular commercial air service uniting your country and mine as they never have been united before. That is my hope to-day as I believe Blériot hoped his flight across the English Channel in 1909 would be the forerunner of the commercial aviation of to-day; and I believe that if those gallant Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, had landed in New York instead of me here in Paris, that would also be their desire.

"I have one regret, and that is that New York was not able to accord to these brave Frenchmen the same reception that Paris has accorded to me."

"There was one other occasion on which I gave him advice, if explaining a situation a man does not understand, is giving advice. That was with regard to his visit to London. He had been asked by a well-known English aviator to stay at his house, and it was natural that he should have been willing to accept. But I felt that for every reason, for him as well as for us all, it was preferable that he stay at our embassy. I had a talk over the telephone with Mr. Houghton on the subject and he was altogether fine about it. Confirmed in my previous judgment by this conversation, I explained the situation to Lindbergh and he immediately agreed to my idea and gratefully accepted Mr. Houghton's offer.

"To have Lindbergh as his guest at that moment was a serious inconvenience to the ambassador, as he was on the eve of sailing for America; but he did it—did it to protect him and give his visit official recognition.

"Two tiny incidents that took place in my house tell more of how people really felt than any number of orations. A dressmaker came one morning to fit some clothes on my daughter-in-law. Lindbergh was upstairs in the hall at the

time. So, to give this good woman pleasure, Agnes said, 'Come out here and you can meet Captain Lindbergh.' He spoke to her in his usual charming fashion, and after that it appears that no more fitting could be done. In the first place the excellent creature wept with emotion, and when that was over she stuck pins into Agnes as much as into the dress she was making.

"Then my valet brought a tailor around to measure him for some clothes. Blanchard asserts that his hands shook so he had much trouble taking the measures and writing them down. I have heard that this man has made a little fortune through having been Lindbergh's tailor.

"All the story of Lindbergh's days in Paris has been written and re-written, and I mention only the things which came under my personal observation and which seem to have some historical interest. As one looks back on it, there is one general fact which stands out and measures the importance of the event. For more than a week the ambassador to France and almost his entire staff were busy night and day attending to nothing except matters which concerned a young American citizen who a few days before had never been heard of. It was not a question of whether we wanted to do it or did not want to do it, it had to be done. For the moment I decided to take him to my house all the rest followed inevitably. There was no escape. Of course nobody wanted to escape; we were all charmed with him and delighted that things had turned out as they did. I merely record the inevitableness of it all. There were forty million people in France, not to speak of the rest of Europe, and a hundred and twenty million at home, to whom Lindbergh was of more importance at that moment than kings, presidents, or politics. As governments and ambassadors are the servants of the people, we should have been a stupid lot to show indifference where they were so passionately interested, even if we had been tempted to; and I repeat, there was no temptation whatever in that direction.

"There was also another consideration which soon became apparent to my mind. At the very moment Lindbergh started from America, we were in one of those periods of petulant nagging and quarreling between the French and ourselves which have flared up and died down more than once since the Armistice. I have lived through enough of these nasty equinoctial storms not to let them worry me very much, for not all the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic can ever seriously affect the solid basis of our mutual feelings. But I hate this bad weather and like to see it clear up.

"Within ten hours after Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget all these clouds were rolling away, and in another twenty-four the sun was shining brilliantly. Here was serious matter for an ambassador to ponder. Providence had interposed in the shape of this boy, and if I did not seize the occasion offered I was not worth my salt. But I did not make the opportunity; I only took advantage of it. Lindbergh made it. And now, when more than a year has passed, we are still drawing the dividends, both France and America. Isn't it a sort of lesson to us both? The next time bickering starts up, I hope it will be remembered how easily the last was dissipated. We will not have another Lindbergh to drop down out of the sky to help us, but we might have sense enough to invent one just for the occasion.

"The French people's interest in Lindbergh, first in his feat and later in his personality, was absolutely spontaneous. No earthly power could have created the outburst of enthusiasm which began with his arrival and never abated one jot or tittle during his entire stay. It was all the more remarkable, coming right on top of the natural disappointment and intense sorrow at Nungesser and Coli being lost. Moreover, lies had been published here and believed, intimating that our weather bureau had deliberately failed in its duty. The feeling was so strong that I cabled the Department suggesting that no flight be undertaken from our side until this unpleasant excitement had died down; unfortunately, instead

of following my suggestion quietly and discreetly, it was given out to the papers, and when copied over here, while redounding to my credit with the French, was taken by them as proof of bad taste and evil intentions across the water.

"How is it, then, that under these unpropitious conditions, Lindbergh's arrival created such instant enthusiasm and sympathetic acclaim in all of France? I leave the scientific analysis of this question to the experts in mass psychology. For me the explanation lies, first, in the immediate response which Frenchmen make to any brave act. A gallant race themselves, courage excites their instant admiration and sweeps away all prejudices. But apart from this, I find a deeper reason in the latent feeling of admiration which exists in the hearts of the French for us Americans. Many of them had read the abuse of us and had joined in the criticism, but inside they really did not believe it. The instinct of the race was on our side, and justly so. Therefore, in the presence of the decisive and amazing fact of Lindbergh's landing, this sentiment burst the bonds of an artificially excited prejudice, and in acclaiming this boy the people of France knew they were also expressing their innate love for their old friend, America. And they were glad of an excuse to do so."

Mr. Herrick was fond of flying long before he knew Lindbergh, but since the extraordinary friendship which grew up between the two men and the trips he has taken with the famous pilot, he has liked the air more and more. "I think it is a good idea," he would say, "to do some flying in this world as a preparation for the next." This friendship, during the last year of Mr. Herrick's life, had developed into something quite unusual; it forms an interesting commentary upon the characters of both men.

One is just fifty years older than the other. At first Mr. Herrick thought of Lindbergh as a charming boy who had done a marvelous act and incidentally rendered a great service to his country. Lindbergh probably not only felt a deep

gratitude to Mr. Herrick for his kindness and hospitality, but also responded to the influence of his wonderful nature. But as time went on, the distance which separated the two, through age, occupations, and training, grew less and less, until finally they actually met on the common ground of personality. I don't think Mr. Herrick was much older than Lindbergh except in the mere matter of years; and I imagine that Lindbergh did not feel himself much younger than Mr. Herrick. The two simply grew to be very great pals, with a thousand points of contact which sprung from the similarity of their characters. Mr. Herrick told me more than a year ago that Lindbergh was a perfectly mature man, for all his youthful appearance; that he knew exactly what he was about, and that nothing short of death would stop him. I have no doubt that if I could consult Colonel Lindbergh he would say that Mr. Herrick seemed to him a young man just getting agreeably mature, and that old age would never overtake him. It never did; only death.

I was saying he loved to fly. In 1920 when he was in Paris before returning here as ambassador, he used the air constantly for traveling; he went by aëroplane to England and sailed home from there. Three years ago he told me he was going to hop over for a night with Mr. Houghton in London. "I don't want anybody to know I am gone and I intend to take an airship. It will save time and I shall enjoy the voyage." I argued with him in vain, even pointing out that the method he was choosing for the journey would be sure to give his visit a wide publicity. Seeing him immovable, I urged that, at least, if it was foggy he would not leave. He seemed to agree to this, but when he got to the aviation field and found the fog was so thick that the pilot did not want to start, Mr. Herrick over-persuaded him and they took off. When they got beyond Dover, the fog was worse and the pilot made a forced landing in an open field. The ambassador finally arrived in London by train. But the experience did not prevent his flying back to Paris two days later. He seemed

surprised that this quiet trip incognito had been featured in all the papers and cabled to America.

In matters like this he was as incorrigible as a boy. He was afraid of nothing for himself, but only worried about those who were dear to him.

XLIII

AMERICA'S "MORAL AUTHORITY" AMONG THE NATIONS

THIS expression constantly occurs in Mr. Herrick's letters, speeches, and conversations, from the close of the war until his death. It was to him no vague phrase describing a mere aspiration; on the contrary, to use his own words, "it is a power as real as credit or a business man's reputation. When the Armistice was signed, the moral authority of the United States was the greatest force existing in the world. Properly used it could have quickly restored confidence and brought about order where these were tottering. It was not misused, as power so often has been; in fact, it was so little exerted that it fell into decay as any force will do when rarely called upon. This decline has been harmful to other nations as well as to ourselves. It came about through a variety of causes—our own political quarrels, Mr. Wilson's loss of prestige at home, his illness, resulting in leaving our government without a head, hard times for a while, and Europe's bickerings. It is an unending pity that this should have occurred. The world needed leadership, a pilot, and they all looked to us to furnish it. We refused. That is, we refused politically, and the guidance our government would not give, our financial men began to furnish. For guidance of some kind there had to be, a coördinating force to oppose the rising chaos. And thus our moral authority became to a certain extent replaced by our financial authority, until, in the minds of the

European masses, the chief power of the United States now stands based upon money, instead of being based upon the old belief in our disinterestedness.

"I have said repeatedly and I still maintain that the great mass of our people are to-day the same idealists—that is, practical idealists—that they were ten years ago; just as ready for sacrifice in a big cause, just as willing to help. The great trouble is that other nations no longer believe this. They think we have changed, have become hard, selfish. That is what has injured our moral credit. It is exactly the same thing in banking. If from any cause confidence is upset, everybody knows the result."

Mr. Herrick was not content with deploring the damage suffered by America's authority: he did all he could to protect it, and some of his most courageous acts were inspired by this solicitude. On the one hand he endeavored to convince Europeans that we were still a generous and high-minded people, and he tried to show his own countrymen that it was a mistake to permit other nations to believe that we were indifferent to their claims upon our sympathy and selfishly careless of what might happen to them so long as our own profit was secure. "As a business man," said Mr. Herrick, "I say that to allow such a belief to exist is the worst kind of business, and as a political man, I maintain that if we belong to the family of great, civilized nations we have got to accept our share of the family's burdens."

This sentiment about America's moral authority in the world was only another expression of his passionate love of his country. The ten years he spent abroad intensified this feeling. He believed not only that our material welfare and power would go on increasing, but that the confidence of other countries in the purity of our motives would be restored to the 1918 level.

In 1926, in his Thanksgiving Day address, he touched upon this question in the following way:

"The United States has not the slightest desire for the Throne of the Universe or any other throne; it has not the faintest wish to play an imperial rôle on any portion of this planet; it has no ambition to rule a foot of earth outside of what it now controls. We have refused time and again the opportunity to seize wealth and power which no rival would have disputed and which our friends would have hailed as perfectly natural and justified acquisitions.

"Now I would not have you imagine that because of these things I think we ought to pat ourselves on the back, say what extraordinarily virtuous people we are, and sit down in smug contemplation of our superiority over others. Every country over here is the inheritor of a long tradition, in which the words 'conquest,' 'domination,' 'world empire' unremittingly recur, written in blood across the face of their history. From Alexander to Napoleon, and so on down to the recent German dream of world empire, the story of their ambitions has always been the same. How natural, then, that highly educated Europeans, bred in this intellectual atmosphere, should judge our nation's motives by the unbroken rule of their long history.

"I know perfectly well that the European's misconception of our affairs is fully equaled by the American's apparent indifference to his, and neither help the men whose business it is to come to difficult agreements. At the same time, I feel it is an important part of my duties to try to make Frenchmen understand America; and when I see motives which are so very simple utterly distorted, I am led once more to beseech the men who guide opinion over here to study us more carefully before they judge us so lightly.

"It really is not difficult. We chiefly ask now, as always before, simply to be let alone. We know perfectly well that this, in the nature of things, is not quite possible. We are, perforce, by reasons of the war, brought into closer and closer contact with the rest of the world. We have more than once quit the plow to shoulder a musket for a cause that offered

no particular profit to ourselves; we will doubtless do it again, since we are what we are. But between these jobs we ask to be pestered as little as may be by our friends; as for our enemies, if we have any, we can take care of them without assistance. But please do not talk to us about the imperial rôle we seek to play or the throne of the universe we have started out to conquer."

XLIV

THE AMBASSADOR REVISITS HIS BIRTHPLACE

MR. HERRICK gave a library to the town of Wellington where he had gone to school as a youth, and it was inaugurated, with appropriate ceremonies; but I have found no such interesting account of them as his sister Mary, Mrs. Arthur B. Smith, has given of his visit to the little village where he was born and spent his early boyhood, and which, as he says, seemed to him then a great metropolis. A few years before he died, his friends and neighbors invited him to come out to Huntington and see them. He accepted joyfully, and they got up a meeting at "the Center" in his honor. Mrs. Smith thus tells us about it:

"The band stand on the park's lawn was resplendent with bunting and flowers. The Laborie Hotel was almost eclipsed by a great flag all down its front, while 'General Merchandise, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Farm Implements, etc.,' held up its head to the near-by Baptist Church, flying the national colors from its white steeple. The almost deserted Congregational Church floated a tribute from its belfry; under the trees in the park were long trestle tables covered with Huntington's best linen, decorated with mysterious mounds (later to be revealed as cakes) and towering bouquets of country-bred flowers. It was like a real Fourth of July with a candidate for the Senate as orator.

"Friends of his childhood, friends of his parents, and some who remembered well the grandparents, old neighbors who

call him by the name they knew best, 'Myron,' were all there. It was sweet and homely, a thing to tighten one's throat, and many a smile of greeting was brightened by a tear of remembrance. He had come from the great world of men of affairs and accomplishment to the old simplicity of home in the country of his birth, one of them again.

"Out of respect to the conventions he must sit in the band stand—speakers' stand—and somebody must bid him welcome officially. There were no eulogies; they were out of place. When it came his turn he said:

"'I can't stand up here and make a speech to you; you all know me too well, and besides I'd forget what I was trying to say. As I look over your faces I find myself thinking like this: There is a boy I played with, and fought with; and there, sitting right there now, is the first girl I ever loved. She was the most beautiful creature in the world. It nearly finished me when she married another fellow without even consulting me, after she had promised to wait until I got big enough to marry her myself. I made up my mind I was through with women forever. Later I learned to value her wisdom and to change my own mind, but it took a long while.

"'This village looks familiar, only it isn't nearly so big as it used to be. In my day it was really a great metropolis. I'm sure there were many more large stores. The old Laborie Hotel with its balcony looks the same as it did when Rosell and I came with Grandfather Herrick on General Training days. There always hung from that gallery to the ground the most beautiful flag in the world; the parlors of the hotel were thronged with great men and handsome women; all along the main street there were stands where slabs of delicious gingerbread could be had for very reasonable sums; there was much hard cider which the old soldiers of 1812 seemed to enjoy, but we were not allowed; everybody was so happy and gay.

"'There is the place where there was a boot and shoe shop. Father took us each year to have our supply of boots made; sometimes we had red-tops. They were very handsome; we

saved them for Sunday, and always went barefoot in summer. It was so much less trouble, besides being much more economical. There used to be very rich men who lived in large, fine houses all along these roads. Some of them are still here, and they are still fine. Probably the greatest adventure of my life happened right here in Huntington. I think I'll tell you about it, for it is a strange thing that the echo, I think you'd call it, of that day has followed me all through my life.

"'You all remember we lived two miles and a half east of the Center in the little old log house Grandfather Herrick built when he came into this country. But you don't know that it was a beautiful house; one of the most interesting houses I ever knew. Mother papered the whole living room with pictures and literary gems cut from the New York *Ledger*. There was always a lovely flower garden, and we had all sorts of pets, including a pair of flying squirrels. Just across the road was the center of culture and the debating society—the schoolhouse.

"'Father came home from town one day and said he had bought some sheep of Old Mase Smith. There sits Young Mase now, and Father thought the boys, meaning Rosell and me, could go next day and bring the sheep home. Mother said it was too long a trip; it would be about three miles and a half each way. While they talked it over Rosell and I urged that we were big and strong. My brother must have been about eleven and so I was about eight. It was decided we could go if we were very careful to keep in the road and would take all day for it.

"'There was great excitement in the morning; we hurried around to prepare for our long and perilous journey; there were woods on both sides of the roads then most of the way to town. A tremendous responsibility rested upon us to get the sheep home by night. Mother put up a grand luncheon; we got our last instructions, called our dog, Old Fury, and set out. We were perfectly happy, and so gay as we pranced and pretended we were circus horses, while Old Fury chased chip-

munks and all kinds of game. In no time we had covered a mile, and went in to Mr. Holland's to get a drink, and incidentally to spread the news of our enterprise. I can hear Mr. Holland exclaim, "Well, I declare!" Mrs. Holland gave us fresh, warm milk and seed cookies and off we started again; everything was just too perfect—no hurry, plenty of time to peel off our clothes and have a swim in the "crick"—dog and all. Then we decided if we ate our luncheon it would be much less trouble, so with Old Fury's help we finished that and were free lances to enter town unencumbered to look over all the places of business to our heart's desire. Right there disaster overtook us: Old Fury got into a terrible fight with a mean boy's big dog. His life seemed to hang by a thread when the storekeeper came to his rescue, and we got him off not badly damaged but chastened. We hastened out of town toward Mase Smith's where we fetched up about noon, at one of those grand, big houses.

"'When we made our errand known, Mrs. Smith called her husband and they had quite a serious talk. We began to wonder what we'd do if they decided to keep the sheep. Mrs. Smith said it was a long trip for such little fellows and we must be very tired, and where were we going to get our dinner? We admitted a little weariness, but said we had eaten dinner; she seemed a bit inquisitive and asked about the dinner; again we said we weren't hungry, we had eaten dinner. Then tactfully she said she knew boys could always find room for a little more and we must come right in and have dinner with them; they were just sitting down; then after we had a good rest Mr. Smith would go with us through town to see that we got started home all right with the sheep. That dinner was probably the finest ever cooked.

"'Finally we got the sheep and, with Mr. Smith's and Old Fury's help, we herded them through the traffic here at the Center and set out for home. It all looked very simple as we spatted our feet in the dust and realized we were on our own now. As the road stretched out and the afternoon grew

hotter our feet burned; we got thirsty and tired. The sheep became unruly for Old Fury had got careless and trotted, panting, behind; things looked different.

"'All at once Rosell braced up—you see he was the real head of the expedition—and I think it sort of came over him; he said, "I tell you what! Let's play we are soldiers. You and I will be the generals and the sheep will be our men; we are going on a long march to fight a big battle. I know a tune I'll play, and we'll march." With that he took a little mouth organ out of his pocket and began to play. It was the most inspiring music I ever heard, and how he did play! I can see him now, with his curly hair flying and his straight little body, leading. I forgot I was tired or hot; we spanked our feet down to the rhythm of our march; the sheep got in line and Old Fury raced back and forth right over the backs of the sheep. On and on we fairly flew. When I could get my breath I asked Rosell what was the name of that tune; I'd heard him play it, but never thought much about it. "Oh, that's 'Bonypart's March.' It's the tune he played when he marched with his soldiers over the Alps and licked Europe! Mother taught it to me a long time ago."

"'Behold! The first thing we knew, we were home with all the sheep—not one missing, just as the sun went down into the tops of the trees. Father said it was perfectly splendid, but of course he knew we could do it. Mother looked us over anxiously, as I remember it. In no time sleep overcame us, and then—it was the next day.

"'I never forgot the tune my brother played. There have been times of stress and discouragement through life, and every time when it seemed too much to bear, across the years have come to me those notes of exaltation and high courage. I've heard that little piping as plainly as I did that day, and it never failed to bring new strength for endeavor. I never knew what it really was except that he called it "Bonypart's March," and I thought he had made that up himself.

"'You remember early in the World War the Pope died

of a broken heart, people said, because the world would not listen to his pleas for peace. There was a memorial service in the great Cathedral of Paris and all the diplomatic corps attended. Already the German planes were flying overhead and life was uncertain; it was a time of great apprehension, for nothing seemed to stay the onrush of the German hordes toward the very heart of France. As we came out of the Cathedral we paused on the steps and there we heard in the distance, coming nearer and nearer, the tramp, tramp of marching men; and then we heard them singing as marching soldiers do. Someone exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! It is the Midi! They sing the Marseillaise. We are saved!" There I heard again the notes of exaltation that had been sung by the troops of the Midi as they rallied to Napoleon. Now they sang as they came to the rescue of beloved Paris.

"'Back across the years I saw the road in the forest and two weary, tow-headed urchins, with chins high, marching ahead of a flock of sheep to the piping of Bonaparte's March.'"

but as a setting for his life and a feeder to his occupations during the months which just preceded his annual visit home, the scene has some significance. For if all of France makes its rendezvous in Paris during the spring, much of America does so as well, and Mr. Herrick's house and office were the crossroads where a great deal that was important in both these currents met. One who has not experienced it can imagine only with difficulty all that is concentrated within these sixty days and nights of ceaseless official and private dinners, congresses, banquets, and calls. And very serious business is the origin or the result of many of them.

However youthful a man's mind and feelings may remain, at seventy-four the physical machine calls for care. Even this concession to old age Mr. Herrick's buoyant confidence ever refused to make. He arrived home in July, 1927, after all the fatigue to mind and body induced by a Paris season such as I have just described. He went to see the President in Washington, and then, instead of taking a comfortable train to Cleveland, he yielded to his love of seeing the country from a motor car and made the trip from Washington to Cleveland in one day. This brought on an illness necessitating an urgent operation under conditions none too good. He recovered, took care of himself for a while, and in January, 1928, returned to France to take up his work. Until the following August he never stopped. I think the only real rest he got was during four days when he was marooned on Mr. Eugene Higgins's yacht in the harbor of Ajaccio. We had run over for a night in Corsica, but the hospitality of that island is perfectly served by the weather which habitually prevails around it. You can get in but you often cannot get out. That is what happened to us, and as it was too early to tour in the mountains we stayed quietly on board waiting for the blow to cease. Mr. Herrick declared he would like it to continue for a month. He was really tired and this was the first comfortable chance he had had to realize it.

During his visit home in the autumn of 1928 he seemed to

XLV

THE LAST YEAR

WHEN the first approach of hot weather suggests to Americans the delights of the country or the charm of a trip abroad, Paris is at the height of its social season. While this officially closes during the last days of June, it is not until the middle of July that "society" has definitely departed and left the town to working people and foreign tourists.

May and June are the busy months for all, and among its other vast activities Paris then becomes a veritable matrimonial mart. Nothing similar to it exists in any part of our land. It is during this period that nearly all the matches are made, and the business is conducted without concealment or reserve. There are even well-known brokers who accept or, indeed, propose, the rapid and effectual management of these affairs. Fathers and mothers who live in some secluded château all the year, when their boy or girl arrives at the age when getting married is the next logical step in life come to the capital in search of a suitable partner for their child, and innumerable little dancing parties (*bals blancs* or *bals mixtes*, as they are called) are arranged expressly so that supply may meet demand. This annual fixture in the social life of France is one of the reasons why Paris is so full of old French families from the country at precisely the moment when Americans, flying from heat or craving fresh excitement, seek the luxury of its hotels, the shade of its leafy restaurants, or the excitement of its race courses, a bare ten minutes from one's home.

None of this affected the ambassador directly, of course,

but as a setting for his life and a feeder to his occupations during the months which just preceded his annual visit home, the scene has some significance. For if all of France makes its rendezvous in Paris during the spring, much of America does so as well, and Mr. Herrick's house and office were the crossroads where a great deal that was important in both these currents met. One who has not experienced it can imagine only with difficulty all that is concentrated within these sixty days and nights of ceaseless official and private dinners, congresses, banquets, and calls. And very serious business is the origin or the result of many of them.

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get gradually a new lease on life, and he was joyfully preparing to sail when he was taken with the prevailing epidemic of influenza. On January 1st his death was thought imminent, but he rallied, and in spite of much dissuasion he sailed for France on January 11th as he had intended. His installation in the embassy he loved so much, *his* embassy, seemed to take a load off his mind. Whatever now happened to him, he felt safe. He was never at any time in the least disturbed by the thought of dying, but I do think, to use his own expression, it would have "annoyed" him to die anywhere else than here.

He now took up the threads of his work, received a great many people, went out to dinners, made two speeches on February 22nd, and gradually grew stronger after the strain of bronchitis and the depression following on grippe. During this time I spent an hour or two every morning with him. One day he said, "Do you know, something has happened to me in the night. I hadn't much cared whether I got better or not; it really seemed so little worth while. But now I *want* to get well, and it's a fine feeling." From this day on he grew stronger and stronger physically; at no time had his mental powers or his will appeared diminished. He played golf whenever the weather was good and he did much work.

Marshal Foch's death distressed him poignantly. They were sincerely fond of each other, and it was a fine sight to see the two old gentlemen together, each so young in spirit to the last. Both supplemented the difficulties of language by gestures to which they alike were so prone. Each seemed to feel in the other a force he could count upon without the formality of asking and which needed no words for comprehension.

The morning after the marshal breathed his last, Mr. Herrick went to take a farewell look at his friend lying as he had died, with his old military cloak thrown over his feet. He was affected even more than he allowed to be seen, and something within him whispered that ere long he too would

start out upon that "long, long trail" he now so often spoke about.

The day before the marshal's funeral I had worked most of the morning on this biography with Mr. Herrick. Knowing all the arrangements for the ceremony and what it implied to those who, like himself, represented the head of states allied in the war, I urged him to leave the reviewing stand when the troops and delegations began the long process of marching past. I was sure it was useless to suggest that he do not follow behind the body from Notre Dame to the Invalides. That would have hurt his pride; moreover, it would have been a waste of breath.

For five hours he was marching or standing, and much of the time uncovered. He returned home, fatigued, like all of us, and hungry; but nothing more. The next morning he seemed in excellent condition. To my inquiries, he answered, "I was really not very tired, but I got too warm before we reached the reviewing stand at the Invalides. The man I felt most sorry for was the Prince of Wales. If I had been obliged to wear that bearskin hat I imagine I would have fallen by the way. I don't believe he enjoyed it, either."

"The Prince," he added, "said something during one of the halts which impressed me very much. I remarked that probably nothing like this funeral had ever been seen before —in modern times at least. Quiñones[1] interposed, 'Unless it was when King Edward died.' 'No,' said the Prince to Quiñones, 'I don't agree with you. At my grandfather's funeral there was the sight of a great empire mourning, but here it is the whole world.'"

As the sun was shining, Mr. Herrick proposed that we have a game of golf when the day's work was over. This we did. He returned home very fit and went out to a dinner party. The next morning, Thursday, he told me he had a busy day before him and lamented that he could not find the time to

[1]The Spanish Ambassador, Quiñones de Léon.

play another match. He put in a long afternoon at the chancery. The following day, Friday, I found him in bed, hopping mad. "I have got a cold," he said. "That wretched cough I had in Cleveland has come back, and I suppose it is only sensible to stay where I am. Don't go away, we will do some work and then have lunch up here, if you are free."

In spite of these good resolutions he went out during the afternoon with Mr. Cameron Forbes, but he dined in his room. The next day he had fever and in the evening severe spasms of coughing. On Sunday morning the doctor pronounced his condition very serious. A few minutes before five o'clock his daughter-in-law came into his room, and walking to the window said, "What a beautiful Easter Sunday!"

"Yes, for those who can be out-of-doors to enjoy it," he replied. "This miserable cough breaks me to pieces."

"Don't talk that way," said Mrs. Herrick. "You have pulled through much worse things than this and you will soon be all right."

"Do you really think so?" he inquired; "well, I will do my best."

Mrs. Herrick went out of the room to order tea sent up. She had hardly left when Madame Salambier came rushing to fetch her back. As she ran into the sick-room, the doctor put his finger on his lips and slowly shook his head. She went to the ambassador's side and took his hand. He gave it a little squeeze, smiled, turned his head on his pillow and quietly died.

His dog Max, who rarely left him, had climbed on his bed just before the end and licked his hand. He then slunk away and hid in the cellar, refusing to budge or eat until the funeral was over. That night he went back and slept in his master's room.

Mr. Armour, the counselor of the embassy, was in the country. I went at once to the Élysée to inform the President, then to Monsieur Poincaré's house and to the Foreign Office.

AN AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL

Shaking hands with the ambassador is Monsieur Briand; immediately behind Mr. Herrick's left shoulder, Monsieur Painlevé.

PHOTO, ACME

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. HERRICK

Taken at the funeral of Marshal Foch, Tuesday, March 26, 1929. Five days later, on Easter Sunday morning, Mr. Herrick died.

It was Easter Sunday and practically everybody was out of town. But Monsieur Poincaré was at home, and on hearing the news he evinced the deepest emotion. At the Foreign Office I was soon surrounded by a group of officials whose affliction was only too visible.

Callers immediately began to arrive to express their sympathy, and for several days this mournful procession continued. Such unanimity of sorrow and praise for any foreigner as was manifested by the entire French press had never before been witnessed, and some of the obituaries were touching in their eloquence. It was everywhere felt that a very dear friend had departed, and the whole of France was mourning him.

Mrs. Parmely Herrick was alone in Paris, her husband having sailed only two weeks before. She desired that the funeral be conducted with the greatest possible simplicity, asked that no flowers be sent and that all pomp be avoided. She knew that this was in accord with Mr. Herrick's wishes. But the French government desired to send his body home in a cruiser and to line the streets with troops from the embassy to the church. Moreover, Monsieur Poincaré manifested the wish to make an oration over the body of his friend, while the Spanish ambassador desired to speak for the diplomatic corps. General Pershing was therefore asked to express the thanks of the family and of his countrymen for such unusual marks of sympathy.

To carry out these arrangements, the members of the government, the marshals, generals, and admirals, the diplomatic corps, and representatives from the large number of associations which had made a request to be permitted to attend the funeral, were invited to come to the embassy, where they were received by Mrs. Herrick, and then all assembled in the large drawing room. Here the speeches were made in an atmosphere of intense feeling. The procession was then formed and marched to the Church of the Holy Trinity, which was the ambassador's place of worship, and

the burial service read. In the evening the body was taken to the station, where Monsieur Briand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and many representatives of the government came to pay a last tribute. Accompanied by members of the embassy and the government it was then transported to Brest and placed on board the *Tourville*, Captain Abviel commanding. Mr. W. W. Schott, the ambassador's private secretary, accompanied his chief home. A cabin had been arranged as a chapel and sentinels stood guard over the body until it arrived in New York. As the coffin left the church for the railway station a great palm-leaf of massive silver was placed on it in token of love from the city of Paris.

Outside of Brest, the British battle cruiser, *Hood*, accompanied by eight destroyers, appeared, ran up the American ensign and fired a salute. The *Tourville* hoisted the British flag at the fore and the American flag at half-stay on the yardarm, and returned the salute. The destroyers then passed in review with rails manned and fired a salute.

On Sunday at 5 P. M., one week after the ambassador's death, all the officers of the *Tourville* assembled around his bier in silent prayer, after which they filed by the coffin. When the ship arrived off Nantucket the American cruisers *Marblehead* and *Cincinnati* arrived and escorted her into port. At Quarantine the remains were taken to the quarter-deck with military honors and a guard mounted. Representatives of the government and of the state of New York here came aboard, and the *Tourville* proceeded to the French Line pier, salutes being exchanged on passing Fort Jay.

At the dock, Mr. and Mrs. Parmely Herrick, the French ambassador, the President's representative, the mayor of New York, many government, state, and city officials, Colonel Lindbergh, and other friends received the body, which was escorted along Fifth Avenue to the Grand Central Station by a regiment of U. S. Infantry, four companies of blue-jackets and marines and a detachment of sailors from the *Tourville*. A special train conveyed the remains to Cleve-

land, where Governor Cooper, of Ohio, with the city officials received them. All flags were half-masted, the City Hall was closed, and during five minutes work ceased and a deep silence hung over the whole city. Services in the cathedral were conducted by Bishop Leonard, after which the funeral procession marched through a vast throng to the family tomb in Lakeview Cemetery. Here he was finally laid to rest among his own. But, as General Pershing said, "He died as he would have preferred to die, in France and at his post of duty; he goes back to America as he would have liked to go, with the flags of both countries floating over him; and," the general added, "when the *Tourville* quits these shores to-morrow in the long farewell his spirit wafts to France, there will be pledged once more to her the legacy of his love, and to America the pious duty of its perpetuation."

A few weeks before he died, Mr. Herrick wrote a letter which, as we read it now, seems to come to us across the mists of immortality, sent from the unknown shore he knew he was approaching. It is addressed to Mr. Squire, but it seems meant for all of his friends:

DEAR ANDREW:

Nothing has saddened me more in a long time than your telegram telling me of Judge Sander's death. What a vista of the past the dear Judge's going opens up for you and me, for it was immediately after my meeting with you that I made the Judge's acquaintance—the rosy-cheeked boy who came to seek his fortunes in Cleveland; and from that time on, almost from the beginning, as with you, dear Andrew, commenced our lifelong association and friendship. Dickens or Thackeray could have made a marvelous tale of the lives of any one of us three, interwoven as they were with the growth of a new city and a new country.

What an interesting thing it would be if we three could sit down at a table with a map of the period corresponding to our age at that time, and mark out the course that civiliza-

tion has taken from then on up to the present day! Well, we have lived all that time and we have seen the wisdom as well as the folly of mankind and we have followed the devious course of that upward trend through the years in its so-called progress. That it is progress I do not question. However, it does seem to me to-day, as my mind runs casually back over it, that it will still require an indefinite time before human understanding will be able to grasp the ultimate end and purpose of it all. Be that as it may, I suppose there is little left for you and me to do other than to keep our noses on the map and follow the course and conjecture all we may; and after all our conjectures I assume that we will all arrive at about the same conclusion: that with all its ills, ups and downs, grief and joy, we are glad to have had the opportunity to make the journey and we are loath to lay down our burdens; for as we grow older they seem to become more and more burdens—isn't that so?

In somewhat the same strain is a letter written to Mrs. Griffiths three years before:

"I cannot find words to tell you how I admire the great work that you and your Association have done over here. I suppose that the most satisfaction comes from what one contributes rather than from what one achieves for oneself—I mean contributes not only in money but chiefly of oneself. This does not seem so in our halcyon days when we are fighting our own battles and righting our own wrongs. But there comes a time in our lives when we can almost see the end of the road that we have so gayly traveled and the beginning of 'the long, long trail.' It is then that we consider more what we have put into the lives of others than what we have taken out of life for ourselves."

It is too soon for anyone to attempt to estimate the value of Mr. Herrick's work as a public servant, much less to speak

of his place in history, and those who were closest to him would be the least qualified for such a task. The charm which enveloped him when alive and the grief which followed upon his death would magnify the picture or cast a cloud upon their vision. But even now the elements for a first appreciation of the reasons for his success may be gathered from the opinions of his contemporaries, and these must have their weight when a more careful balance is sought to be struck.

Thousands of Americans have been as successful in business and as admired for their sterling integrity, and hundreds have conducted the diplomatic affairs entrusted to them with equal ability. He has to his credit no peace confirmed or war avoided, and yet for fifteen years he has held a unique place in the history of a great country, where he continues to be revered by all its citizens. We must seek, then, deeper down than mere accomplishment for the causes which bring his present fame and may decide its permanence.

He had that quality of character without which the most powerful intellects have been frustrated in their purposes, and yet which, all alone, has been at times sufficient for the greatest undertakings. The preëminent essence of his nature, apart from the rockbound strength and simple courage lying at the foundation of all such men, was its limpid transparency. In all that he said, one seemed to be looking into the bottom of his soul and, looking, to perceive there only what was wise, helpful, and kind. But added to this transparency was a corresponding power on his part to gaze through and across immediate men and events to wider fields beyond.

There was no text which appealed to him so much as the words of Paul to the Corinthians: "The things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal," for they expressed with divine authority a truth which, in groping, human fashion, he had perceived for himself and unconsciously acted upon all his life. The capacity to catch glimpses of eternal verities made of this hard-working American business man a modern brother to the prophets

and poets of all time and lit the lamps of a glowing spirituality which never ceased to illumine his road through a Twentieth Century landscape. Such a union of the sage's vision with efficiency in practical affairs marks the unusual note in an otherwise richly endowed and noble nature. Without it he probably never would have left so profound an impress upon many millions of people.

His legacy to his countrymen lies, therefore, chiefly in the example of his character. A perception of its spiritual significance comes to them at a moment when they are most ready to appreciate the rare value of this quality, while the glamor wrought about his name by the admiration of a great foreign people happily attracts an added attention and throws national pride into scales already weighted with approval. This pride may well be given full rein, for every quality he had, whether of heart or brain, was the unaltered product of his native soil, and everything in him which excites the interest of Americans lies easily within the effort of their imitation. Indeed, it is a matter worth insisting upon that Mr. Herrick's long residence in France left upon him so little of the imprint of French ideas, habits, or culture. He returned to America in 1929 the same man that sailed in 1912, and in this respect he widely differed from Franklin, Jefferson, Monroe, or Gouverneur Morris. He brought much to France, he took nothing away except her love and gratitude.

It is therefore all the more remarkable that he should have been penetrated with so deep a feeling for the French people and so ardent an appreciation of their splendid basic qualities. He understood and admired them as a great critic may understand and admire a book which he could not write or a painting he could not reproduce. It never occurred to him to imitate anything that was French or to suggest the adoption at home of any ideas or practices essentially characteristic of that nation. French thrift, French family life and love of children, French passion for the soil and ceaseless

labor in its cultivation, he admired and often talked about; but he hoped to see whatever his own people lacked in these respects ameliorated in their own way. He rejected all idea of imitation.

His love of France was so genuine, his efforts to serve her so sincere, that they induced an affection for his person which is now passing into a cult for his memory. But he looked at her always through American eyes, unclouded by the incense with which a generous people had enveloped him. The French saw in him America as they would like to have her be; he showed them his country as he sincerely thought she was. The instinct of a people and the vision of a prophet here met in fortunate conjunction and time has already shown that neither was at fault. No nation ever received more disinterested devotion, and none has ever proved itself more grateful.

When time, as it must, has cooled the warmth of this still-glowing affection, and when the memory of events in which Mr. Herrick figured is not so fresh to every mind, those Frenchmen who may go forth to seek the foundations for the fame of their devoted friend and the springs of all his actions will find them only by searching deep in the soil of his native land. He was first of all a great American. The opportunity came, and he showed himself also a great ambassador.

THE END

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